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J. H. JESSE'S WORKS

GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

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WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES

JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

WITH THE POLITICAL AND
TIMES

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON

"See how he is robbing the mail."
14 KING WILLIAM STREET STRAND
Original etching by Adrian Marcel.
MDCCCLI

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GEORGE SELWYN

AND

HIS CONTEMPORARIES

WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES

BY

JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

WITH FIVE PORTRAITS AND ONE ILLUSTRATION

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND
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PREFACE.

It seems to have been one of the peculiarities of George Selwyn to preserve not only every letter addressed to him by his correspondents during the course of his long life, but also the most trifling notes and unimportant memoranda.

To this peculiarity the reader is indebted for whatever amusement he may derive from the perusal of these volumes. The greater portion of their contents consists of letters addressed to Selwyn by persons who, in their day, moved in the first ranks of wit, genius, and fashion. Independent of their general merit as epistolary compositions, the editor conceives that they will be found in a high degree valuable and entertaining, from the light which they throw on the manners and customs of society in the last age, from their presenting a faithful chronicle of the passing events of the day, and from the mass of amusing gossip and lively anecdote which they contain.

The editor has felt it to be a moral, as well as an editorial duty, to avoid, as carefully as possible,

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inserting any matter in the present work which might be hurtful to the feelings of the surviving relatives of those who figure in it. It is possible, indeed, that he may not always have succeeded; and, should such prove the case, he can only state that it was not intentionally that he has deviated from the rule which he laid down, and that it would give pain to himself to learn that he had pained others.

To those who have kindly and liberally permitted the editor to avail himself of the letters in their possession, the editor takes this further opportunity of expressing his sincere thanks.

London, May, 1843.

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GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN.

George Augustus Selwyn, descended from an ancient and distinguished family in Gloucestershire, was the second son of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson in that county, who in his youth had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and subsequently figured as a person of considerable note in the social and political circles of the reigns of George the First and Second. The mother of George Selwyn was Mary, daughter of General Farrington, of the county of Kent, and woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline. Horace Walpole has recorded more than one lively anecdote of her vivacity and social humour; and from her, therefore, we may presume that her son inherited those agreeable qualities, and that peculiar character of wit, which rendered him the delight of his contemporaries; her death took place on the 6th of November, 1777, in her eighty-seventh year.

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In a small chapel, situated in the grounds at Matson, and containing the remains of several members of the Selwyn family, there is a monument to the memory of the father and mother of George Selwyn. Their epitaph describes them to have been "affectionate parents, kind to their dependents, charitable to the poor, and faithful and beloved servants to King George the Second and Queen Caroline."

George Selwyn was born on the 11th of August, 1719, and was educated at Eton, where, as far as can be presumed from a comparison of dates, he was the contemporary of Gray, the poet, and of Horace Walpole. On quitting Eton, he was entered at Hertford College, Oxford, whence, after a short residence, he proceeded to make the tour of Europe. About the year 1744, at the age of twenty-five, he again entered himself at Hertford College, but the following year was compelled to withdraw on account of being guilty of an irreverent jest, for which the university (viewing his conduct as an act of wanton blasphemy) thought fit to pronounce on him an edict of expulsion, notwithstanding the fact of his having previously withdrawn his name from their books. It is but justice, however, to Selwyn, to observe, that his conduct on this occasion was regarded by several of the dignitaries of the university rather as intended to ridicule the errors and mysteries of the religion of the Church of Rome, than as a delib-

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erate insult to Christianity. The writer of the present memoir recently applied to the proper authorities at Oxford for permission to avail himself of the documents connected with Selwyn's dismissal. This request (from very proper motives, he believes) was refused. The reader, however, will find the particulars detailed at sufficient length in the course of the subsequent correspondence.[1]

Previously to his becoming a second time a member of the university, George Selwyn appears to have been a member of the clubs of St. James's Street, and a friend of the wits. It may be mentioned also, that previously to his completing his twenty-first year, his father's influence obtained for him the appointments of clerk of the irons and surveyor of the meltings at the mint, to which offices he was nominated on the 1st of March, 1740. The duties attached to these responsible appointments were performed, as was then customary, by deputy; and, on inquiry at the mint, it appears that the only occasions on which Selwyn personally discharged the duties of his offices were comprised in his attendance at the weekly dinners, which were formerly provided at the public expense for the officers connected with that department.

In 1747 Selwyn obtained a seat in Parliament, and in June, 1751, in consequence of the death of

[1] See letter from Captain Nicholson to George Selwyn, 12th November, 1745.

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his elder brother, became heir to the family estates, to which he succeeded on the death of his father, in November following. The property which he then inherited comprised the family mansion of Matson, in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, and the estate adjoining; a considerable landed property at Ludgershall; and the power of returning a member to Parliament for that borough. His family connections enabled him, during a long course of years, to secure his own return for the city of Gloucester; thus permitting him to nominate a member for Ludgershall at his will. The command of two votes in Parliament, and apparently the means which he possessed of influencing the return of a second representative for Gloucester, naturally rendered him a person of considerable political importance, — a circumstance which he afterward took good care to turn to his personal advantage.

The character of Selwyn was in many respects a remarkable one. With brilliant wit, a quick perception of the ridiculous, and a thorough knowledge of the world and human nature, he united classical knowledge and a taste for the fine arts. To these qualities may be added others of a very contradictory nature. With a thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of society, an imperturbable good humour, a kind heart, and a passionate fondness for children, he united a morbid interest in the details of human suffering, and, more especially, a

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taste for witnessing criminal executions. Not only was he a constant frequenter of such scenes of horror, but all the details of crime, the private history of the criminal, his demeanour at his trial, in the dungeon, and on the scaffold, and the state of his feelings in the hour of death and degradation, were to Selwyn matters of the deepest and most extraordinary interest. Even the most frightful particulars relating to suicide and murder — the investigation of the disfigured corpse, the sight of an acquaintance lying in his shroud — seem to have afforded him a painful and unaccountable pleasure. When the first Lord Holland was on his deathbed, he was told that Selwyn, who had long lived on terms of the closest intimacy with him, had called to inquire after his health. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," he said, "show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

And yet this was the same individual who delighted in the first words and in the sunny looks of childhood; whose friendship seems to have partaken of all the softness of female affection; and whose heart was never hardened against the wretched and oppressed. To have been intimately acquainted with George Selwyn, and to have loved him, appear to have amounted to the same thing. The value, indeed, attached to the tenderness of his friendship, and the importance attached to his advice (by such men, moreover,

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as the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Holland, Lord Carlisle, and Gilly Williams, who were intimately acquainted with human nature, and had learnt to estimate human character in its proper light), will be found sufficiently exemplified throughout the present correspondence.

But it was the interest which he took in children which constituted the most striking contradiction in his character. It will be seen, indeed, in the course of these volumes, that the offspring of Lord Coventry and Lord Carlisle (and, latterly, an engaging child for whom he conceived the deepest interest [1]) were alternately objects of his more than parental anxiety and tenderness. It was, in fact, a singular anomaly, that the same person, who, a few hours before, had been gazing on some harrowing scene of mortality or human suffering, should presently afterward be found identifying himself with the sports and feelings of childhood, or contentedly passing his time in gossiping with an old nurse, and discussing with her the treatment and character of her infantine charge. It was scarcely less an anomaly that, after quitting the nursery or the playground, the same individual was to be found in the crowded rooms of White's or Brooks's convulsing a circle of admirers with the roars of laughter provoked by his wit, or, as was too often the case, indulging in the feverish excitement of the gaming-table.

[1] Maria Fagniani, the present Marchioness of Hertford.

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Respecting Selwyn's extraordinary taste for criminal executions, as well as for scenes of gloom and horror, some curious anecdotes have been related. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 1st September, 1750: "Old Peter Le Neve, the herald (who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family), made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman: 'Here lies the last, who died before the first of his family.'[1] Pray mind how I string old stories to-day. This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, 'Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind, are not you?'[2] I

[1] Walpole ought to have stated that the younger Craggs died before his father, which adds considerably to the point of Le Neve's witticism.

[2] James Craggs, the elder, had been footman to the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, through whose interest, supported by his own talents and industry, he rose to be postmaster-general. His more celebrated son, usually styled the younger Craggs, not only inherited his father's talents, which raised him to the post of secretary of state, but was eminently distinguished by the charm of his manners, a refined taste, and conversational wit. The younger Craggs died on the 16th of February, 1720, at the age of thirty-five, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory, inscribed with the following epitaph written by his friend Pope:

"Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;

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told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins, and corpses, and executions: he replied, that Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress. 'Lord!' said I, 'how do you know?' 'Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's.' He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs: 'Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up.' Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very *à propos?* With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides, and illustrious headless. Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at nothing; let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing: 'And you are a fool,

> Ennobled by himself, — by all approved,
> Praised, wept, and honoured, by the muse he loved."

In scarcely more than a month the elder Craggs followed his son to the grave.

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you don't know what you missed in the other room.' 'Why, what?' 'Why, my Lord Holland's picture.' 'Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?' 'Why, do you know,' said he, 'that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother?' Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times."

Walpole, in a subsequent letter to George Montagu, speaking of a share which he had in capturing a housebreaker, observes, "The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily, that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club room, stopped short, and with a hollow, trembling voice, said, 'Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a housebreaker for you.' A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Colonel Sebright, with his sword drawn, went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen nightgown and slippers. We found

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the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished; and in the area, a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels; all which *spolia opima*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges."

It may readily be imagined that the trials and execution of the rebel lords, who suffered for their share in the rebellion of 1745, afforded plentiful food for the gratification of Selwyn's unaccountable taste. At the trials of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, observing a Mrs. Bethel[1] (a daughter of Lord Sandys, who was distinguished by what has been happily styled a hatchet-face) looking wistfully at the rebel lords, "What a shame it is," he said, "to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned." Again, some ladies bantering him on his want of feeling in attending to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, "Why," he said, "I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewn on again." During his visit at the undertaker's, — after the completion of the process of sewing the head to the body, and when the latter had been placed in the coffin, — Selwyn, imitating the voice and manner of the lord chancellor at the trial, exclaimed, "My Lord Lovat, your lordship

[1] Anne, daughter of Samuel, first Baron Sandys, married, 21st July, 1768, Christopher Bethel, Esq., who afterward assumed the name of Codrington.

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may rise." A further anecdote of him, in connection with the execution of the rebel lords, is recorded by Walpole. Alluding to the practice of stage criminals dropping a handkerchief on the scaffold as a signal to the executioner to strike, "George," says Walpole, "never thinks but *à la tête tranchée:* he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."

Selwyn, as is well known, paid a visit to Paris for the purpose of seeing Damien broken on the wheel, for attempting to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth. On the day of the execution he mingled with the crowd in a plain undress and bob-wig; when a French nobleman, observing the deep interest which he took in the scene, and imagining, from the plainness of his attire, that he must be a person in the humbler ranks of life, chose to imagine that the stranger must infallibly be a hangman: "Eh, bien, monsieur," he said, "êtes-vous arrivé pour voir ce spectacle?" "Oui, monsieur." "Vous êtes bourreau?" "Non, non, monsieur, je n'ai pas cette honneur; je ne suis qu'un amateur." Sir Nathaniel Wraxall has given a somewhat different version of this story. "Selwyn's nervous irritability," he says, "and anxious curiosity to observe the effect of dissolution on men, exposed him to much ridicule, not unaccompanied with censure. He was accused of attending all executions; and sometimes, in order to

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elude notice, disguised in a female dress. I have been assured that, in 1756, he went over to Paris expressly for the purpose of witnessing the last moments of Damien, who expired under the most acute tortures, for having attempted the life of Louis the Fifteenth. Being among the crowd, and attempting to approach too near the scaffold, he was at first repulsed by one of the executioners; but having informed the person that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damien, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time, "Faites place pour monsieur; c'est un Anglois, et un amateur."

Shortly after the death of Selwyn a fruitless, though well-intentioned attempt, was made by one of his surviving friends to defend his memory from the charge of having ever deliberately witnessed a scene of human suffering; and it was insisted that only on one occasion, and then by mere accident, had he ever been present at a criminal execution. The defence in question appeared in the form of a letter, dated April 15, 1791, and was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. "I am irresistibly impelled," says the writer, "to set you and your readers right, from a feeling of the Sophoclean maxim of its being base to be silent. When he lived, it was his own affair, but now he is gone it becomes us to help him who cannot help himself. Nothing could be more abhorrent than

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the taste for executions from his real character, which, I presume, you will allow me to know from a friendship of forty years, of which I feel the deprivation most sensibly, as, I may truly say, as David did of Jonathan, 'very pleasant hath thou been unto me.' He was better by nature (as Jean Jaques will tell you we all are) than he was by grace; for (besides excellent abilities, and a most pleasant imagination, as all the world knows) he had from her, as I could prove to you by a thousand instances, one of the most tender and benevolent of hearts." The writer subsequently adds: "I shall content myself with informing you that this idle but wide-spread idea of his being fond of executions (of which he never in his life attended but at one, and that rather accidentally from its lying in his way, than from design) arose from the pleasantries which it pleased Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and the then Lord Chesterfield to propagate, from that one attendance, for the amusement of their common friends. Of the easiness with which such things sat upon him you may judge from the following circumstance, which I have heard him more than once relate. Sir Charles was telling a large company a similar story to that of his attending upon executions, with many strokes of rich humour received with great glee, before his face, when a gentleman, who sat next to the object of their mirth, said to him, in a low voice, 'It is strange, George, so intimate as we are, that I should

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never have heard of this story before.' — 'Not at all strange,' he replied, in the same voice, 'for Sir Charles has just invented it, and knows that I will not by contradiction spoil the pleasure of the company he is so highly entertaining.' And such was his good nature in everything."

There is every reason to believe that the writer of the foregoing passages was the Rev. Doctor Warner, a man of great conversational wit, and of some literary reputation in his day; who, moreover, lived on terms of considerable intimacy with Selwyn, in the last years of his life. In weighing, therefore, the degree of confidence to be placed in Doctor Warner's assertions, while we would willingly acquit the latter of intentionally preferring his regard for his friend's memory to truth, yet we are at a loss to account for that utter ignorance of Selwyn's early tastes and habits, which (as far as they concern his singular and morbid passion for witnessing scenes of mortality and horror) are proved by the united, and hitherto uncontradicted, testimony of his contemporaries. Were other evidence wanting of Selwyn's eccentric tastes, it would be found sufficiently supplied by numerous facts and allusions which occur in the course of the present correspondence; and, moreover, such evidence is rendered the more valuable, in consequence of its emanating from men whose friendship with Selwyn was far more intimate, and of much longer duration, than that of Doctor Warner.

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Perhaps no individual has ever acquired so general a reputation for mere wit as George Selwyn. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Lords Dorset, Rochester, Chesterfield, and Hervey, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Bubb Dodington, Sheridan, and (perhaps the most brilliant luminary in this galaxy of wit) the late Theodore Hook, were men who had one and all distinguished themselves in following the paths of literature, while more than one of them had rendered himself eminent in the senate. Thus, the character which each maintained for wit was supported by the adventitious aid of a reputation for literary or oratorical talents, while the fame of George Selwyn stands exclusively on his character for social pleasantry and conversational wit.

No task can be more disappointing in its result than that of collecting the scattered bon mots of a man of professed wit, with a view to prove that his reputation is well deserved. Many of his best sayings have, probably, been lost to us; others, perhaps, have suffered in the narration; and, moreover, the charm of manner, which must have greatly enhanced their value at the moment they were uttered, can now, of course, only be taken on credit. The manner in which Selwyn more especially gave utterance to the workings of his fancy is said to have been distinguished by a ludicrous gravity of voice and countenance which never failed to excite laughter in every one but himself.

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Horace Walpole more than once alludes to Selwyn's habit of turning up the whites of his eyes, and to the peculiar demureness of his countenance at the moment when he was giving vent to a thought or expression of irresistible drollery. Wraxall, also, who was intimately acquainted with Selwyn, observes, in allusion to his manner of delivering his witticisms: "The effect, when falling from his lips, became greatly augmented by the listless and drowsy manner in which he uttered them, for he always seemed half asleep; yet the promptitude of his replies was surprising. The late Duke of Queensberry, who lived in the most intimate friendship with him, told me that Selwyn was present at a public dinner, with the Mayor and Corporation of Gloucester, in the year 1758, when the intelligence arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochfort. The mayor, turning to Selwyn, 'You, sir,' said he, 'who are in the ministerial secrets, can, no doubt, inform us of the cause of this misfortune?' Selwyn, though utterly ignorant on the subject, yet unable to resist the occasion of amusing himself at the inquirer's expense, 'I will tell you in confidence the reason, Mr. Mayor,' answered he; 'the fact is, that the scaling-ladders, prepared for the occasion, were found on trial to be too short.' This solution, which suggested itself to him at the moment, was considered by the mayor to be perfectly explanatory of the failure, and as such he communicated it to all his friends, not

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being aware, though Selwyn was, that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the seashore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast."

Another instance of his peculiar humour is related by Horace Walpole. Speaking of the witty and notorious Lady Townshend, he writes: "On Sunday last, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his demure voice he said, 'Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?' She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum; the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the host in her mouth."

The following anecdotes afford further specimens of Selwyn's social pleasantry and conversational wit:

One night, at White's, observing the postmaster-general, Sir Everard Fawkener, losing a large sum of money at piquet, Selwyn, pointing to the suc-

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cessful player, remarked, "See how he is robbing the mail!"

On another occasion, in 1756, observing Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket, "Look," he said, "how easily the Speaker passes the money bills."

A few months afterward (when the public journals were daily containing an account of some fresh town which had conferred the freedom of its corporation, in a gold box, on Mr. Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, and the Right Honourable Henry Bilson Legge, his fellow patriot and colleague), Selwyn, who neither admired their politics nor respected their principles, proposed to the old and new club at Arthur's, that he should be deputed to present to them the freedom of each club in a dice-box.

The beautiful Lady Coventry was one day exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and inquired of him whether he admired her taste, "Why," he said, "you will be change for a guinea." At the sale of the effects of the celebrated minister, Mr. Pelham, Selwyn, pointing to a silver dinner-service, observed, "Lord! how many toads have been eaten off these plates!" Horace Walpole, to whom this remark was addressed, happening to observe on another occasion that there had existed the same indecision, irresolution, and want of

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system, in the politics of Queen Anne, that now distinguished those of the reign of George the Third, had added, "But there is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

One day, observing Wilkes (who would doubtless have lost his ears had he lived in the days of the Star Chamber) listening to the reading of the king's speech, previous to its delivery from the throne, Selwyn exclaimed, in the words of the Dunciad, "May Heaven preserve the ears you lend!"[1]

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, the latter inquired of Selwyn whether he had attended the execution. "No," was Selwyn's reply, "I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals."

When Fox was commencing his career of dissipation, he lodged with his friend Fitzpatrick, at Mackie's, the oilman, in Piccadilly. Some one mentioning this circumstance at Brooks's, and remarking that it would be the ruin of poor Mackie, "On the contrary," said Selwyn, "so far from ruining him, they will make Mackie's fortune; for he will have the credit of having the finest pickles in his house of any man in London."

Selwyn was on one occasion a passenger in a stage-coach, when one of his fellow travellers, imag-

[1] "Yet, oh! my sons, a father's words attend;
So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend."

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ining from his appearance that he was suffering from illness, kept wearying him with good-natured but constant inquiries as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of "How are you now, sir?" Selwyn replied, "Very well, I thank you; and I mean to continue so for the rest of the journey."

When the popular farce of "High Life below Stairs" made its first appearance on the stage, Selwyn expressed his anxiety to be present at its representation; "For I am weary," he added, "of low life above stairs."

Again, one of the waiters at Arthur's having been committed to prison for a felony, "What a horrid idea," said Selwyn, "he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

Selwyn was one day dining in a large party, when Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, was one of the company. In the course of the evening Bruce was entertaining the party with some of those strange stories of novelty and adventure which at the time were thought little worthy of credit, when one of the company asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated for a moment, and at length said, "I think I saw one lyre there." "Yes," whispered Selwyn to his next neighbour, "and there is one less since he left the country."

Soon after the celebrated coalition between Fox and Lord North, the former was boasting at

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Brooks's of the advantageous peace he had ratified with France, adding that he had at length prevailed on the court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum trade in favour of Great Britain. Selwyn, who was present, and to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at, for, having permitted the French to draw your teeth, they would be indeed d——d fools to quarrel with you about your gums."

When the affairs of Charles Fox were in their more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding that "he wondered how Fox would take it," "Take it?" interrupted Selwyn, "why, quarterly, to be sure."

A member of the Foley family having hurried over to the Continent, in order to avoid the importunities of his creditors, "It is a pass-over," remarked Selwyn, "that will not be much relished by the Jews."

He was one day walking with Lord Pembroke, when they were besieged by a number of young chimney-sweepers, who kept importuning and plaguing them for money. At length Selwyn made them a low bow: "I have often," he said, "heard of the sovereignty of the people; I suppose your Highnesses are in court mourning."

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The following epigram, written on the discovery of a pair of shoes on a lady's bed, appears to be the only occasion on which Selwyn figures as a poet:

"Well may suspicion shake its head;
Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous;
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes, — because they're fellows."

As Lord Chesterfield had succeeded to the reputation enjoyed by Lord Dorset, of being the most celebrated wit of his day, so did Selwyn inherit the reputation of Lord Chesterfield; and so was Selwyn succeeded, in his turn, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As the last link in this brilliant chain of wit and talent, extending from the reign of Charles the Second, may be mentioned the name of Theodore Hook. For Sheridan, Selwyn is said to have conceived an invincible aversion, which was unquestionably, in a great degree, owing to their being violently opposed to each other in politics, and to Sheridan having been the member of a party which had deprived Selwyn of a lucrative post. Wraxall, in his agreeable memoirs, has recorded an amusing anecdote of the antipathy with which Selwyn regarded Sheridan, who at this period had given his first and high promise of future excellence in the paths of politics and wit. "One of the first objects," he says, "meditated by Fox's party, after Sheridan's entrance into the House of Commons in September,

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1780, was to procure, at all events, his election as a member of Brooks's Club. But his success at Stafford met with fewer obstacles than he had to encounter in St. James's Street, where various individuals of that society, impelled either by political or by personal antipathies, were resolute in their determination to exclude him. Among these, two held him in peculiar dislike; I mean George Selwyn and the late Earl of Besborough. Conscious that every exertion would be made to ensure Sheridan's success, they agreed not to absent themselves during the time allotted by the regulations of the club for ballots; and as one black ball sufficed to extinguish the hopes of a candidate, they repeatedly prevented his election. In order to remove so serious an impediment, Sheridan's friends had recourse to artifice. Having fixed on the evening when it was resolved to put him up, and finding his two inveterate enemies posted as usual, a chairman was sent with a note, written in the name of Lady Duncannon, to her father-in-law, acquainting him that a fire had broke out in his house in Cavendish Square, and entreating him immediately to return home. Unsuspicious of any trick, as his son and daughter-in-law lived under his roof, Lord Besborough, without hesitating an instant, quitted the room, and got into a sedan-chair. Selwyn, who resided in the vicinity of Brooks's, in Cleveland Row, received, nearly at the same time, a verbal message to re-

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quest his presence, Miss Fagniani (whom he had adopted as his daughter, and who afterward married the present Earl of Yarmouth) being suddenly seized with an alarming indisposition. This summons he obeyed; and no sooner was the room cleared, than Sheridan, being proposed as a member, a ballot took place, when he was immediately chosen. Lord Besborough and Selwyn returned without delay, on discovering the imposition that had been practised on their credulity; but too late to prevent its effects."

It has already been mentioned that the dislike which Selwyn had conceived for Sheridan originated probably in the latter having been one of the party which had deprived Selwyn of a lucrative post. The appointment in question was that of paymaster of the works, of which he was deprived in 1782, in consequence of the operation of Burke's celebrated bill for reducing the civil list. Mr. Pitt, indeed, on his coming into power the following year, recompensed him for the place he had lost, by appointing him surveyor-general of the Crown lands, to which office he was nominated on the 23d of December, 1783. This circumstance, however, is said in no degree to have allayed the bitterness of Selwyn's feelings toward the party by whom he believed himself to have been injured, and of whom he seems to have been in the habit of speaking in no measured terms of acerbity and dislike.

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Selwyn, at least, had no reason to complain that his political services were ill rewarded by his own party, since at one and the same time we find him holding the appointments of surveyor of the meltings, and clerk of the irons, in the mint; registrar in the Court of Chancery in the island of Barbadoes, and surveyor-general of the Crown lands. To these places, according to the wits of the period, was added the post of "Receiver-General of waif and stray Jokes."

Although Selwyn sat in the House of Commons for nearly half a century, it may readily be imagined that his talents were not of a nature to render him eminent as a debater. The only anecdote, indeed, which we possess of his conduct in Parliament was his habit of amusing the House, during a long debate, by snoring in unison with the first minister, Lord North. At the time when Burke was wearying his hearers by those long speeches which obtained for him the name of the "Dinner-bell," a nobleman (who is still living, and who sat in the House of Commons with Selwyn) happened to be entering the House just as Selwyn was quitting it. "Is the House up?" was the inquiry. "No," replied Selwyn, "but Burke is."

After having represented the city of Gloucester in Parliament for more than thirty years, Selwyn (in consequence of the unpopularity which he acquired by his stanch support of ministers in their obstinate prosecution of the American war) was

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compelled, in 1780, to decline a contest for that city, and to content himself with getting quietly returned for his own borough of Ludgershall. "I knew him," says Wraxall, "with some degree of intimacy, having sat as his colleague in Parliament during more than six years for Ludgershall, from 1784 to 1790. But it was not," adds Wraxall, "so much as a man of wit that I cultivated his society. He was likewise thoroughly versed in our history, and master of many curious as well as secret anecdotes, relative to the houses of Stuart and of Brunswick. As he had an aversion to all long debates in Parliament, during which he frequently fell asleep, we used to withdraw ourselves to one of the committee rooms up-stairs, where his conversation was often very instructive." In France, where Selwyn was in the habit of passing a considerable portion of his time in the earlier period of his life, his wit appears to have been even more relished, and his society more courted, than in England. He was intimate with all the leading persons of talent and fashion in the French capital, and, moreover, was an especial favourite with the queen of Louis the Fifteenth. Selwyn, it may be remarked, was the person who introduced the celebrated Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole.

George Selwyn, during many years, was a devoted frequenter of the gaming-table; but, as he died comparatively rich, it may be presumed that

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his fortune suffered to no great extent by his indulgence in the vice. "When I left the university," says Wilberforce, "so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's poems;[1] and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs, — Miles and Evans's, Brooks's, Boodle's, White's, Goosetree's. The first time I was at Brooks's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness in play, at the faro-table where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference, and turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'Oh, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed.' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms; you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased." Latterly, Selwyn is said to have entirely got the better of

[1] The celebrated forgeries of Thomas Chatterton, who had almost succeeded in persuading the world that his own clever imitations of the ancient style of versification were the productions of Thomas Canynge and Thomas Rowley, a priest.

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his propensity for play. "It was too great a consumer," he said, "of four things, — time, health, fortune, and thinking."

The last years of Selwyn's life were enlivened by the society of an interesting child, whom he adopted as his daughter, and who resided under his roof. That child was Maria Fagniani, the reputed daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Fagniani. It would be a false affectation of delicacy were we to pass over in complete silence the mysterious reports respecting the true parentage of Selwyn's infantine charge, which at the period were in common circulation. According to general rumour, the Duke of Queensberry and George Selwyn each believed himself to be the father of the child; and the impression that such was the fact was rendered still stronger, when the Duke of Queensberry subsequently bequeathed her the sum of £150,000, besides other property, and George Selwyn the sum of £33,000. As the writer of the present memoir has had access to Selwyn's most private papers, it might be expected that he would be enabled to clear up the difficulty; however, though there are passages which unquestionably lend weight to the supposition that either the Duke of Queensberry or Selwyn was the father of the child, — or rather that each severally believed himself to be so, — yet, in fact, there is far from being certain proof that such was really the case.

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In a subsequent part of the present work will be found several interesting letters in proof of Selwyn's deep and almost romantic attachment to his adopted child. These letters throw a light on a curious passage in the romance of real life; but it would be depriving them, in a great measure, of their interest, were we to anticipate their contents in the present memoir.

For some years previously to his death, Selwyn had been constantly a sufferer from gout and dropsy; indeed, as much as a twelvemonth before he died he had been so severely afflicted with repeated attacks from these disorders, that his life was more than once despaired of, and his death actually reported in the public papers. Subsequently to this period, he enjoyed a brief but grateful respite from pain, and, indeed, appeared to be in the possession of comparative health. However, about six months before he died, his disorders returned with increased violence, and he expressed his conviction that his case was a hopeless one. Horace Walpole writes to Miss Berry, on the day of Selwyn's death: "I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." Again Walpole

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writes, a few days afterward, "Poor Selwyn is gone, to my sorrow; and no wonder Ucalegon feels it!"

The death of Selwyn took place at his house in Cleveland Row, St. James's, on the 25th of January, 1791, in his seventy-second year. He died penitent, and at his own request the Bible was frequently read to him throughout his last illness. By his will he bequeathed to Maria Fagniani, whom he styles the daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Fagniani, £10,000, four per cent. annuities, together with the sum of £23,000, to be paid either on her coming of age or on her marriage; but in the event of her dying previously to either of those events, to be paid to the children of Lord Carlisle. To his nephews, Charles Townshend and Elbro' Woodcock, Esquires, he bequeathed a hundred guineas each; and to his valet, Pierre Michalin, his wardrobe and an annuity of £30. The residue of his real and personal estates he bequeathed to the Duke of Queensberry, with the exception of Ludgershall, which estate, agreeably with the provisions of his father's will, descended to the Townshend family. His executors were the Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Carlisle, and Elbro' Woodcock, Esquire, of whom the two latter administered.

Shortly after the death of Selwyn there appeared, in some of the literary periodicals, the following tribute to his memory, with which we

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will conclude our notices of this most charming of companions and most amiable man:

"If, this gay favourite lost, they yet can live,
A tear to Selwyn let the Graces give!
With rapid kindness teach Oblivion's pall
O'er the sunk foibles of the man to fall;
And fondly dictate to a faithful Muse
The prime distinction of the friend they lose.
'Twas social wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small, sweet courtesies of life;
Those little sapphires round the diamond shone,
Lending soft radiance to the richer stone."

COLONEL JOHN SELWYN.

[COLONEL JOHN SELWYN, of Matson, the father of George Selwyn, had been aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough, and the colonel of a regiment of foot, which latter appointment, after the disgrace of the duke, he was compelled to sell. He was for many years a representative of the city of Gloucester. On the accession of George the First, he was made comptroller of the customs, and subsequently held the appointments of groom of the bedchamber to George the Second, treasurer to Queen Caroline, and, on the resignation of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, paymaster of marines. On the occasion of the rupture between George the Second and his son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, he appears to have taken part with the

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latter. The prince subsequently appointed him his treasurer, which post he held till the period of his death, on the 5th of November, 1751, in his sixty-second year.]

Colonel Selwyn to Mr. George Selwyn.

Thursday [1740].

DEAR GEORGE: — I am disposed once more to pay your debts, which is what you have no pretension to ask. Let me know what your Oxford bills amount to, that they may be paid first, and I will remit the money to you; but don't always expect to be answered next post, for I have too much business to answer all letters next post, and yours is of a nature that I think does not merit punctuality.

I am yours,

J. S.

To Mr. Geo. Selwyn, at Hart Hall, Oxon.

Mr. George Selwyn to Colonel Selwyn.

SIR: — I am sensible I have been very careless and indiscreet in contracting so many debts, and frankly own that many, if not most of them, have been unnecessary. But nothing grieves me so much as that you should think it indifferent to me whether you are pleased or displeased with what I do. No son in the world can be more convinced than I am of your great affection for me, and of your readiness to comply with every reason-

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able desire I have had, particularly this of your condescending to pay my debts so quickly, though amounting to so great a sum. However, I beg leave to observe to you that those in London do not amount to so much by half as Mr. Goodchild has set forth, and before they are paid I shall be glad of an opportunity to remonstrate against some articles.

I shall be ready to wait upon you whenever you command me, and, for what is past, beg you will only remember it when you find it repeated.

I am, etc., etc.

Endorsed, "Copy of a letter to my father, penned by Doctor Newton, 1740."

MR. HENRY READE.

[On reference to an old list of the masters and scholars of Eton College, I find that the writer of this pleasing letter was one of the assistant masters of that celebrated seminary, where it is not improbable that Selwyn was his pupil.]

Mr. Henry Reade to George Selwyn.

ETON COLL., Oct. 20, 1741.

DEAR GEORGE: — An unwillingness to write to one's best friends is, of all others, the most oppressing and most affecting disease. We are perpetually reproaching ourselves for leaving the debt of gratitude unpaid, and at the same time

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cannot bring ourselves to a resolution of clearing the account. This has been my condition for these several months last past, and though I was every day in danger of losing your esteem by not writing, yet such was my indolence, that, though I knew my fault, I had not power to correct it. Besides, the want of proper materials to make a letter in any degree entertaining, and almost an entire ignorance of common occurrences in life, must greatly encourage and feed the original malady.

Give me leave, George, to tell you a story, and, in my turn, I'll leave you to make the application to it. At Athens, when the government was in the hands of the archons (long before you or I were born), it was the annual custom to assemble all the tribes to the public court of justice, and to call every individual by his name. The penalty for a non-compliance with this order was so very severe that every person, whether a freeman or a slave, was obliged to make his appearance, and to answer to his name when called upon. If, therefore, a name happened to be mentioned, to which the owner was wanting, it was immediately concluded that the person to whom the name belonged was either dead, or, what was the same in effect, gone, no matter where, to be a schoolmaster, and so was accordingly wiped out of the book of the living. — Vid. Athen. Dypnosop. p. 147.[1]

[1] The Deipnosophists of Athenæus, the Greek grammarian, is the only work of that author which has descended to modern

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I hear that Mr. Thos. Townshend intends soon to send some relations to Eton. If you have any interest in the affair, I should be glad of your recommendation, and you may depend upon my utmost diligence and best endeavours. We have a report here that Lord Lincoln [1] is married to one of Lord Pomfret's daughters; pray let me know whether there is any truth in it: we, who love him, must be very much concerned at it; not but that the match may be happy, but a husband at twenty-one makes as odd a figure as a ship just launched before she has taken in her ballast. Pray write soon, and add one more obligation to, dear George, your most sincere humble servant,

HEN. READE.

George Selwyn, Esq., at John Selwyn's, Esq., Member of Parliament, in Cleaveland Court, St. James's, London.

George Selwyn to Mr. Vincent Mathias.

PARIS, September 8 [1742], N. S.

SIR:—I return you my thanks for the favour of your last, and the care you take of my affairs

times. It consists of a collection of remarks and anecdotes, and is chiefly valuable from its containing numerous quotations from other authors, of whose writings no other specimens are extant.

[1] Henry Pelham Clinton, ninth Earl of Lincoln, and first Duke of Newcastle of his family, was born on the 20th of April, 1720, and married, on the 16th of October, 1744, Catherine, eldest surviving daughter and coheiress of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham. The Duke of Newcastle died on the 22d of February, 1794.

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in the Tower. In respect to the rent, I am resolved to fix it to twenty-five pounds per annum, as long as the house belongs to me. My successor, whoever he may be, may, if he please, let it for nothing; but I think it more probable that, if he considers what the value of the house is, he will raise the rent five pounds more. My tenant quotes General Evans [1] as a precedent, but I cannot think he should be one for me: he had a very plentiful fortune, and other employments much more considerable; in so much that, if he did not think it worth his while to be exact in regard to the profits of so inconsiderable a place as that in which I succeed him, he might afford to do it; but I believe you know my circumstances too well, not to think I am in the right to make every reasonable advantage I can.

It concerns me to find that I have not interest enough with my father to obtain a remittance of my quarterage, before the precise time when it becomes due, considering that, unless for particular accidents, I should have been so good an economist as not to have wanted it. However, I hope that I may without scruple draw upon my banker the 25th of this month, according to our style, when I shall, as I drew according to the same style in the last quarter, have lived a complete three months upon my last remittance. To this I have nothing to add,

[1] The predecessor of George Selwyn as clerk of the irons and surveyor of the meltings at the mint.

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but that if I could have any money allowed me so beforehand, I should never have occasion to be so pressing; but as it is, a part of the income which is to provide for the expenses of the ensuing quarter must contribute to pay for those of the last, so that the little that is left being barely sufficient, barring all manner of accidents, I must always be in want, though I have two hundred and twenty pounds a year, which I should otherwise think a competent allowance.

I have had the honour of receiving a letter from my father, which I shall take next the opportunity of returning my thanks for. In the meantime, I beg you will present my duty to him and my mother, if you see them; and believe me to be very much,

Yours, etc.,

G. S.

P. S. I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of ten pounds, but I have not drawn for it, since I have a mind (as much as it lies in my power) to hide my necessities and disgraces from as many as possible.

À Monsieur, Monsieur Mathias, au Bureau de Commerce, à Whitehall, à Londres.

PARIS, November 10 [1742], N. S.

I have been a little disappointed, as I expected the pleasure of hearing from you, after the receipt of my last, wherein I acquainted you with my last

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draught of fifty-five pounds, for the preceding quarter, upon Mr. Selwin,[1] the banker here. But this is not the reason of my giving you the present trouble, which is to beg that, if you know any means by which I can obtain of my father a sum of money over and above my yearly income, that I may be a little beforehand in my affairs, you will be so kind as to inform me of them; since you say that you do not doubt of his kind intentions toward me, upon a proper application to him for it. I am certain that I should embrace, with all the pleasure imaginable, any opportunity I had of meriting his favour, if any could be found in the situation I am in at present; and I reckon it as one of my greatest misfortunes that, being at this distance from him, my zeal, and the application I would exert to recommend myself to his

[1] Of Mr. Selwyn, the English banker at Paris, Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford, ambassador to the court of France, in December, 1763: "You know how utterly averse I am to meddle, or give impertinent advice; but the letter I saw was expressed with so much respect and esteem for you, that you would love the person. It is Mr. Selwyn, the banker. He says he expected no favour; but the great regard he has for the amiableness of your character makes him miserable at being totally undistinguished by you. He has so good a character himself, and is so much beloved by many persons here, that you know, that I think you will not dislike my putting you in mind of him." It does not appear that there existed any relationship between George Selwyn and the banker. The former, it will be perceived, spells their names differently; while Walpole, on the other hand, writes them the same.

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esteem, cannot be made so manifest as it would be on my return to England.

In respect to my circumstances, when I consider how much all kind of economy was a stranger to me, and that carelessness and dissipation were, by long use, become almost natural, it is surprising to me that I have been able to keep within bounds so well as I have; to which I may add, that, being always a stranger where I have been, the management of my fortune has been still a more difficult task; but, notwithstanding, I am far from being in an easy enjoyment of my income, which, being so moderate, I might reasonably expect to be. Every quarter I receive, at least the greater part of it is due when I receive it; and being in an extreme want of clothes, I have no possibility of being beforehand, without the assistance which I sue for at present. I believe it is needless to be very circumstantial upon this subject, since everybody's own reflections must easily suggest to them how many difficulties and necessities a person labours under who has never the present enjoyment of one shilling; and if my father has not entirely withdrawn his affection from me, I am certain he will think it a case that deserves his consideration. That I trouble you with the representation of this, is, I own, much against my will, when I consider how much I give you upon other accounts; but it is because I imagine that those to whom it might be thought more natural to

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apply, think me, at present, and my interests, below their concern.

I have wrote to Mr. Goodchild about some linen, which I am in great want of, as of other things, but have received no answer from him yet, though two posts have elapsed since I wrote. I beg you will take an opportunity to speak to him, and assure him that, if he will provide me with a stock of linen, he shall be paid within the year; for which purpose you may deduct a portion from my quarterly remittances.

I beg my duty to my father and mother, and my love to my brother, the first time you see them; and to the latter you may add, that if he would be troubled with a letter from me, it would be a pleasure to me to have the liberty of writing to him.

I am very sorry it is impossible to have any of my books, since I have no fund to buy any, and I must lay myself under obligations to so many people as I borrow of.

I am desired to send for Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth.[1] If you can find any opportunity to send it, I should be glad. It is for an abbé who lodges in my house, and who is writing the life of Cardinal Wolsey in French. Doctor Middleton's Life of Cicero is going to be published here, translated by the Abbé Prevot,[2] which is

[1] The History of Henry the Eighth, by Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

[2] Antony Francis d'Exiles Prêvost, a voluminous French

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every article of news I can send from the learned world: from the political nothing can pass to you without examination.

I am sir, etc.,

To Mr. Mathias. G. SELWYN.

PARIS, January 12 [1743], N. S.

SIR: — The many difficulties and mortifying circumstances which a want of money has, and does still expose me to, would have induced me to apply to any person I thought most likely to relieve my distress; and I should have specified a much larger sum than twenty pounds if I had not judged it more proper to make you the negotiator in that affair, and to leave the particular sum to the consideration of my father. For when I had to ask of my father what is of so much more importance to me than any addition to my income can possibly be, I mean his affection and favourable opinion of my conduct, I imagined that to dwell upon those anxieties only which my necessities occasioned, would have the appearance of being too much concerned about what I regard as trifles, when put in competition with his esteem; and that, I assure you, was my only motive for applying to you, rather than to my father, or my brother, in that affair.

writer, and the translator of Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" into French. He died in November, 1763.

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Your admonitions, in respect to writing more frequently, I take very kindly, and thought so very reasonable that I wrote to my father immediately, and to my mother and brother very soon after. I have since received a very kind letter from my brother, for which I have returned my thanks, enclosed in the same cover with yours.

I am much obliged to Mr. Goodchild for complying so readily with my request in respect to my shirts, which I should be glad were sent to me immediately, since that gentleman's journey hither is so uncertain, and my want of them and other necessaries is greater than you can easily conceive. I should be glad to receive Lord Herbert's history by the same opportunity, because it is a long time that I have promised an abbé of my acquaintance to procure it for him.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Popple, when you see him, and that you will believe me, etc., etc.,

G. SELWYN.

To Mr. Vincent Mathias.

PARIS, Saturday 23 [March, 1743], N. S.

SIR: — I purpose to draw upon Mr. Selwin next Monday, which is the 25th, according to our style, for my whole quarterage. In the circumstances I am in at present I cannot possibly begin to clear my account with Mr. Goodchild till the quarter following. The money I shall receive will be 1,221 livres; and, if I clear myself here,

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which I shall think it by all means advisable to do, I shall have about four hundred, that is, near twenty pounds sterling, to maintain me in every expense for the three ensuing months. If I cannot obtain any assistance from my father in such a necessity as this, I shall really think it a very hard case, especially as I have been guilty of no extravagance to reduce me to it; for if I was obliged to live in a more frugal manner than I have done since I have been at Paris, I do not know whether living in a gaol might not be just as agreeable. I am conscious of having neglected to write to my family in Cleveland Court a great while, but it has not proceeded from any indifference or want of affection, but really a want of knowing what would be most proper to say to them in my present circumstances.

I beg you will present my duty to my father and mother, and my love to my brother, and Mr. Townshend, when you see them, and believe me to be your most obliged and most obedient servant, G. SELWYN.

P. S. I hope to hear from you very soon.

ANNE PITT.

ANNE PITT was the eldest daughter of Robert Pitt, Esq., of Boconnock, in Cornwall, and sister of the great Earl of Chatham. She was maid of

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honour to the queen of George the Second, and afterward privy purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales. She enjoyed among her contemporaries a character for wit, sprightliness, and good humour; qualities which she is said to have retained in perfection to a very advanced age. Her bon mots are scarcely yet forgotten. She died at her house in Pitt Place, Kensington Gravel-pits, on the 9th of February, 1780.

Miss Anne Pitt to George Selwyn.

ARGEVILLE, July the 14th, 1743.

SIR: — I am extremely glad to find by the letter you do me the favour to write me, that you have reason to be satisfied with the disposition of your father toward you. I can pretend to no merit in this, but desiring to have the truth represented to him concerning you. It is certain that the happiness of your whole life depends upon your being well with Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, which I heartily wish for their sakes as well as yours. If you return to England before I have the pleasure of seeing you, I beg of you to make my compliments to them. I shall have nothing else to trouble you with, and am, sir, your most humble servant,

A. PITT.

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ORATOR HENLEY.

THE REVEREND JOHN HENLEY, better known as Orator Henley, is now chiefly remembered from the niches which he fills in the "Dunciad:"

> "High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
> Henley's gilt tub, and Fleckno's Irish throne."

And again —

> "Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
> Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
> How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
> How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
> Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."

Henley was the son of a clergyman; was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; entered into holy orders; grew weary of his seclusion as a country curate, and came to London in search of preferment and fame. Failing in his object of rising in his profession by legitimate and respectable means, and his temper becoming almost brutalised by disappointment, he set up as a public orator, and opening a chapel in the neighbourhood of Newport Market, near the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, preached on Sundays on theological questions, and on Wednesdays on the sciences, and on other subjects. Each auditor paid a shilling for his admission ticket, which bore the device

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of a rising star, with the words *ad summum* above, and *inveniam viam aut faciam*, below. By degrees he broke with the Church, and styling himself a Rationalist, offered to teach mankind "universal knowledge from his lectures, and primitive Christianity from his sermons." To use his own words, he was determined "to reform the gross impostures and faults that have long prevailed in the received institutions and establishments of knowledge and religion." His manner was theatrical; his pulpit was radiant with velvet and gold (the "gilt tub" of Pope), and his language usually varied from an affected attempt at oratory to familiar buffoonery and irreverent wit: according to Bishop Warburton, "sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Eucharist." Habituated, however, as we are, to regard Henley as a compound of knave, madman, and buffoon, he was, nevertheless, distinguished by wit and acuteness; by the depth of his learning and his indefatigable pursuit after knowledge. His wit is proved by his letter to the *Spectator* (No. 396), signed Peter de Quir. He was versed in the Hebrew, Greek, and Persic tongues; he was the author of a grammar of ten languages; and his early, and now forgotten poem, "Esther, Queen of Persia," contains passages which, for beauty of sentiment and grace of versification, give him claim to be ranked as a poet of no mean order. This extraordinary

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man outlived the unhealthy reputation which he acquired by the exercise of his eccentric talents, and died in comparative obscurity in 1756, at the age of sixty-four.

Orator Henley to George Selwyn.

Jan. 4, 1745.

SIR: — According to my promise, I called on you gentlemen, at the Bedford Head, and likewise sent a letter thither last week, but Mr. Wooderfield told me you seldom came thither.

I dine at twelve all the year, but shall be glad to take a glass with you at the King's Arms any day from four to six. If I have disobliged Mr. Parsons (who I hear was with you), or any of you gentlemen, I never intended it, and ask your pardons. I shall be proud to oblige or serve my Lord Carteret,[1] or you, or the rest, at any time. Pray let them see this. I am, with my humble service to all, sir, your most humble servant,

J. HENLEY.

[The next letter evidently refers to some disturbance created by Selwyn and some of his gay friends at one of Henley's lectures. As Selwyn was at this period a student at Oxford, it may not im-

[1] Robert, Lord Carteret, eldest son of John, first Earl Granville, the celebrated minister and statesman. He succeeded as second Earl Granville in 1763, and died without issue in 1776, when his titles became extinct.

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probably be the identical riot recorded by Mr. D'Israeli, in the following passage in his "Curiosities of Literature:" "Once Henley offered to admit of a disputation, and that he would impartially determine the merits of the contest. It happened that Henley this time was overmatched; for two Oxonians, supported by a strong party to overawe his 'marrow-bones,' as the butchers were called, said to be in the Orator's pay, entered the list: the one to defend the ignorance, the other the impudence, of the restorer of eloquence himself. As there was a door behind the rostrum, which led to his house, the Orator silently dropped out, postponing the award to some happier day." Henley at this period lectured in Clare Market, where the butchers still constitute the most influential part of the community.

"And has not Colley still his lord and —
His butchers Henley, his freemasons, Moore."]

Orator Henley to George Selwyn.

January 16, 1745.

SIR: — I am desirous, on a footing of reason and right, which are entirely on my side, to make you, Mr. Carteret,[1] and Mr. B. my friends, not my enemies. I hinted this at Mr. Balaguerre's, and have written a short letter to Mr. Carteret about

[1] Robert Carteret, afterward third Lord Carteret, and second Earl Granville. He died without issue in 1776.

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it. So many instances of this kind have been repeated, that self-preservation has been at stake. I am accountable for the peace of my congregation; and among the rules and articles of my consent and conditions, as owner and minister, one rule is, to go out directly (forfeiting what has been given), if any person cannot, or will not, observe those conditions; for the smallest circumstance of disorder has been inflamed to the highest outrage. The bishop's nephew began something of the kind two months ago, and made me retribution; so have others; and I must send an attorney to warn those not to come, whom I suspect, hereafter.

You have been at this sport before. I may be useful to you all some time. In the meantime, as you are gentlemen, have good judgment, good nature, and were in fault, I hope this will break no bones, and that you will show this epistolary dissertation to Mr. C. and Mr. B.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. HENLEY.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Colonel Selwyn's, in Cleveland Court, by St. James's House, Westminster.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD RIGBY.

RICHARD RIGBY, the writer of more than one agreeable letter in the present collection, was a person of no small importance in the political as

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well as social circles of the day. He was born in 1722, and is said to have been the son of a linen-draper, who, as factor to the South Sea Company, had succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. This wealth he bequeathed to his son, who speedily squandered the greater portion of it in electioneering, in the pursuit of pleasure, and in the dangerous excitement of play.

Though Rigby was, unquestionably, not a statesman of the first order, his talents as a man of business, and as an orator, were at least sufficient to render him a valuable acquisition to any party to which he might attach himself. Moreover, he was distinguished for his social qualities; and his conversational talent, his lively humour, his enjoyment of the pleasures of the table, and the delicacies which were to be met with at his hospitable board, rendered him one of the most popular persons of his day.

Rigby, in early life, had attached himself to the person of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with whom his convivial qualities, and the cheerfulness with which he lost large sums at the gaming-table, rendered him an especial favourite. Latterly, however, circumstances led to their estrangement, and Rigby became the stanch friend and political partisan of John, Duke of Bedford, whose name occupies so unenviable a place in the pages of Junius, and in the political history of the period. Despicable, however, as may have been the character

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of the Duke of Bedford, Rigby at least had no reason to complain of a lukewarm friendship on the part of the duke, or that his services were niggardly repaid. In addition to the loan of a large sum of money to extricate him from his pecuniary difficulties, the duke, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, nominated Rigby to be his secretary; and, moreover, subsequently obtained his return to Parliament as member for the borough of Tavistock, his appointment as a privy councillor, and a sinecure office of four thousand pounds a year. Further, the duke nominated Rigby his executor, and cancelled his pecuniary obligation to him by a special bequest.

In early life, Rigby and Horace Walpole had been intimate friends. It was scarcely, however, in the nature of the latter to unite personal goodwill and kindliness of feeling with political hostility; and, consequently, when he grew to detest the person and politics of the Duke of Bedford, Rigby, almost as a matter of course, became involved in his prejudices, and, indeed, was likened by his former friend (under the name of L'abbé de la Rigbière) to the Abbé de la Rivière, the infamous favourite of Gaston, Duke of Orleans.

It is due, however, to Horace Walpole, to observe that the character which he has drawn elsewhere of Rigby, in his "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second," is sketched with apparent fairness. "Rigby," he

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says, "had an advantageous and manly person, recommended by a spirited jollity that was very pleasing, though sometimes roughened into brutality; of most insinuating good breeding, when he wished to be agreeable. His passions were turbulent and overbearing; his courage bold and fond of exerting itself; his parts strong and quick, but totally uncultivated; and so much had he trusted to unaffected common sense, that he could never afterward acquire the necessary temperament of art in his public speaking. He had been a pupil of Winnington,[1] and owed the chief errors of his life to that man's maxims, — perniciously witty. Winnington had unluckily lived when all virtue

[1] The Right Honourable Thomas Winnington successively held the appointments of a lord of the admiralty, lord of the treasury, cofferer, and, afterward, paymaster of the forces. Walpole elsewhere observes of him, "He had a jolly way of laughing at his own want of principles; he had more wit than any man I ever knew; and it was as ready and quick as it was constant and unpremeditated." He is known to have been the favoured lover of the celebrated Ethelreda Harrison, Lady Townshend, and is more than once celebrated in the lively verse of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

"When Winnington and Fox, with flow of soul,
With sense and wit, drove round the cheerful bowl,
Our hearts were opened, and our converse free,
But now they both are lost, quite lost to me.
One to a mistress gives up all his life,
And one from me flies wisely to his wife."

The death of Winnington is said to have been occasioned by the ignorance of a quack doctor, who "blooded and purged him to death in a few days." His death is thus affectionately la-

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had been set to notorious sale, and, in ridicule of false pretences, had affected an honesty in avowing whatever was dishonourable. Rigby, whose heart was naturally good, grew to think it sensible to laugh at the shackles of morality; and having early encumbered his fortune by gaming, he found his patron's maxims but too well adapted to retrieve his desperate fortunes. He placed his honour in steady addiction to whatever faction he was united with; and, from the gaiety of his temper, having indulged himself in profuse drinking (for in private few men were more temperate), he was often hurried beyond the bounds of that interest which he meant should govern all his actions, and which his generous extravagance for

mented by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in the following epitaph:

"Near his paternal seat here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the wise.
Formed for all parts, in all alike he shined,
Variously great! a genius unconfined!
In converse bright, judicious in debate,
In private amiable, in public great.
With all the statesman's knowledge, prudence, art,
With friendship's open, undesigning heart,
The friend and heir here join their duty:—one
Erects the busto; one inscribes the stone.
Not that they hope from these his fame should live;
That claims a longer date than they can give.
False to their trusts, the mouldering busts decay,
And, soon effaced, inscriptions wear away:
But English annals shall their place supply,
And while they live, his name can never die."

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ever combated. In short, he was a man who was seldom loved or hated with moderation; yet he himself, though a violent opponent, was never a bitter enemy. His amiable qualities were all natural; his faults acquired, or fatally linked to him by the chain of some other failings."

For many years previous to his death, Rigby enjoyed the then lucrative post of paymaster of the forces. During this period his festive parties at his residence in the Pay Office were famous. Joviality and freedom of conversation were their principal characteristics. At the convivial board of the jovial paymaster, Lord Thurlow delighted to forget that he was lord chancellor; and more than one minister of state — including Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, and Mr. Dundas — very readily drowned the cares of office in conviviality and wine. The country residence of Rigby was at Mistley Hall, in Essex, where he maintained a splendid establishment; and here, as well as in London, his mode of living was distinguished by luxury, joviality, and expense.

It was one of the peculiarities of Rigby, that though a placeman, and for many years an unscrupulous supporter of administration, he nevertheless was anxious to have it believed that his vote was an independent one, and, with this object, persisted in never sitting on the ministerial side of the house. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who sat in the House of Commons with him, has bequeathed

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us an interesting portrait of the statesman and wit. "When in his place, he was invariably habited in a full-dressed suit of clothes, commonly of a purple, or dark colour, without lace or embroidery, close buttoned, with his sword thrust through the pocket. His countenance was very expressive, but not of genius; still less did it indicate timidity or modesty: all the comforts of the pay office seemed to be eloquently depictured in it; and the *lumen purpureum* which beamed from his features served as a comment on the text of Junius, when he panegyrises the Duke of Bedford's solitary protection of 'blushing merit' in Mr. Rigby's person. His manner, rough, yet frank, bold, but manly, admirably set off whatever sentiments he uttered in Parliament. Like Jenkinson, he borrowed neither from ancient nor from modern authors. His eloquence was altogether his own, simple, strong, and natural; addressed not to the fancy, but to the plain comprehension of his hearers. Whatever he meant, he expressed indeed without circumlocution or declamation. There was a happy audacity about his forehead which must have been the gift of nature: art could not obtain it by any efforts. He seemed neither to fear nor even to respect the House, whose composition he well knew; and to the members of which assembly he never appeared to give credit for any portion of virtue, patriotism, or public spirit. Far from concealing these sentiments, he insinuated,

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or even pronounced them, without disguise; and from his lips they neither excited surprise, nor even commonly awakened reprehension."

In consequence of the celebrated resignation of Lord North in 1782, Rigby not only found himself deprived of the means of supporting his former course of extravagance, but, in consequence of some regulations introduced by his successor in the pay office, Edmund Burke, he found himself compelled to refund a considerable amount of the public money, which remained unaccounted for. In this emergency he is said to have had recourse to Sir Thomas Rumbold, who had recently returned from the East Indies in possession of immense wealth. This wealth he had accumulated during the period he was Governor of Madras; and for the unjustifiable means by which he was said to have acquired it, his conduct was at this very period under investigation, and his person under proscription, by the House of Commons.

In order to advance the interests of both parties, a compact is stated to have been entered into between Rigby and Rumbold, by the articles of which the former was to receive a large sum of money, on the condition that he should extricate the other from the imminent danger which threatened him. Rigby, indeed, was no longer a minister of state, but he was a personal friend of more than one member of the administration; and, moreover, Dundas (afterward Lord Melville, and the friend

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and colleague of Pitt), who had originally introduced into the House of Commons the bill for inflicting pains and penalties against Rumbold, had long been the intimate associate of Rigby. Whether, in fact, there really existed any secret and improper compact between the impoverished statesman and the grasping governor, cannot now with any certainty be ascertained. Appearances, however, certainly gave weight to the supposition. Not only were the charges against Rumbold, which had hitherto been prosecuted with the utmost vigour, allowed suddenly to languish, but the circumstance of Rigby uniting his nephew and heir to Rumbold's daughter lent additional strength to the suspicion.

Rigby was never married, but he left a natural daughter, to whom he bequeathed the sum of £4,000. His death took place on the 8th of April, 1788, in his sixty-seventh year.

The Right Hon. Richard Rigby to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, March 12 [1745], 7 o'clock.

DEAR GEORGE: — I thank you for your letter, which I have this moment received and read; and that you may not be surprised at my readiness in answering it, I will begin with telling you the occasion of it. I am just got home from a cock-match, where I have won forty pounds in ready money; and, not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the

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House of Commons, in order to dine at White's; and now I will begin my journal, for in that style I believe my letters will be best received, considering our situations. I held my resolution of not going to the Ridotto till past three o'clock; when, finding nobody was willing to sit any longer but Boone, who was not able, I took, as I thought, the least of two evils, and so went there rather than to bed, but found it so infinitely dull that I retired in half an hour. The next morning I heard there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furnese[1] went drunk from White's at six

[1] Henry Furnese, Esq., secretary, and afterward a lord of the treasury. His abilities were considerable; but, in consequence of his intimacy with Lord Bath, and his determined opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, he entailed on himself the sarcastic malevolence of Horace Walpole, who speaks of him, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second," as "that old rag of Lord Bath's foolish quota to an administration, the mute Harry Furnese." For the same reasons, he is more than once attacked by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who thus introduces him in his "New Ode to a Great Number of Great Men:"

"And see, with that important face
Berenger's clerk to take his place,
Into the treasury come;
With pride and meanness act thy part,
Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme!

"Oh, my poor country! is this all
You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
Of Walpole and his tools?

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o'clock, and won the dear memorable sum of one thousand guineas. He won the chief part of Doneraile [1] and Bob Bertie.[2]

I saw Garrick act Othello that same night, in which, I think, he was very unmeaningly dressed, and succeeded in no degree of comparison with Quin, except in the scene where Iago gives him the first suspicion of Desdemona. He endeavoured throughout to play and speak everything directly different from Quin, and failed, I think, in most of his alterations.[3]

> He was a knave, suppose — what then?
> He'd parts — but this new set of men
> A'n't only knaves, but fools."

[1] Arthur St. Leger, fourth Viscount Doneraile in Ireland. He died in August, 1747.

[2] Lord Robert Bertie, fifth son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster.

[3] It is remarkable that Garrick failed so entirely in the part, that this was the only occasion on which he ever acted in the character of Othello. Quin had rendered himself famous in it at the rival theatre; and, consequently, when so great an actor as Garrick entered the lists with him, it was natural that he should be jealously alive to his success. Determined to judge for himself, in regard to the merits of Garrick's acting, Quin, on the night on which his rival was announced to perform Othello, secured himself a place in the pit of the rival theatre. About this period had been published Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage à la Mode," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro foot-boy entering the apartment with a tea-equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule) it may readily be imagined that there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the foot-boy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accord-

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Friday night I was at the oratorio, where there was very little company, and Saturday at the opera, where there was less: they have got Mr. Sullivan there in room of one of the Scotts. I saw both the colonel and my lady,[1] at the opera, which is the only time I have seen either of them since your departure: the colonel and I are upon good terms, but her ladyship only curtseys. I supped that night *tête-à-tête* with Metham, who was d——d angry with Hubby Bubby[2] for having invited all the Musquetaires to supper but him. He went to sleep at twelve, and I to White's, where I stayed till six. Sunday, I dined out of town, at Chelsea College, with Mr. Winnington[3]

ingly, when the latter made his reappearance in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed, loud enough to afford amusement to half the pit, "Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things?" The effect produced on the mind of Garrick (sensitively alive as he is known to have been both to praise and censure) by the notoriety given to this anecdote, may be readily imagined. Many years afterward, Doctor Griffiths, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, inquired of Garrick, among a circle of friends, whether he had ever performed the part of Othello. The question was asked in perfect ignorance, both of Garrick's failure and of the story of Quin's witticism; nevertheless, the effect which it produced on the great actor painfully forced itself on his expressive countenance, and was never forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. "Sir," he replied, with evident bitterness of feeling, "I once acted the part to my cost."

[1] Colonel and Mrs. Selwyn, the father and mother of George Selwyn.

[2] Probably the famous Bubb Dodington.

[3] Thomas Winnington, Esq., whose name so often occurs in the social and political history of the period. Sir C. Hanbury

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and Mr. Townshend,[1] whom I think a good, agreeable man. Yesterday I spent good part of the day with my Lord Coke[2] at a cock-match, and went, toward the latter end of Quin's benefit, to Marianne, where I found he had not greatly pleased.

This morning I was at my Lord Walpole's, where I found the report of the hurricane at Jamaica is confirmed, in which they say we have lost all our men-of-war but one, that is to say eight or upward, besides an hundred sail of merchant-ships, and the island left in a terrible condition.[3] They say that the affair of Captain Mostyn, that was acquitted by a court martial at Spithead, is all to be had over again before the House of Lords. I saw Obrien to-day,[4] who was sorry he had no opportunity of taking his leave of you. The coaches rattle by d——d fast, and George brings me word the House is up, and I assure you I am extremely hungry, so adieu for the present, but I will write

Williams speaks of him with affection, and Horace Walpole celebrates his "jolly way of laughing at his own want of principles."

[1] Probably the Hon. Thomas Townshend, brother-in-law to George Selwyn.

[2] Edward, Viscount Coke, only son of Thomas Coke, first and only Earl of Leicester of his family. Lord Coke died in the lifetime of his father, in 1753.

[3] This disastrous hurricane occurred in October, 1744, and is said to have occasioned damage to the amount of £300,000.

[4] Probably Windham O'Brien, created, November 29, 1756, Baron of Ibrickan, and Earl of Thomond, in Ireland.

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to you before I go into Norfolk next Monday to Lord Walpole.[1]

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD RIGBY.

P. S. Lord Orford has not been so well this day or two.[2]

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, so famous for the vivacity of his conversation, the wit and ease of his versification, and occasionally the galling bitterness of his muse, was the third son of John Hanbury, Esq., of Pontypool Park, Monmouthshire; he subsequently assumed the arms and surname of Williams, on being bequeathed the property of his godfather, Charles Williams, Esq., of Caerleon. His mother was Albinia, sister of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson, and consequently George Selwyn was his first cousin. Sir Charles represented the borough of Monmouth during several Parliaments, and attached himself, as much from feelings of affectionate regard as

[1] Horatio, first Lord Walpole, whose name figures so conspicuously in the reigns of Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, was the younger brother of Sir Robert Walpole. He died on the 5th of February, 1757, at the age of seventy-nine.

[2] Sir Robert Walpole, recently created Earl of Orford, died on the 18th of March, 1745, six days after the date of this letter.

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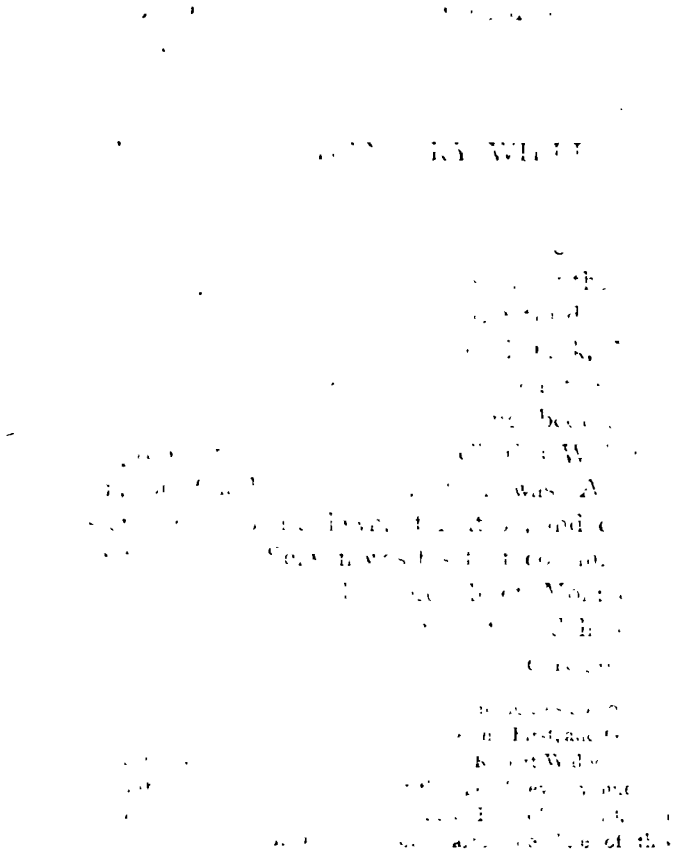

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

Photo-etching after a painting by Meugs.

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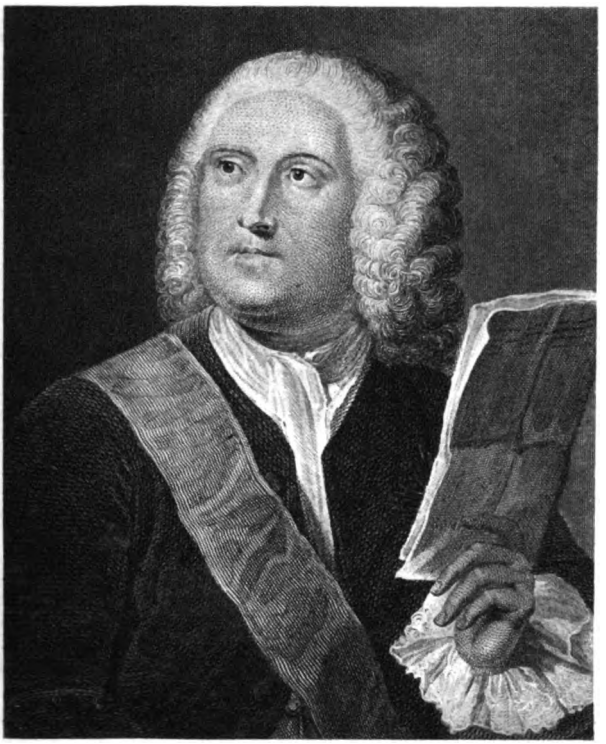

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from motives of self-interest, to Sir Robert Walpole. In 1744 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and subsequently filled the appointments of envoy to the Elector of Saxony, minister at the court of Berlin, and ambassador at St. Petersburg, at which latter court he became a great favourite with the voluptuous Elizabeth. On his return from St. Petersburg, in 1757, his intellects failed him, and during his stay at Hamburg, an unprincipled female prevailed upon him to give her his bond for £2,000, and a promise of marriage, although his wife was still living. He subsequently recovered his reason, but in 1759 his intellects again forsook him, and on the 2d of November in that year he expired in a state of insanity, as it has been said, by his own hand. Sir Charles was the father of two daughters, his co-heiresses: Frances, married to William Capel, fourth Earl of Essex, and Charlotte, who became the wife of the Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, a captain in the navy, who was lost in the *Thunderer* in the West Indies, in 1779, when the whole of the crew perished.

Sir C. Hanbury Williams to George Selwyn.

30th March, 1745.

If I have not wrote to you before, it was not because I did not think of you; I have both thought of and mentioned you often with pleasure.

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So much for preface. The town-talk for some time past has been your child.[1] The moment you turned your back he flew out; went to Lady Tankerville's[2] drum major; having unfortunately dined that day with Rigby, who plied his head with too many bumpers, and also made him a present of some Chinese crackers. Armed in this manner, he entered the assembly, and resolving to do something that should make a noise, he gave a string of four and twenty crackers to Lady Lucy Clinton,[3] and bid her put it in the candle, which she very innocently did, to her and the whole room's astonishment; but when the first went off she threw the rest upon the tea-table, where, one after another, they all went off, with much noise and not a little stink, to the real joy of most of the women present, who don't dislike an opportunity of finding fault. Lady Lucy, indeed, was very plentifully abused, and Mr. Hobart[4] had

[1] Mr. Hobart, subsequently mentioned in this letter.

[2] Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, Esq., of Whitehouse, in the bishopric of Durham, and wife of Charles, second Earl of Tankerville. She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen of George the Second, and subsequently to the Princess Augusta, afterward Princess of Brunswick. Her death took place on the 8th of October, 1775, at the age of one hundred and five.

[3] Lady Lucy Clinton was the eldest daughter of Henry, seventh Earl of Lincoln. She was born on the 17th of May 1721, and died, unmarried, on the 11th of October, 1763.

[4] Apparently the Hon. John Hobart, eldest son of John, first Lord Hobart, who was created, in September, 1746, Earl of Buckinghamshire. Some lively letters of Mr. Hobart (who

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his share; and common fame says he has never received a card since; few women will curtsey to him, and I question if he'll ever lead anybody to their chair again as long as he lives.

I leave you to judge how deeply he feels this wound. Everybody says it would never have happened if you had not retired to your studies; and you are a little blamed for letting him out alone, when you knew he was not fit for it. He has sunk his chairmen's wages five shillings a week upon this accident, and intends to turn them off in Passion Week, because he can then go nowhere at all. All private houses are already shut against him, and in that holy time no public place is open.

I had like to have forgot to tell you that the Duchess of Queensberry,[1] wanting a man to make up her ball last night, condescended so far as to send for him, and he danced with Lady Emily Lenox,[2] and everybody that was there says it

succeeded his father as Earl of Buckinghamshire, and subsequently held some high appointments in the state) will be found in the "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk." He died on the 3d of August, 1793.

[1] Katherine, daughter of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, the patroness of Gay, the Kitty of Prior's ballad, and celebrated by Pope:

> "If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
> 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."

The duchess was the wife of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, and second Duke of Dover.

[2] Lady Emily Lenox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She was born on the 6th of October, 1731, and was

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was the prettiest sight upon earth to see the two Lady Emilys dance together. The duchess never gives meat suppers, and Hobart told me himself that he had nothing but half an apple puff and a little wine and water. If you had been there yourself you could have ordered nothing properer.

I must now tell you, that I think your good friend Mr. Walpole [1] and I have very nearly made up your affairs with Bland,[2] and in my next letter I expect to receive a postscript, wrote by his own hand.[3]

Rigby has been but little in town since you went, and is at present in Essex, and nobody knows when he returns.

The Coll.[4] lives with his fair one, and seldom comes to White's, so I know little of him; but the Galli has had a benefit, and not twenty people in the house.

I hope you divert yourself well at the expense of the whole university, though the object is not worthy you. The dullest fellow in it has parts enough to ridicule it, and you have parts to fly at nobler game.

married, first to James, Duke of Leinster, and afterward to James Ogilvie, Esq. She was the mother of the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

[1] The celebrated Horace Walpole, with whom Selwyn, to the close of his life, lived on terms of intimacy.

[2] Probably Sir John Bland, member for Ludgershall, who destroyed himself in October, 1755.

[3] To this passage is subjoined, in a different handwriting, "It's no such thing, J. B."

[4] Probably Colonel Selwyn.

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The newspapers can tell you as much news as I know, or ever will know, and to them I refer you for politics. When we talked together we talked of better things than these; and while we write to one another we will keep in the same track, and never be serious. I hope even the thoughts of your promise to see Welch Mountains [1] does not make you so, for I insist upon your seeing them, and will certainly call upon you in my way down. Mr. Walpole sits by me while I write this; always think of him with affection, for he delights in you, and sometimes remember C. H. W.

[At the period when this letter was written, it is unnecessary to remind the reader that George Selwyn was still a student at Oxford. The tone, therefore, of the letter (written as it is by a man of the world, of acknowledged wit and fashion, and who had already been awarded honours by the state), proves how highly the social wit of George Selwyn was appreciated by his contemporaries, even at this early period.]

HENRY PLEYDELL DAWNEY.

VISCOUNT DOWNE.

HENRY PLEYDELL DAWNEY, third Viscount Downe, was at this period a fellow student of

[1] Sir Charles evidently alludes to an invitation he had given Selwyn to his seat, Coldbrook House, Monmouthshire.

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Selwyn at Oxford. He subsequently represented the county of York in Parliament; rose to be a colonel in the army, and commanded the 25th regiment at the battle of Minden, in 1759. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Campen the following year, and died, unmarried, on the 9th of December, 1760. His name more than once occurs in the subsequent pages.

Lord Downe to George Selwyn.

April, 1745.

DEAR BOSKY:—I am extremely glad that I have prevailed upon Lord Abergavenny and Assheton to be of our party. If you will have your horse at Juggins's at eleven, we will meet you. A ride is very agreeable this morning, but much more when we find it particularly so to you. The place of dining we will fix upon when mounted.

Yours sincerely,

DOWNE.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Hertford College, Oxon.

MR. WILLIAM UNDERWOOD.

[THIS, and several of the following letters, will be found to have reference to the unfortunate circumstance of Selwyn's withdrawal from the university of Oxford.]

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Mr. William Underwood to George Selwyn.

OXFORD, June 22, 1745.

SIR:—The principal having signified to me that it was your desire that your name should not be continued in the book of my office longer than the end of this quarter, I beg leave to acquaint you that it is left out according to your request; and that there is due to the house £5 11*s.* 6*d.*, and to myself, for coal, 8*s.*; in all, £5 19*s.* 6*d.*; and to beg the favour of you to order the payment of this small sum, when you have opportunity, to Mr. Ekins, at the late Mr. Groon's, Brow House, in Westminster, for the principal's use, who will account to the house and pay.

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WM. UNDERWOOD.

REVEREND CHARLES LYTTELTON.[1]

CHARLES, third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, and brother of George, first Lord Lyttelton, the historian and poet, was born at Hagley in 1714, and received his education at Eton, and afterward at University College, Oxford. He subsequently became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar; but afterward entered into holy orders, and obtained the rectory of Alvechurch

[1] Afterward Bishop of Carlisle.

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in Worcestershire. In 1747 he was appointed chaplain to George the Second; in 1748 Dean of Exeter; and in 1762 Bishop of Carlisle. He was a member of Johnson's celebrated "Literary Club;" president of the Society of Antiquaries; and, in addition to other papers on antiquarian subjects, was the author of a memoir on the authenticity of a copy of Magna Charta, in his own possession, which treatise was answered by Judge Blackstone. The bishop died, unmarried, at his house in Clifford Street, London, December 22, 1768. Bishop Warburton writes to Doctor Hurd on the occasion: "A bishop, more or less, in the world is nothing; and, perhaps, of as small account in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."

Rev. Charles Lyttelton to George Selwyn.

University College, June 23, 1745.

Dear George: — I am told by some of your Christchurch acquaintance that you have thoughts of being this week in Oxford. You well know how glad I am of every opportunity of seeing you, therefore will assure yourself that I should be the last man living to raise objections about your coming here, if I did not think it of the utmost importance

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to your character and future welfare to stay away. I know you intend coming as a private person, not as a member of the university, but that will avail nothing; for if your late conduct has really been half as bad as it is now represented, — I mean with regard to what passed at the tavern, — the university has it in her power, and, I am sorry to add, in her inclination, to set a public mark of infamy upon you, by affixing a programma of expulsion on every post within the precincts of her jurisdiction. If you are entirely innocent of the tavern business, in God's name come as soon as you will, and put it in the power of your friends (and myself in particular) to justify your character, in the manner we would wish when that of an absent friend is arraigned in every company.

I could say a great deal more to you on this unpleasant subject, but have said enough, I flatter myself, to deter you from hazarding so much for the sake of a short visit to two or three friends. I was dubbed Doctor of Laws on Tuesday, — propose staying here till Friday, and shall then make a week's tour in Berkshire. If you have any occasion to write to me after I am gone, a letter addressed hither will come safe to hand.

I am your faithful friend and humble servant,

C. L.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate House, St. James's Street, London.

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Lord Downe to George Selwyn.

OXON, CHRISTCHURCH,
One o'clock Sunday morning.

DEAR BOSKY: — I cannot omit expressing the concern your groundless accusations of not writing have given me, but as you must certainly have received mine of yesterday's date, I will not repeat again the contents. If no unforeseen accident intervenes, you may depend upon my meeting you at Henley on Wednesday. Woodyeare will attend me, and perhaps a friend or two more; but us you may be sure of. I think the inn looks upon the water, close to the bridge. I hope I do not mistake the day you mentioned in your letter — there is, unfortunately, a blotch upon it; but I think I cannot mistake it for any day but Wednesday, especially as Wednesday is the day specified in yours to Woodyeare. Dick Leveson comes to-day.

I am, dear Bosky, yours,

DOWNE.

P. S. All friends desire their best wishes.

Endorsed, "Lord Downe, 29th June, 1745."

SIR WILLIAM MAYNARD.

SIR WILLIAM MAYNARD, fourth baronet of his family, was born in 1721. He married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bart., of Parham in

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Sussex; and died on the 18th of January, 1772. The present (third) Lord Maynard is his grandson. Horace Walpole, in his letters to Sir Horace Mann, speaks of Sir William Maynard as a kind of awkward, disagreeable cub; but the letters addressed by the latter to George Selwyn discover no deficiency either of kind feeling or of good sense.

Sir William Maynard to George Selwyn.

WALTHAMSTOW, July 3, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE:—I have this moment received yours, and have only time to tell you the sooner you come here the greater the obligation will be to me. D——n the university; I wish they were both on fire, and one could hear the proctors cry like roasted lobsters. My compts. to Doctor Newton.

Yours affectionately,

W. MAYNARD.

To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., at Doctor Newton's, Hertford College, Oxon.

HON. RICHARD LEVESON GOWER.

THE HON. RICHARD LEVESON GOWER was the fourth son of John, first Earl Gower (the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland) by Lady Evelyn Pierrepoint, daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston. He was born on the 30th of April, 1726; was chosen member both for Tavistock and Lichfield in the Parliament which assem-

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bled in August, 1747, and died, unmarried, on the 19th of October, 1753.

Hon. R. Leveson Gower to George Selwyn.

OXON, July, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am afraid your affairs are in a bad way, as we have all been swore to our depositions. All is come out, and nothing to be done but sentence to be given. I have deposed nothing else but what I told you; the sum of which is, that you said some things disrespectfully about religion, which I thought tended to the ridicule of the Roman Catholic religion, and that you was disordered by liquor, which is really what I thought; and I hope will be of some service to you. What the rest have deposed, I can't tell, not having seen anything. Assheton was never sent for, which is something very odd to me. Don't impute Lord Downe's silence to any disrespect; for really the reason is that, just after he received your letter, he set out for Yorkshire, and has not had an opportunity of answering it; for I assure you he has not lost any of his friendship for you. The bells toll for prayers, and therefore I am sure you'll not be angry if I conclude by remaining entirely

Yours,

RICH. LEVESON GOWER.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate House, St. James's Street, London.

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28th July, 1745.

By the arrival of Lord Charles Scott[1] from the convocation, I find that you are expelled publicly, and your name to be fixed up, as usual on such occasions; nothing remarkable happened. There is a strong edict against keeping company with you: and, moreover, that is to be fixed up with the other programma. Lord Charles Scott goes into Yorkshire on Wednesday, and we have all agreed before, long ago, to go with him some part of the way; and therefore we shall not be here when you arrive. I own I think you will act very injudiciously by coming here, as nobody will be allowed to speak to you without running great danger of being expelled themselves, and, by their silence, people will naturally conjecture that you are despised by them. The programma will be

[1] Lord Charles Scott, second son of Francis, Duke of Buccleuch, and great-grandson of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. He was born on the 14th February, 1727, and died at Christ Church College, Oxford, on the 18th June, 1747. Scarcely more than two months before his death, he appears to have been involved in a serious scrape at the university, with another intimate friend of George Selwyn, Lord Abergavenny. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 10th April, 1747: "A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder, by persons unknown, brought in by the coroner's inquest. These persons, unknown, are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny, Lord Charles Scott, and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk; and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys, who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport."

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out to-morrow, I suppose, and you will see the whole case. The particulars of the affair will appear, I suppose, much clearer than can possibly be described by your humble servant,

RICH. LEVESON GOWER.

P. S. I hear it is to be given out in three days' time.

To George Selwyn, Esq.

Doctor Brookes to George Selwyn.

ASTROP, Aug. 12, 1745.

SIR: — Your favours of the 8th and of the 9th instant reached me this day in this village; to which I am invited, by hopes of improving a slender state of health.

As I made no part of that convocation in which a late decree passed, and truly am, even yet, a stranger to the individual clauses of that decree, I think myself at liberty to correspond with a banished man.

My honest impotent endeavours to check the violence of the storm, which, some time ago, I saw ready to burst upon you, were very unequal to the acknowledgment which gratitude for a trifle has induced you to make. In the little I did, with a view to silence or soften the prosecution, my judgment went along with me, and I really thought I was consulting the general credit and interest of the university, as well as yours; even now I can-

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not but adhere to my opinion, that an *éclat* on this unhappy occasion was hurtful to both. Numbers, it seems, entertained very different sentiments. These prevailed, and the censure took place in its utmost extent. In Oxford the matter is now become *res indicata*, and the duty and oath of every member thereof call upon him to acquiesce in a decree which possibly the judgment of some may not approve; hence it is, that scarce dare I speak my sentiments concerning your proposed application to the higher powers for redress. This surely I may venture to say, without offence, viz., that if you find cause to conclude that either the matter or the manner of the decree passed against you was irregular, unjust, oppressive, or partial, your struggle to blunt the edge of that decree, and to avoid certain resulting inconveniences, by a regular, a legal, and well-advised appeal to the supreme judge and visitor of the university, may possibly find its justification in a primary law of nature, which dictates self-preservation, and self-defence.

I shall be very glad to know in what point of view this matter stands at your leaving town, and am, sir, your most obedient servant,

H. Brookes.

P. S. My correspondents direct to me at Astrop Wells, near Brackley, Northamptonshire.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate House, St. James's, London.

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Lord Downe to George Selwyn.

INGLEBY, August 13, 1745.

DEAR BOSKY: — Though the receipt of your letter, as usual, gave me immense pleasure, yet, I must confess, the mistrust you seemed to entertain of my immediately, upon the event of this silly affair, revoking all former friendship, not a little ruffled me. I hope you did not speak what you thought, and am pretty certain that you have other thoughts of me, than that I should in any part of my life form my conduct by that of the university. I am sure there is no reason for the latter, for what have you lost? how are you hurt? You cannot, indeed, now enter again into Hertford, and be confined at ten o'clock, and I think you cannot blame your fortune for not being in that capacity. As for the expulsion being nailed up at the colleges, it is just as ridiculous as if a gardener should hang up a scarecrow in Essex to fright away the crows in Surrey. The best way is entirely and cordially to despise all their malice, and to forget it, among other insignificant circumstances. I am just going to York, to the races, which began yesterday. The little time the coach is preparing, I thought I could not employ more to my satisfaction than by assuring you I am, dear Bosky, your friend and humble servant,

DOWNE.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate House, St. James's, London.

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LORD ABERGAVENNY.

GEORGE, fifteenth baron, and afterward first Earl of Abergavenny, was born in 1727. He married, on the 5th February, 1753, Henrietta, sister of Thomas Pelham, first Earl of Chichester, and widow of the Hon. Richard Temple, by whom he was the father of the late (second) Earl of Abergavenny. Lord Abergavenny was advanced to an earldom on the 17th May, 1784, and died on the 10th of September in that year.

Lord Abergavenny to George Selwyn.

COWLEY, Friday night, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE: — I received yours this morning, and was very much surprised to find you had left Oxford, where I was in hopes you would have stayed till your quarrel had been quite over, but am now afraid you will not come there again. I went to London last Thursday, about two o'clock, to return next day, but had time enough to see Mr. Roberts that day at Ranelagh, with whom I was above an hour, and had a very long conversation; not only hearing my own character and conduct, but also those of the other Christchurch nobility, as Mr. Hemington has pleased to call us in his letter to me. Roberts talked a great deal about you, which will be too long for this paper to contain, but I find Pelham and I are very good

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friends as yet. I believe you may tell Lord Downe that I shall not be at Oxford this fortnight, for I am to be at Esher, in Surrey, for a few days, which, I assure you, will be d——d disagreeable. I hope the Banbury dancers were friends with you and mother Douglas. Pray, when you write, give my compliments to Lord Downe, Lord Douglas, Asheton, who I hope is well, and to all my other acquaintance, not forgetting Snug and Private.

I am, my dear George, yours sincerely,

ABERGAVENNY.

Rev. Charles Lyttelton to George Selwyn.

ARGYLE STREET, Friday.

DEAR SIR: — As a proof that I am willing to live with you upon the friendly footing we were on together before your indiscreet affair at Oxford, I was to wait on you last Tuesday, and left a card for you. I am sorry I cannot confirm the same intentions by meeting you to-morrow at the Bedford Head: but the Royal Society having chosen me, together with Lord Macclesfield,[1] to be one of their auditors of their public accounts,

[1] George, second Earl of Macclesfield. He was celebrated for his mathematical and astronomical knowledge, and to his exertions in Parliament we are principally indebted for the adoption of the present style. In November, 1752, he was unanimously elected president of the Royal Society, and died March 17, 1764.

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I am obliged to put off an engagement I had made with my brother a week ago, to dine here with the Bishop of Peterborough, in order to attend my brother auditors at the president's, by one o'clock, and afterward dine together. I am, sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

C. LYTTELTON.

Thomas Streatfield, Esq., to George Selwyn.

SEVENOAKS, August 21, 1745.

DEAR SELWYN: — I am very much obliged to you for the favour you design me of your company; you will find nowhere a more hearty welcome. I do not wonder at your having a dispute with the university, for I observe they bear a hatred to every man of more merit than themselves. I shall be impatient till I have the pleasure of seeing you, and am

Your obliged humble servant,

THOMAS STREATFIELD.

LADY SUSAN HAMILTON.

LADY SUSAN HAMILTON was the youngest daughter of James, second Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in his celebrated duel with Lord Mahon in Hyde Park, in 1712. She married, in 1736, Tracy Keck, Esq., of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

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Lady Susan Keck to George Selwyn.

28th August, 1745.

I wish I could deserve your thanks by doing you some good, but I can do nothing but think, and say you deserve it. I have often had a great mind to have become advocate and evidence for you to your father. Women, you know, like poets, have liberties allowed them, and I would use them to the utmost of my power in your service, but pray let me have a line to say whether you think it could do you any injury, for I would fain have you part in peace.

I have got a pain and weakness in my hand, which makes me write even more in cipher than usual; but, to confess the truth, I never could write. I was at your just town of Oxford some days ago, and I believe you have carried everybody with you from thence, for there was hardly a gown to be seen. I hope all breaches will be made up before you go abroad; I mean, where it is essential. I really am in your interest, and am solicitous about it, which makes me forward to engage as many in your favour as I can; and as I am a useless being, and removed from all opportunities even to try doing good, I applied to Lady Charlotte Edwin,[1] who sees, and is in favour with your

[1] Lady Charlotte Hamilton, eldest sister to Susan Keck, and wife of Charles Edwin, Esq., died February 5, 1777, at the age of seventy-four. She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

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father, to do you all the kind offices she could. I told your story as well as I was enabled, and I joined my entreaties to Mr. Selwyn for you: she promised me to say all in her power, and I hope she will; I wish it may be attended with success.

I could have sworn to the paper you wrote on to me last. I believe there is something in it that it cannot bear nonsense which most people write, and none more than me: do you think my friend will get me a cargo of it for her own sake, and my honour? Mr. Keck begs you will accept of his compliments, and believe me, I am

Your obedient humble servant,

SUSAN KECK.

P. S. I cannot help casting my eyes on that part of your letter where you seem to think the people of Oxford had principles: this really astonishes me, for you must know that they never had any, moral or divine: party only governs.

George Selwyn to Mr. Winchester, one of the Proctors of the University of Oxford.

25th October, 1745.

MR. PROCTOR: — When I reflect upon the inconveniences to which I may have subjected those gentlemen whom you ordered last night to wait upon you, by having in a manner forced myself into their company, I cannot but be much concerned, and therefore I am very desirous of laying

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myself under an obligation for their sakes, which on no account I could be tempted to do for my own: I shall esteem it a very particular one, if you will believe that they have been only criminal by my obstinacy in persisting to stay, which I shall carefully avoid doing for the future, and that their intention was very far from showing a contempt for the orders of the university or of yours; and therefore let me prevail upon you so far, as that they may not incur your displeasure by what they could not help.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

G. SELWYN.

CAPTAIN NICHOLSON.

PROBABLY the profane frolic (the particulars of which are detailed in this letter, and which led to Selwyn's removal from Oxford) may have originated the celebrated club, or society, called the Franciscans, founded by Sir Francis Dashwood, afterward Lord Le Despenser and chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Bute. "He had founded a society," says Wraxall, "denominated, from his own name, the Franciscans, who, to the number of twelve, met at Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow in Bucks, on the banks of the Thames. Wilkes was a member of this unholy fraternity, of which he makes mention in his letter to Earl Temple,

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written from Bagshot, in September, 1762. Rites of a nature so subversive of all decency, and calculated, by an imitation of the ceremonies and mysteries of the Roman Catholic Church, to render religion itself an object of contumely, were there celebrated, as cannot be reflected on without astonishment. Sir Francis himself officiated as high priest, habited in the dress of a Franciscan monk; engaged in pouring a libation, from a communion-cup, to the mysterious object of their homage." Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes, and Paul Whitehead, the poet, appear to have been the leading members of this infamous association. Medmenham Abbey, which had formerly been a convent of Cistertian monks, stood in a beautiful and retired situation on the banks of the Thames. Its profligate possessors had furnished it with every desirable object that could gratify the sense or inflame the imagination, and over the grand entrance was to be seen the famous inscription on Rabelais's Abbey of Theleme, "Fay ce que voudrais."

Captain Nicholson to George Selwyn.

12th November, 1745.

SIR:—As I am an enemy to tyranny and oppression, I should be glad of an opportunity to assist a man who has spirit to attempt to restrain the power of Inquisitors, which is the most dangerous to society of all power to let increase, and who

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dares to dispute the jurisdiction of their most iniquitous and unjust court, which is unrighteously exercised upon him for daring to restrain such power. Therefore I procured all the intelligence I could, which was, that being at the club, you sent to a silversmith's for a chalice, which he had got from some church to repair, which, being brought, you filled with wine, and desired the master of the house to drink success to the club; which being done, you gave it him again, and said, Drink this in remembrance of me; after which you put a bottle of wine under your arm, and did let it dribble into the cup; upon which some of the company withdrew; by which means it came to light, and the depositions of the whole company, except one, were taken, who deposed to the above effect; whereupon, a numerous convocation of above two hundred were called, and the depositions of your accusers read, and the only defence you made was by a letter to the vice-chancellor, artfully and well wrote, setting forth your innocence; that your own conscience did not accuse you, that you were in liquor, and that you did it only in ridicule of transubstantiation; that your letter being judged no justification (for you had retired, knowing what their judgment would be, to avoid the ungrateful form of expulsion), they unanimously expelled you, and sentenced you not to come within five miles of Oxon; which they find they cannot support, and therefore they think

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you are come there to tempt them to take you up, that you may have some handle against them. They say you have threatened them with law; whereupon they offered you copies of the depositions against you, which you declined, and that, if you stir in the affair, the vice-chancellor will trouble himself no further than to print those depositions. They say your own friends condemn you in the affair; they accuse you of drawing the figures of the vice-chancellor and proctors in an indecent posture, and of buying a debt to have it in your power to arrest a proctor, which you did. This is their cant, which I tell you exactly as they tell it, that you may the better judge what use to make of it; and that you may speedily put your enemies in confusion is my sincere and hearty wish.

Now, as to news. There has been a motion made to inquire into the conduct of some of the North British peers, but not carried. We must not call them Scotch ones, for the king's calling North Britain Scotland, in his speech, has occasioned much cavil. It is thought both Houses will have a long recess. There was a great court on Wednesday, — I cannot say a very splendid one, — but great marks of loyalty, as illuminations etc.

All our forces are come from Flanders. The Pretender's second son [1] is come to Dunkirk, where,

[1] Henry Stuart, afterward the Cardinal of York. He had proceeded to Dunkirk, with a view of supporting his brother,

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it is said, there are forty transports. The rebels, it is said, are very advantageously encamped between two rivers, and are fortifying their camp.[1] Marshal Wade has sent for some bombs to salute them with. It is a good scheme, that some of the subscriptions have been applied to raise men for the army. St. Martin's parish has already given us 226, and St. James's are following their example. The forces, come from Flanders, are to lay before the Parliament a return of their losses, etc. It is said the Parliament intends putting the militia under the same footing here that they are in Switzerland, to make every housekeeper a soldier. I thank you for the trouble you took about my recruit, and am,

Dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN NICHOLSON.

Mr. Richard Haines to George Selwyn.

TOM'S, Dec. 8, 1745.

SIR: — An express arrived this day, while his Majesty was at chapel, which brought an account of the rebels being close to Derby, and that the

the young Pretender, in his operations in England, but returned to Rome on receiving the tidings of the fatal battle of Culloden. He died in 1807.

[1] The young Pretender, at the head of the rebel army, had entered Cumberland on the 8th, and on the 17th made his triumphal entry into Carlisle.

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Duke of Cumberland was at Meredan, four miles beyond Coventry, observing their motions.

Your humble servant,

R. HAINES.

To G. Selwyn, Esq.

Mr. S. Flood to George Selwyn.

Dec. 8, 1745, six o'clock at night.

SIR: — The Tower guns have not fired to-day. Mr. Dalkine has received a letter to-day at twelve o'clock from his brother, dated at Packington, not far from Coventry, on Friday, stating that the rebels had retreated back toward Ashburne, and that the duke had sent Hawley's horse after them in order to harass them. It was thought they intended for Scotland. This moment I hear the rebels are come back to Derby, but this I cannot depend on.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

S. FLOOD.

[Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 9th: "I am glad I did not write to you last post as I intended. I should have sent you an account that would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter had crossed the sea. The Duke (of Cumberland), from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four and twenty hours under arms at

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Stone, in Staffordshire, expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation; but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town, and burnt a house of the Countess of Exeter. They are gone again, and got back to Leake, in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty wagons of sick." The consternation which prevailed in the metropolis, on the tidings of the rebel army being only 130 miles distant, was such, according to Fielding, as "hardly to be credited." The shops were almost universally shut up; the Bank of England adopted the expedient of paying in sixpences, in order to gain time, and thus to avoid bankruptcy; and, for some time afterward, the day was usually denominated Black Friday. Prince Charles, at the head of the rebel army, entered Derby on the 4th of December, but, to his bitter disappointment, was compelled to yield to the remonstrances of his followers, and, finally quitting it on the 6th, retraced his steps to Scotland.]

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Doctor Newton to George Selwyn.

10 Dec., 1745.

SIR:—THE following is a copy of the letter written to Doctor B.,[1] June 6, 1745: "Upon the representation of Mr. Selwyn's conduct, I took him immediately into the college, and intended to leave his name out of the book at quarter-day, as I told the vice-chancellor; but the behaviour appearing by the enclosed to have been vastly different from the first accounts of it, I doubt not I shall not do right to oblige him to leave the society, whilst he conforms to the rules of it, as he does strictly, lest he appear to retire to avoid expulsion from the university, about which he is in no pain, there not being sufficient foundation for such a procedure against him. The suspicion which the vice-chancellor told me the tutors had of him, is, I hope, groundless, and I believe the tutors themselves are better satisfied in this respect. The upper part of the society here, with whom he often converses, have, and always have had, a very good opinion of him. He is certainly not intemperate nor dissolute, nor does he ever game, that I know or have heard of. He has a good deal of vanity, and loves to be admired and caressed, and so suits himself with great ease to the gravest and the sprightliest. I wish, upon the whole, you could persuade the vice-chancellor to be content with his

[1] Apparently Doctor Brookes.

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going at his own time. He will be little here in the long vacation. I will be responsible for his being in good order. At the beginning of this winter he is to go along with Keene[1] to the Court of Portugal.

"I am, sir, etc., etc.,"

I have sent you the copy of the letter you desired, because you desired it; but as regards the behaviour mentioned in it, relating to another affair than that for which you was expelled from the university, I do not see of what use it can be to you in the present case. The hope I had that the Christchurch tutors' suspicion of you was groundless, was a vain hope; for, eight days after, I did myself, at their instance, remove you from being any longer a member of this college, and my having done so was a proof to you that I now thought that suspicion well-grounded. I had a reluctance to give you a copy of this letter when you applied for it before, lest, going out of my hands without this remark, I should mislead others into a belief of that which I did not myself believe, and which, if it were credited, might induce an opinion very disadvantageous to me, that I had removed you without reason. I removed you for the same reason for which the university afterward pretended to remove you; I had power to do it,

[1] Sir Benjamin Keene, minister at the Court of Portugal, and afterward at Madrid, where he died on the 15th of December, 1758.

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which I think they had not, for after I had removed you from the college you ceased to be a member of the university. The university, as I take it, hath power in acts of discipline only over its own members. After you had been removed by me, the university might have come to a resolution that you should not be received into any other college, and that the heads of houses, and tutors, should prohibit their respective members and pupils from keeping company with you. But, if the having once been matriculated, or registered a member of this university, doth make you always so, and a magistrate may pursue you after you are gone from thence, and bring you back again to receive a second punishment for the same crime, and such perhaps as you will esteem greater than what the law of the land, or the ecclesiastical law, doth inflict upon persons equally criminal, young gentlemen, who aim at a liberal education, will consider whether it will be proper for them to be matriculated or no; since, without entering a college, or putting on a gown, they may live as safely and as cheaply in Oxford, and study under such tutors as they shall bring along with them, or find there, with as much profit. Advising you seriously to review the conduct which has given offence, which I am confident you will then disapprove,

I remain your well-wisher, etc., etc.

For George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate House, St. James's, London.

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Mr. A. Pollett to George Selwyn.

December 14, 1745.

SIR: — Since the prisoners, that I presume you saw brought into the Tower, we had the following brought in yesterday: the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and this day eight officers and seventeen private men taken on board the *Soleil*, but what their names or titles are I have not learnt.

I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

A. POLLETT, Jun.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Sir Wm. Maynard's, Walthamstow, Essex.

[Among the prisoners taken on board the *Soleil* was Mr. Radcliffe, the son of Lord Derwentwater, whom the mob mistook for the Pretender's youngest son, afterward the Cardinal of York, and very nearly succeeded in tearing him to pieces. According to Walpole, Radcliffe observed that "he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful; and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen, where he had been engaged."]

Doctor Brookes to George Selwyn.

OXON, Dec. 22, 1745.

SIR: — The acknowledgments which yours of the 18th brings to Oxford are a testimony of your own good breeding, but cannot induce me to lay claim to any sort of merit for an act of

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common civility, and, indeed, of justice, in having returned a *bona fide* answer on my part to some queries proposed on yours. If you could strike any light out of my hasty sentiments, for your direction in a matter which you think of moment, my whole purpose is answered. In the meantime, give me leave, with my wonted openness, to say that I cannot feel any sort of surprise at finding by yours that your counsel discover some degree of unwillingness to embark in your affair, viz., to engage in measures calculated to defeat and set aside a solemn decree pronounced by the University of Oxford, the power of which body to make and enforce such decree is so well fortified by charters, and confirmed by the legislature, that it will not readily yield, even to the weight of Westminster Hall, and will, probably, be found to be an overmatch for any individual complainant of an undue exercise of this power, to any of the ordinary courts of justice in Westminster Hall. I do not make this observation in order to discourage your intentions to procure redress for an apparent grievance by the pursuit of any such measures as better heads shall advise, but to support my sentiments heretofore communicated to you, viz., that if redress can be obtained for the supposed injury done to you by the severe sentence of the collective body of the university in convocation assembled, it must be by an appeal to the king, as visitor of the university, and not by application to his courts of justice.

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But, after all, *quære alibi;* for I must acknowledge that personal appeals to the Crown (though such most undoubtedly lie) are points of practice whereof we have no footsteps, and such a procedure must have its difficulties. You are pleased to call me your friend; that appellation gives me a right to tell you, with a freedom which you will excuse, that I have seriously and coolly considered your whole case, and were your cause my own, I should acquiesce under the first onus, and stir no farther. Let not this judgment surprise or determine you; it is a private and personal judgment, which has nothing obligatory in it. I know you are uneasy under the present load, but a fruitless attempt to shake it off would greatly augment that uneasiness; would be attended with consequences much more hurtful than the censure of which you complain; and if you reflect that the process before a superior judge would be *ex iisdem actis;* that the very individual depositions read against you are preserved, and would be read before the judge of your appeal, what hopes can be formed that such judge would say, "The university ought to have paid no regard to this evidence of Mr. —— having profaned and ridiculed the most solemn act of the Christian religion?" And if your judge did not thus pronounce, how much worse would your case then be than it is now!

As far as I am capable of forming a judgment, on my late conferences with Doctor Newton, from

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my soul I think your suspicions of your loss of his esteem are quite groundless. If the liberty I have here taken should raise the same suspicion concerning me, you will do me the highest injustice. I should be well pleased to hear that your thoughts of my heart were more favourable, whatever may be your opinion of my head. Whatever steps you take, may the event answer your whole expectation.

I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant,

H. B.

JOHN SELWYN, JUN.

JOHN SELWYN, the elder brother of George Selwyn, appears to have been a young man of considerable merit, and is distinguished as having been the early friend of Horace Walpole and Marshal Conway. Walpole writes to the latter, April 23, 1740: "I did not hurry myself to answer your last, but chose to write to poor Selwyn upon his illness. I pity you excessively upon finding him in such a situation; what a shock it must have been to you! He deserves so much love from all that know him, and you owe him so much friendship, that I can scarce conceive a greater shock." Mr. Selwyn died in the lifetime of his father, on 27th of June, 1751, in his forty-third year, when his brother George became the heir to the family estates. The inscription on his monument at

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Matson purports that he was one "whose virtues had been the comfort of his parents, and whose death shortened the life of his father."

John Selwyn, Jun., Esq., to George Selwyn.

December 24, 1745.

DEAR GEORGE: — We have just received the agreeable news of the duke [of Cumberland] having fallen upon a party of the rebels at Clifton, near Penrith, and of his having defeated them. He has lost only forty men, and four of his officers are slightly wounded. He has taken one Hamilton, an officer of theirs; but the action having happened after it was dark, and the courier being despatched immediately, we know no other particulars of their loss. We have also an account of the Dover and small-craft privateers having done a great deal of mischief among seventeen French transports between Dunkirk and Boulogne.

The King of Prussia has taken Dresden, and the King of Poland and the empress are sending ministers to make peace with him immediately.

I am, dear George, your most affectionate brother, J. S.

[The agreeable news alluded to in this letter proved somewhat ill-founded, as, at the famous skirmish at Clifton, it was the Duke of Cumberland who was defeated, and not the rebels. "The

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sun was just setting," says Lord Mahon, "when the duke's advancing forces first appeared in sight of Lord George [Murray]; and they slowly formed upon Clifton Moor and the highroad; on the one side the stone fences of the village; on the others, the enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's princely domain. It was now nearly dark; but the moon shone out at intervals from among the clouds, and by this light Lord George saw a body of men, dismounted dragoons, or rather infantry, who had resumed their proper mode of warfare, gliding forward to surprise him along the stone fences. He immediately cried, 'Claymore!' and rushed on, sword in hand, followed by the Macphersons and Stuarts; and, losing his bonnet in the fray, continued to fight bare-headed among the foremost. In a few minutes the English were completely repulsed, their commander, Colonel Honeywood, being left severely wounded on the field, and their total number of killed or disabled exceeding a hundred men, while the insurgents lost but twelve. It was with great difficulty that the Highlanders could be recalled from the pursuit, they exclaiming that it was a shame to see so many of the king's enemies standing fast upon the moor without attacking them."]

R. Long, Esq., to George Selwyn.

CALNE, May 31, 1746.

DEAR SIR:—I am not sorry that your intended scheme is deferred, for it would have

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been extremely inconvenient to have returned to town so soon as I proposed. I find, by the papers, that the rebel lords[1] are in the river, therefore suppose their trials will come on. I hope to be present, and have the pleasure of either meeting or of attending my brother sergeant upon so important an affair. The sessions are ended at the Old Bailey, and I hear Russel is condemned. My compliments to Scroop, and believe me, yours most sincerely, R. L.

Endorsed, "Mr. Long, May 31, 1746."

Mr. William Skrine to George Selwyn.

ASHTED, 8th of July, 1746.

DEAR SIR:—Though I could not fix a day for our party to Tunbridge when I was last with you, I can now set out with you for that place to-morrow sevennight, if it shall be agreeable to you, and will dine with you next Tuesday in town, at any place you may please to appoint. Has Mr. Ibbotson's house been searched, and how are all the lords in the Tower? I hope they will live to satisfy justice and our curiosity. I am, dear sir,

Your most humble servant,

WM. SKRINE.

To George Selwyn, Esq., in Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Church, London.

[1] The Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino.

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[The trial of the rebel lords took place at the end of July, 1746, in Westminster Hall. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, August 1, 1746: "I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! You will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of the crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, whilst the lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches, frequent and full. The first appearance of the prisoners," adds Walpole, "shocked me; their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromarty are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person; his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything

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to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromarty is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen; he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower." Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino fell by the hand of the executioner, but Lord Cromarty was pardoned. For the leniency shown him, he was chiefly indebted to the compassion felt for his wife, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy. The state of suspense in which she was kept, regarding her husband's fate, had such an effect on her mind, that at the birth of her child the distinct impression of an axe was discovered on its neck.]

Mr. William Skrine to George Selwyn.

ASHTED, 13th of August, 1746.

DEAR SIR: — As I know your design of attending the executions of the lords on Monday next,[1]

[1] Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino were executed on Tower Hill on the 18th.

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do me the favour to let me hear from you what method you design to take for that purpose, and whether you can assist me in it. I shall be glad to meet you, to spend next Sunday evening anywhere you shall appoint me.

I am, dear sir, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM SKRINE.

Mr. S. Bethell to George Selwyn.

[This is evidently an order of admission to the writer's house on Tower Hill, to enable Selwyn to view the execution of the rebel lords.]

TOWER HILL, 14th August, 1746.

SIR:—As you are unknown to my servants, you will please to show them this, when you will be let into my house.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

S. BETHELL.

Sir William Maynard to George Selwyn.

AUGUST 22, 1746.

DEAR GEORGE:—If you would give yourself time to consider how destitute this place must be of all sort of chit-chat, the proper matter for a literary correspondence, you would not commend yourself for having sent me a jobation for not punctually answering your obliging letters, but, on the contrary, blame yourself for so doing, as only

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"How do ye do?" can be of little pleasure to you.

When I read the account of old Balmerino's behaviour, I was moved with compassion for him, and think it a pity so brave a fellow should meet with so hard a fate. As for Lady Townshend's[1] attachment [to Lord Kilmarnock], I am well convinced he was a coward; a sort of people who, for

[1] Ethelreda Harrison, Viscountess Townshend, so celebrated for her eccentricities and wit. "It will be difficult," writes Horace Walpole to George Montagu, "to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady Townshend carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich; forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, 'and in return,' says she, 'never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him.' She said gravely t'other day, 'Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there was no such man in the world.' But of all her flights, yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him, and, with a thousand other reproaches, flung up-stairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle. And, 'Pray, sir,' says Dorcas, 'do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go and see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before.' My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling two lords malefactors."

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the most part, are not to be trusted; therefore I have no yearnings for him. I imagine her ladyship is as yellow as a jonquil. If you can get old Balmerino's speech, or any other wit, or more particulars of the behaviour of the executed lords, I desire you will send it me down. Lady Maynard desires her compliments. If my letters are of that value which you was so good in your last as to set on them, you must thank his lordship.

Yours affectionately,

W. MAYNARD.

[The demeanour of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino on the scaffold is thus described, in a very interesting letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann: "Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered, in a bag, supported by Foster, the great Presbyterian, and by Howe, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, — his rebellious regimentals, — a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forward had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third, backward, Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted. Balmerino em-

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braced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both.' He [Lord Kilmarnock]," adds Walpole, "remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Foster, who wept over him, exhorted, and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial, declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and, after some trouble, put on a napkin cap, and then several times tried the block. The executioner was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and, after five minutes, dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men, kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom. The scaffold was immediately new

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strewed with sawdust, the block new covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterward; he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even to the masts of ships in the river, and pulling out his spectacles, read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a prince that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock, and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen who attended him, coming up, he said, 'No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a nightcap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted around, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He

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received three blows; the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'"]

THE HON. GEORGE TOWNSHEND.[1]

GEORGE, afterward first Marquess Townshend, was the eldest son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend, by Audrey Harrison, celebrated for her wit and eccentricities; which qualities descended to the subject of this memoir, in common with his gifted brother, Charles Townshend. He was born on the 28th of February, 1723, and at this period was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, under whom he had recently fought at the battle of Culloden. He was present at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy; was third in command of the expedition against Quebec; and at the close of the celebrated engagement on the heights above that town (in consequence of Wolfe having been killed, and General Monckton severely wounded), found himself first in command. He was subsequently engaged at Fellinghausen, and

[1] Afterward Marquess Townshend.

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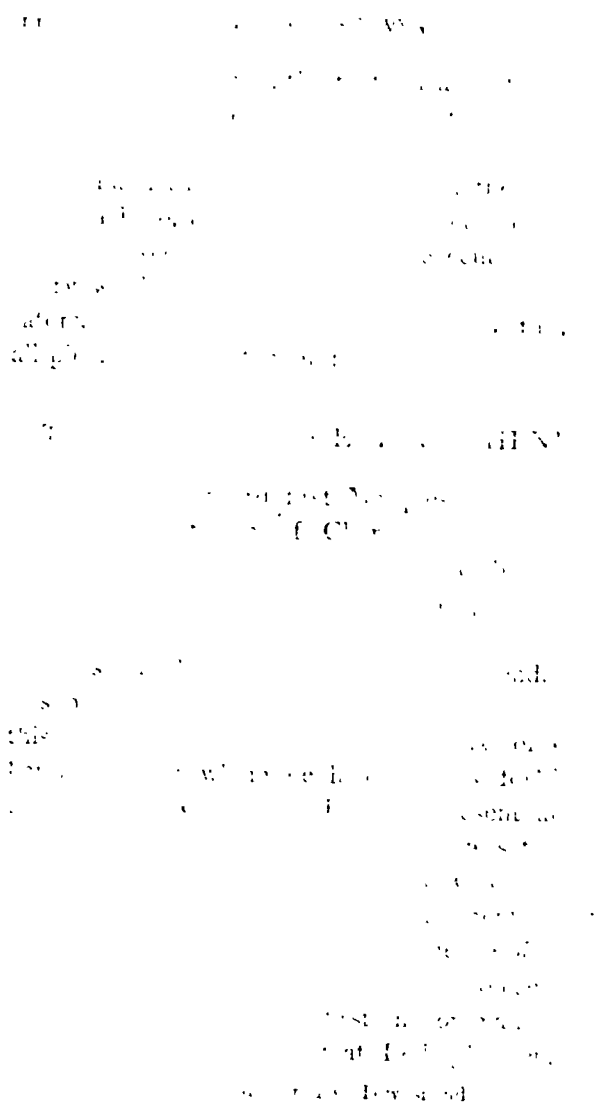

George Townshend.

Photo-etching from an engraving by Mackenzie.

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employed on other military services. He represented the county of Norfolk in Parliament from 1747 to 1764; in 1767 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in 1772 master-general of the ordnance; and in 1787 was raised to the rank of marquess. To the more trifling accomplishments of social wit, and of being an excellent caricaturist, he joined the qualities of an able general, and a powerful orator. Of his wit but few specimens have been handed down to us. When superseded by Lord Harcourt as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the latter, on his arrival at Dublin, suddenly disturbed him, at three o'clock in the morning, at a drinking-party with some chosen friends. Lord Townshend, in no degree abashed, good-humouredly congratulated his successor. "Your lordship," he said, "has certainly come among us rather unexpectedly, but you must admit that you did not find us napping." Again, after he had quarrelled with the Duke of Cumberland (whose personal peculiarities he was in the habit of caricaturing), one of the duke's friends observing him at a review, where his presence was far from acceptable, remarked, "How is it that you honour us with your presence to-day — I suppose you are merely a spectator?" "And why," retorted Lord Townshend, "may one not come here as a *Spectator*, sir, as well as a *Tatler*?" Lord Townshend died on the 14th of September, 1807, at the age of eighty-four.

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The Hon. George Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROM MY CELL AT DUNDEE, Oct. y^e^ 1st, 1746.

TO MY WELL-BELOVED FRIEND AND COMPANION, GEORGE SELWYN: — I know you will not dislike this style, which gives my epistle the air of a malefactor's confession. Your letter I have received, and should have pardoned your silence without all those apologies, in the room of which I wish you had substituted either some news or some conceit of your own. I was not in the least surprised at your forgetting your agreement to write; nor shall I be so if you forget it again; so that, remember, you have no reason to be subject to that remorse of conscience which so often makes us abandon all thoughts of retrieving a correspondence one has once neglected.

My time here passes as disagreeably as you can possibly imagine, and I suffer as much as a person must do, who has once kept good company, and is afterward involved in a set, very few of which have either a good education or any natural parts. Our mirth is riot without any meaning, and our acquaintance society without any friendship. Having now achieved a general acquaintance with my brother officers, and being what is called upon a very good footing with them all, I begin to shut myself up in my own quarters, and have recourse to books. Yet, if Tehe was here, I could soon start some most excellent subjects and characters for his en-

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tertainment and my own; but the worst of all is that I cannot get a soul to laugh with me. If I delighted in power, I might indeed be happy, for I am, in a manner, king over seventy men, by whom I may be worshipped if I please. The captain is a title, and character *très redoutable*, — particularly in these times.

There is not a woman in this part of the island, of any rank, handsome enough to engage one's attention. Those that are tolerable are so disaffected that they have shut themselves up ever since that day so fatal to their ambitious hopes. They look upon the *militaires* with abhorrence, as we have had so good a share in slaughtering so many of their husbands, brothers, and lovers, who were, as I am since informed, a heap of the finest, robust, brawny corpuses that ever were seen. Do not despair, George, for I assure you the spirit and strength of rebellion is yet sufficient to furnish you more entertainment on Tower Hill before your time is out. There are peers enough yet left, and enthusiasts enough, to declare for so rash a cause, whenever occasion presents itself. It is the Highlands who have suffered this bout, but the Lowlands, whenever it comes to be their turn to declare, can turn out as great a mob. The disaffection which still remains is too apparent to all, and I wish it was still less latent, that the land might be more effectively purged at once, and the lenity of the government less exposed.

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Let me know in your next, if you hear from fat Bob, what footing the boy is on with his hostess at his quarters; if the major still shines in town; what fine men the expedition has deprived the town of; and what is expected will become of Lord Lovat, and of the ladies we have in Edinburgh Castle — I mean the squadron of the Pretender's Amazonians, some of whom I know. If you have any new prints that are good, conundrums, or wit in any shape, prithee send them me. Alas! Perkin[1] is at last escaped, so that you will not see the very head of all chopped on Tower Hill. I suppose you have heard of Lord Ancram[2] having been shot at, for his active behaviour in the king's service in the Highlands, and a like attempt having been made on Major Lockhart.

I hear my brother[3] is to go soon to Lincoln's Inn; let me know if you see him. Think once more of Mr. Hussey's antagonist, or rather fugitive, and what I have lost by not being in Lon-

[1] Prince Charles Edward. That unfortunate young prince had embarked at Borradale, for France, on the 30th September, only the day previous to the date of this letter.

[2] William Henry, Earl of Ancram, who succeeded his father in July, 1767, as fourth Marquis of Lothian. He was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where he received a severe wound in the head, and commanded the cavalry at the battle of Culloden. In 1770 he attained the rank of general, and died on the 12th of April, 1775, at the age of sixty-five.

[3] The Hon. Charles Townshend, afterward the celebrated statesman and wit.

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don.[1] Give me a short account of Lord Belfield's[2] affair, who, I hear, has acted, as I imagined, like

[1] This is in allusion to the celebrated quarrel, if it may be so designated, between Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and Mr. Hussey, subsequently created Lord Beaulieu. The beautiful Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, after the death of her husband, William, second Duke of Manchester, disappointed a number of wealthy and noble admirers, by conferring her hand and vast property on a stalwart Irishman without fortune, Mr. Edward Hussey. It was on this occasion that Sir C. H. Williams composed his well-known "Ode to the Honourable Henry Fox:" .

"Wide was the extent of her commands;
O'er fertile fields, o'er barren sands,
She stretched her haughty rein.
The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
Youth, manhood, age, and impotence,
With pride received her chain.

"But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race,
On stronger parts depending,
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding."

These, and other passages, gave great offence to Mr. Hussey and the Irish, and as Sir Charles retired suddenly from the metropolis, the circumstance led many to believe that he wanted resolution to defend himself. The duchess (who was the eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montague, and granddaughter of the great Duke of Marlborough) died in 1786, at the age of ninety-four.

[2] Robert Rochfort, created Lord Belfield in Ireland in 1737, and Earl of Belvidere in 1756. The affair here alluded to was, without doubt, the intrigue between Lady Belfield (a daughter of Lord Molesworth) and Mr. Arthur Rochfort, her husband's brother-in-law. It was first noised to the world in 1743.

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a man of honour. Adieu! and let me hear from you soon.

Your sincere friend, and humble servant,

GEORGE TOWNSHEND.

P. S. George, there is just now fine sport at Carlisle,[1] but I am so far north I cannot propose meeting you there; it is a pity.

J. Harcourt, Esq., to George Selwyn.

ST. ALBAN'S STREET, Wednesday morning.

DEAR GEORGE: — You will infinitely oblige me if you can lend me your two tickets for the trial for one day, the first they are disengaged. My thanks shall be as sincere as if they came from Cheapside. Yours,

J. H.

P. S. Call soon, or send an answer. I don't go out to-day.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Lane's, Piccadilly.

Endorsed, "Harcourt, March 12, 1747."

[The tickets alluded to in this, and in the following note, were evidently for admission to the trial of the celebrated Lord Lovat, who was arraigned in Westminster Hall in the course of this month, and was executed on the 9th of April, at the age of eighty. This extraordinary man, notwithstand-

[1] The executions of the gallant and unfortunate adherents of the house of Stuart.

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ing his many vices, and the exceeding infamy of his character, died with a dignity which would have done credit to an ancient Roman. On the scaffold he jested with the executioner on his occupation, and died with the beautiful line of Horace on his lips: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" There is a story still prevalent in Scotland, that, when Lord Lovat was on his way to the Tower, after his condemnation, an old woman thrust her head into the window of the coach which conveyed him, and exclaimed: "You d——d old rascal! I begin to think you'll be hung at last." "You d——d old b——h!" is said to have been the reply, "I begin to think I shall."

Mr. Vincent Mathias to George Selwyn.

18th of March, 1747.

DEAR SIR:—I return you many thanks for your ticket of this morning, which procured me one of the best seats in the hall, and I lost not a word of all that was said. I am now to desire you would contrive for to-morrow, that I may hear the lord high steward's [1] speech, and sentence passed.

[1] Philip Yorke, the celebrated Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. His conduct, as lord high steward, at the trials of the rebel lords, is severely commented upon by Horace Walpole. "The chancellor," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "was lord high steward, but though a most comely personage, with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister (Henry Pelham) that is no peer, and conse-

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I will meet, and follow such directions as you shall give me, and further desire you will write them, so that I may get them early in the morning.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

VINCENT MATHIAS.

P. S. I leave a copy of this at White's. I have sent the ticket back to Sir William Maynard."

T. Phillips, Esq., to George Selwyn.

HEYTHROP, July 14th.

I can, with great pleasure, inform you, my dear Selwyn, that the head is ordered to be delivered on the first application made on your part. The expense is little more than a guinea; the person who calls for it should pay it.

Adieu! *mon cher mondain,*

T. PHILLIPS.

[The editor has been induced to insert this brief note, because, from George Selwyn's peculiar tastes and eccentricities, he thought it not altogether improbable that the head here alluded to might be that of one of the rebel lords.]

quently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made toward defence."

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Sir William Maynard to George Selwyn.

WALTHAMSTOW, June 6, 1747.

DEAR GEORGE: — You don't seem to me to be quite in good spirits. I wish you would resolve to be cheerful, and determine upon not taking any notice of any disagreeable things that may be said or done. You must remember that this is deeper play than at White's, and I fear you are come to your last stake, which, if you lose, you will, in all probability, prove a bankrupt; and you have, in some measure, proved the ill effects of that in your late disgrace.

Let a man have ever so many good natural qualities, yet, when he wants money, and the support of his own family, those who in the time of such a man's prosperity courted him, either because he diverted them, or they thought it might some time or other be in his power to serve them, will, in case of the want of the two above-mentioned supports, be always ready to show him all the insult imaginable. This, in my opinion, is a situation in life not the least to be desired; and when people have to do with turbulent spirits, the greatest caution imaginable must be used to avoid it.

As the Parliament is likely to be dissolved so soon, and to proceed immediately to a new election, I fear I have no chance of coming in at the next general election. If you will let me know

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when you shall be in town after your Wiltshire journey, I will endeavour to meet you, but do not forget to remember the post-days, and that I shall not receive a letter here till the day after its arrival in London.

Yours affectionately,

W. M.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at Ludgershall, Wilts

GEORGE JAMES WILLIAMS.

GEORGE JAMES WILLIAMS, or, as he is usually and more familiarly styled, Gilly Williams, is now remembered only from that high character for social wit which appears to have been universally awarded him by his contemporaries. It is remarkable, indeed, how little information can be gleaned respecting a man once so courted and so admired. In respect to the history of his life, we are in possession but of few facts; and of his wit nothing has survived but its reputation. Little indeed is known of him but the legend that he was the wittiest among the witty, and the gayest among the gay; that he was the son of William Peere Williams, a celebrated lawyer of his day; that he was uncle by marriage to the first minister, Lord North; and that he filled the situation of receiver general of excise, to which he was appointed on the 8th of November, 1774. The

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fact of his name, even, being still in some degree familiar to posterity is, perhaps, principally owing to its frequent occurrence in the correspondence of Horace Walpole. He was, as is well known, one of the famous *partie quarrée*, consisting, besides himself, of George Selwyn, Dick Edgecombe, and Horace Walpole, who met at stated periods in the year at Strawberry Hill, and constituted what Walpole styles his "out-of-town" party. Williams died at his house in Cleveland Court, St. James's, on the 28th of November, 1805, at the age of eighty-six. His name is now familiar only to the few; but, unless the editor be much mistaken, his reputation for wit, which has hitherto survived only on credit, will be revived in a threefold degree by the publication of his sprightly and delightful epistolary correspondence.

"Gilly" Williams to George Selwyn.

DILLINGTON, SOMERSET, 16 October, 1747.

DEAR GEORGE:— I congratulate you on the near approach of Parliament, and figure you to myself before a glass at your rehearsals. I must intimate to you not to forget closing your periods with a significant stroke of the breast, and recommend Mr. Barry [1] as a pattern, who I think pathetically excels in that beauty.

You rejoice me much in telling me our vener-

[1] Spranger Barry, an actor of considerable talent, and the contemporary and rival of Garrick. He died in January, 1777.

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able archdeacon survived his last year's debauch on the fowls and egg-sauce; and don't doubt but by your annual visits Mrs. Cole receives an annual refreshment.

You must have observed that most letters from the country are spun out by descanting on those received, and which they attempt answering; and that every sentence begins with being either sorry or glad. *A propos*, I am glad to hear that B. Bertie[1] is returned from Scarborough, having laid in such a stock of health and spirits by the waters as to dedicate the rest of his days altogether to wine.

What will poor Harcourt do without Naptin? but I hope he has exchanged him for a female assistant, a nurse, for he certainly is within one —— of being bedridden. Could they convey him to St. Alban's Street in a horse-litter, we shall nightly enjoy him even in those circumstances. Among friends, I think it is so entirely necessary for the amicable knot that meets at his lodgings to have him in a nightcap and swelled ——, that I shall write to Mr. Smith to provide accordingly against his first appearance.

I propose, the latter end of the week after next,

[1] Lord Robert Bertie, fifth son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster; a lord of the bedchamber, colonel of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards, and member of Parliament for Boston. He died on the 10th of March, 1782, and was buried at Chiselhurst.

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praying the aid of a post-horse to carry me to town;[1] and I hope I need not assure you, among the many pleasures I expect there, one of the greatest will be that of assuring you in person how much

I am your sincere friend, etc.,

G. J. W.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND, so celebrated for his talents as a statesman and the brilliancy of his wit, was the second son of Charles, third Viscount Townshend, by his wife, Audrey Harrison, whose eccentricities, as well as wit, her son inherited to. He was born on the 29th of August, 1725; was brought into Parliament in 1747; and successively held the appointments of a lord of trade and of the admiralty; secretary at war, president of the Board of Trade, paymaster, and, in 1766, chancellor of the exchequer, which office he retained, at the period of his death, on the 4th of September, 1767. Burke, in his fine speech on the expediency of taxing the American colonies, alluding to the great Lord Chatham, observes: "Before this splendid

[1] It forms a curious contrast with the modern rapid and luxurious mode of travelling, to find a fine gentleman riding a common post-horse from Ilminster to London, a distance of one hundred and thirty-four miles from the metropolis.

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orb had entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant. This light, too, is passed, and set for ever. I speak of Charles Townshend, whom I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of more pointed and finished wit, and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment." Mr. Townshend married Caroline, daughter and heir of John, second Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and widow of Francis, Earl of Dalkeith. This lady was created Baroness Greenwich in 1766, and died, without leaving male issue, in 1794.

Right Hon. Charles Townshend to George Selwyn.

23 January, 1748.

DEAR GEORGE: — It is very convenient for Mr. Dyson[1] to have our journey to the Tower deferred; and for my part I am so indolent as to find a pleasure in only putting off a trouble. We shall both be ready to attend you next Wednesday, and do, with reason, propose both amusement and

[1] Commissioner for trade and plantations.

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information to ourselves from it. I shall give tea that morning.

I cannot go to the opera, because I have forsworn all expense which does not end in pleasing me, and, besides, I have not yet been dutifully to welcome my father to this wicked town.

You will find me at home in any part of the evening; or, to save you the trouble of so long a night visit, I will meet you at Toms's at whatever hour you name. I am, dear George, with sincerity,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

DILLINGTON, near Ilminster, Monday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Your three sheets, which, by my being from home, came to me a post later than you intended, deserve my earliest thanks; you have, indeed, made ample amends for your long silence. I must confess I was of Cartwright's opinion, and expected the date of my next letter from Paris; for more than once have you travelled, like the prophets in the Scriptures, without scrip, or purse, or changes of raiment. But I am glad to find you on this side of the water.

I am sorry Lord Abergavenny is going to join the noble invalids at Bath. We came through it,

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and left such dukes and duchesses as Dugdale never dreamt of. Bolton, Chandos, etc., were at the head of every list. Your friend will carry blood enough to them, however his constitution may be impaired.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the day I left you I rode near ten miles, on my way home, with the Ordinary of Gloucester, and have several anecdotes of the late burnings and hangings, which I have reserved for your private ear. I do not know whether he was sensible you had a partiality for his profession, but he expressed the greatest regard for you, and I am sure you may command his service.

Old Poulett is roaring with the gout; he laments he did not know he was so near Matson, or he would certainly have desired you to have procured him a down bed and a ——. We propose leaving this place the 6th of next month, and being in Tylney Street the 9th or 10th. What do you intend? I think the almanack bids you take care of colds, and to abstain from physic. I say, shun the knowing ones, and abstain from hazard. Add to these, remember your friends, and among them one who is

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

G. J. W.

Thomas Scrope, Esq., to George Selwyn.

LONDON, Wednesday, July, 1748.

DEAR SELWYN: — Do not think me impertinent in troubling you with this letter. I left Tunbridge

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on Tuesday morning early, and somewhat abruptly, with the Duke of Rutland.[1] I want very much to go thither again, but am advised against it; of the particulars you shall be informed when I have the pleasure to meet you. Lord Abergavenny is there,[2] and a set of company that I am sure you will like. A very agreeable party was formed, and was to have been executed this day; *sed Diis aliter visum est.* We had proposed to go in the morning to Penshurst; Miss Neville[3] was one of our company, and Miss Chudleigh.[4] Mr. Lyttelton had offered us French horns, and we were afterward to have dined at Tunbridge. Why we did not, you and more will hear sooner than I could wish, although, when you do hear, I am sure you will laugh.

I have now a post-chaise, in which a certain person has often travelled. If your business and inclinations permit, I will give you a place in it to Tunbridge, and carry you back whenever you are tired. Let me know your approbation by a letter,

[1] John, third Duke of Rutland, born in October, 1696; died May 29, 1779.

[2] Eridge Castle, an ancient hunting-seat of the Abergavenny family, is situated about two miles from Tunbridge Wells. It has since been enlarged and beautified by the late earl, the son of the nobleman referred to in the text.

[3] Katherine, sister of George, first Earl of Abergavenny, and aunt of the late lord, was born in 1728. She afterward became maid of honour to the wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and died, unmarried, in 1820, at the age of ninety-two.

[4] Afterward the too celebrated Duchess of Kingston.

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directed to the Mineral Water Warehouse in St. Alban's Street. I should choose myself to go on Friday next.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. SCROPE.

P. S. Excuse haste, for I have a troublesome affair upon my hands, which will give me some trouble to finish to my own mind.

Thomas Scrope, Esq., to George Selwyn.

ST. ALBAN'S STREET, July 22, 1748.

DEAR SIR: — I do not wonder the letter I wrote to you last Wednesday has been a matter of surprise. I own the occasion of that, and several others that I have been obliged lately to write, has been a matter of much surprise to myself.

I involved myself last Monday in a ridiculous affair, which I have since been obliged to treat with the utmost gravity; though at the same time I must say the ridiculous appeared in so strong a light to me, that it was with the utmost difficulty I maintained the necessary decorum. To try your patience no longer, the affair was this: After drinking four bottles, which had made me mad, and the rest of the company drunk, I strapped and carried Baron Newman, alias Crook-fingered Jack, in a chair, quite up to the end of Joy's long room, at nine o'clock, where all the company then in Tunbridge were assembled. I tore open the door

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and top of the chair, and down dropped, to all appearance, a dead man. Miss Chudleigh, who is very subject to fits, struck with the odd appearance, fainted, and was carried off. This, in less than a quarter of an hour, spread among the ladies like a contagion; I am informed of eight, at least, who fell into fits. When I became sober, the Duke of Rutland advised and pressed me by all means to go with him the next morning, and write to Mr. Lyttleton and some others from the road. I did. The affair is now finished to my satisfaction; but this is a subject more fit for our conversation than our pens.

I propose myself the pleasure of meeting you on Monday next at Bromley, at eleven o'clock; and, if I hear nothing from you to the contrary, shall depend upon it. I believe I can carry your portmanteau, for most of my things are left at Tunbridge. If my horses are not able to go through in a day, as they are but hacks, we can take post-horses upon the road, on the first hint.

I am, with great respect, yours, etc.,

THOS. SCROPE.

George Selwyn to the Hon. Thomas Townshend.

June 29, 1751.

DEAR BROTHER: — I received yesterday in the afternoon, and not before, a confirmation of what I had from my niece's letter of Thursday so much reason to apprehend, and I have accordingly sent

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my servant to you with this, not only to know how my father and mother do, but, having the most entire dependence on your kindness and humanity, as well as on your particular friendship to me, to beg that you will not omit, when you find the most proper season for so doing, to present my duty to them both, and to do justice to my present sentiments and concern, which I am no otherwise able to express than by assuring you they are such as, from the strongest ties of nature, and from my deep sense of the great obligations which I have to them, are the most just on so melancholy and affecting an occasion.

It would, I am afraid, be in vain to flatter myself that I shall be able at any time to give much relief to their affliction, and at present can only think of sharing it with them. But as length of time never fails to weaken the force of the strongest impression, and may, in all probability, give them some leisure to think on me, it will be then that I shall hope for your good offices with them, and that you will be so good as to endeavour to persuade them of my most sincere desire to alleviate the weight of their misfortune by every opportunity that I can find, and to convince them of the love, esteem, and respect which I shall ever retain for the memory of our common loss, by a constant attention to follow his example.

Dear sir, I can subscribe with the greatest submission to the severest censure that could be passed

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on all my former conduct. In this respect, only let me beg that my heart, and the measure of my concern may be judged of by your own, and that you will believe me to be, what I really am with the greatest regard, yours,

G. SELWYN.

[In this letter, addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Townshend, George Selwyn evidently refers to the recent decease of his elder brother, John, by which, it may be remarked, he became the heir to Matson, and the other family estates.]

THE HON. THOMAS TOWNSHEND.

THOMAS, second son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, was a teller of the exchequer, and one of the first scholars of his day. He was brother-in-law of George Selwyn, having married, in May, 1730, Albinia, daughter of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson. He had the honour of being selected by the University of Cambridge to be their representative during six Parliaments, and died at an advanced age, in May, 1780. He was the father of Thomas Townshend, the "Tommy Townshend" of Goldsmith's "Retaliation," created, in 1783, Baron Sydney of Chiselhurst, and, in 1789, Viscount Sydney of St. Leonard's.

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The Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, Saturday [July, 1751].

DEAR BROTHER: — Mr. Pelham[1] and Lady Catherine being here, I have only time to tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn endeavour, as much as possible, to support themselves under the severe calamity which has fallen upon them, and are rather more composed than I expected them to be. It will be much in your power to alleviate, though nothing can repair to them the loss of your dear and excellent brother, and I flatter myself, from the sentiments which you express, and from the serious impressions which I imagine you must feel from this unhappy event, that you will not fail in what your duty, interest, and humanity call so loudly upon you to do. I have already let your father and mother know of the inquiries which you made after your brother while they were at Danson, and I will take the first opportunity of communicating your letter to them.

I am, dear brother, most affectionately yours,

T. T.

Rev. Charles Lyttelton to George Selwyn.

ALVECHURCH, August 11, 1751.

DEAR SELWYN: — Had I not been misinformed with regard to your being in town, I should have

[1] Henry Pelham, the celebrated minister, son of Thomas, Lord Pelham. He married, in 1726, Lady Catherine Manners, daugh-

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certainly waited upon you, with condolence in one hand and congratulation in the other, when I made a short excursion thither lately from Sunninghill. Soon after my return there, Thrale wrote me word that he had dined in company with you, and that you expressed great desire to see me, and talked of coming down to Sunninghill for that purpose. I fear by this, things do not go quite right between you and your father. You need not be told of what importance it is to you to make every concession he requires. Your good sense and good heart will, I am persuaded, incite you to do what is right in this critical conjuncture, which must determine your future fortune and happiness. I now write from my living, where I arrived last night from Sunninghill, and hope to get to Hagley after evening service. If you write to me, direct thither, near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate obedient servant,

C. LYTTELTON.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at his lodgings, opposite ye Duke of Grafton's, in Old Bond Street, London, M. P.

LORD BATHURST.

ALLAN, first Lord Bathurst, was the friend of Harley, Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Prior, Congreve,

ter of John, second Duke of Rutland, and died March 6, 1764. Lady Catherine survived till 1780.

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Rowe, Atterbury, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Gay. He was one of Queen Anne's twelve peers (of whom Lord Wharton inquired whether they intended to vote by their foreman), and in 1771, as many as sixty years afterward, was advanced to an earldom. Lord Bathurst retained to an almost patriarchal age the wit, vivacity, and good humour which had rendered him so popular with the wits of the reign of Queen Anne. Till within a month of his death, he rode out two hours every morning, and drank his bottle of wine after dinner. He was the father of Lord Chancellor Apsley, and occasionally, when the latter used to effect an early retreat from the festive dinner-parties of the old lord, "Come," Lord Bathurst would say, "now the old gentleman is gone, let us have another bottle." Lord Bathurst was born November 16, 1684, and died September 16, 1775, at the age of ninety-one.

Lord Bathurst to George Selwyn.

CIRENCESTER, 27th August, 1751.

DEAR SIR: — Your letter, which I received last post, was a great disappointment to me, as by the enclosed, which I received some days ago, I expected I should have had the pleasure of seeing you here very soon. I am sure it would have been a great pleasure to me, but I doubted very much whether I could have made it any to you. Some years ago I should have been better qualified to

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have entertained a gentleman of your age and vivacity, but, *non eadem est ætas nec mens.* Wheresoever you are, I wish you happy; not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your father, whom I really think one of the most worthy men I have known in the space of fifty years, in which I have been conversant with men of all sorts. I shall direct this to Mr. Townshend's, but I do not know his post town; however, I don't doubt but it will reach you; and, with my compliments to him, accept the best assurances of my being very sincerely

Your most faithful humble servant,

BATHURST.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., to the Hon. Mr. Townshend's, in Kent.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BATH, Friday morning [Nov. 4, 1751].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I deferred thanking you for your last till I got to this place, in hopes I could have found something more worth your reading than the common contents of country letters. But except you was an Irishman, and did, what few Irishmen do, love to hear of your own country, I could send you little entertainment from hence.

The first person I met on alighting from my post-horse was Harry Norris, who inquired kindly after you, and invited me to dine with him and

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your friend Bouldby,[1] where there were many others, all equally on the *qui vive*. Dick Lyttelton[2] left this place on a summons from the duchess, who is here thought to be in danger. The Queensberry family[3] are here, but not the first in precedence, for the Duke and Duchess of Somerset[4] are the principal persons in all public places. If you were here, you would be much taken with Lady Joan and Lord Oliver, who are actually pretty people. They expect soon to be reinforced with Lady Caroline Petersham,[5] but you know best how their hopes are grounded.

[1] Probably Thomas Bouldby, Esq., of the county of Durham. He married, June 20, 1754, Lady Mary Brudenell, daughter of George, third Earl of Cardigan, and widow of Richard Powis, Esq., of Hintlesham, in Suffolk.

[2] Sir Richard Lyttelton, K. B., fifth son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., and brother of George, first Lord Lyttelton. He married Rachael, Duchess of Bridgewater (widow of Scroop, the first duke, and daughter of Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford), and died, without leaving issue, in 1770.

[3] Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, and his celebrated duchess, the "Kitty" of Prior, and the patroness of Gay. See ante, March 30, 1745.

[4] Edward, ninth Duke of Somerset, and grandfather of the present (twelfth) duke, died December 12, 1757. His duchess, here alluded to, was Mary, sole daughter and heir of Daniel Webb, Esq., of Monkton-Farley, in Wiltshire. She died February 23, 1768.

[5] Lady Caroline Fitzroy, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, was born April 8, 1722, and married, in August, 1746, William, Viscount Petersham, afterward second Earl of Harrington. This lady, who subsequently grew to be so celebrated for the freedom of her manners and the laxity of her morals, died in 1784. George Selwyn observing her one day

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We have been much amused with a story of Montagu[1] and Taaffe; I think they make the Bastile part of the interlude, but as you are on the spot from whence this news is said to come, you are the best judge of the truth of it. You can't imagine how many excuses Richards has made to me here, for not being laughed at according to our appointment. I believe we may depend on being diverted with him next year, to our hearts' content. I could hear nothing of Harcourt, so I suppose he is not at Bristol, but in Wales, where, I fear, our first-rate will careen for another winter.

in conversation with her sister-in-law, Lady Euston, remarked, "Look! there's my Lady Euston, and my lady us'd to 't!"

[1] Edward Wortley Montagu, only son of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose eccentricities he inherited without her genius. The story referred to in this letter may be related in a few words. Mr. Montagu, in conjunction with Lords Taaffe and Southwell, was accused of having invited one Abraham Payba, alias James Roberts, a Jew, to dine with them at Paris; and having plied him with wine till he became intoxicated, to have won from him at play the sum of eight hundred louis d'ors. It was affirmed that they subsequently called at his house, and on his exhibiting an evident disinclination to satisfy their demands, that they threatened, unless he instantly paid them, that they would "cut him across the face" with their swords. Terrified by their violence, and, at the same time, unwilling to part with his gold, the Jew had finesse enough to give them drafts on a Paris banker, by whom, as he had no dealings with him, he well knew that his bills would be dishonoured; and, consequently, to escape the vengeance of those whom he had outwitted, he quitted Paris. On ascertaining how completely they had been duped, Mr. Montagu, with his associates, Lord Taaffe and Southwell, repaired to the house of the Jew, and after ransacking his drawers and strong boxes, are said to have possessed themselves

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Don't laugh when I tell you Lady Frances heads the quality table at Brag. On her right hand sits Lord Wenman,[1] and on her left the dormant peer from St. James's Coffee-house. To be thought well with the great, I affected an intimacy with all of them, to have an opportunity of being as much among my friends as possible.

I have desired Lord R. Bertie to propose me at White's. Don't let any member shake his head at me for a wit, for G—d knows he may as well reject me for being a giant. I set out to-morrow for my brother's in my way to town, but as I shall call at some other places on the road, I believe it will be Monday fortnight before I have the pleasure of telling you how much I am

Yours, etc., etc.

of a very considerable sum of money, in addition to diamonds, jewels, and other valuable articles. The Jew had it now in his power to turn on his persecutors, and accordingly he appealed to the legislature for redress. Lord Southwell contrived to effect his escape, but Lord Taaffe and Mr. Montagu were arrested, and were kept in separate dungeons, in the Grand Châtelet, for nearly three months. The case was subsequently tried in a court of law, and decided in favour of the accused; the Jew being adjudged to make reparation and defray the costs. From the justice of this sentence he appealed to the high court of *la Tournelle* at Paris, who reversed the sentence. Lord Taaffe and Mr. Montagu afterward appealed, in their turn, but of the definitive result there is no record.

[1] Philip, sixth Viscount Wenman, in Ireland, was born November 23, 1719. He represented the city of Oxford in Parliament from 1749 to 1754, in which latter year he was returned for the county. He died August 16, 1760.

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Sir William Maynard to George Selwyn.

WALTON, Nov. 5, 1751.

DEAR GEORGE: — The public papers informed me of your father's being dangerously ill, which was confirmed to me last post, in a letter from Mr. Lane. As you have always convinced me of your love for your father (though I can't persuade the world you will be sorry for his death), I shall be glad to know, if you have one moment's leisure, how he does, as you are so nearly concerned in his doing well. As we have lived so long together upon a footing of strict intimacy, I shall not use the usual ceremony upon these occasions, by endeavouring at a letter of comfort or condolence, but talk to you in the style of one who has always had your confidence. I can't help thinking but it will be more for your interest that your father should recover, as I don't yet imagine you quite established in his good opinion, and as you have so powerful an enemy at home, backed by the insinuations of some other base worldly people, who, I make no scruple, would take the bread given by the parent to the child, to answer any end of their own. It certainly is not right, and I am almost afraid it is wicked, to wish the death of any one else; I could, however, wish the fates had pitched upon another person, who will not be so great a loss to you as the poor man in question; and if his life is but spared one twelve-

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month, — that you may have an opportunity of convincing him you are in earnest in your promises of a more frugal way of life, — I think you need not then fear what the world can do unto you. I hope it is needless for me to repeat again how glad I shall be to see you here whenever it is convenient for you. With wishing you all imaginable success in your affairs, I am, dear George,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

WM. MAYNARD.

ALDERMAN HARRIS.

[GABRIEL HARRIS, Alderman of Gloucester. In the correspondence of subsequent years, the reader will find him frequently mentioned with affection by Selwyn and his friends.]

Alderman Harris to George Selwyn.

Wednesday evening, six o'clock.

SIR: — This waits upon you to acquaint you that myself and another gentleman from Gloucester came to town to-day, by appointment from the corporation, to consult with you concerning a representative for our city in the room of your dear and ever honoured father; and hereby we beg leave to know when we may have the pleasure of waiting upon you on this occasion; and as

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we have no other business in town, a speedy answer will greatly oblige,

Sir, your very obliged humble servant,

GAB. HARRIS.

To George Selwyn, Esq., in Cleveland Court, London.

Endorsed by George Selwyn, "Message from the Corporation of Gloucester, Nov. 14, 1751."

MR. WILLIAM ROBINS.

[THE EDITOR has been induced to insert the following letter, because, from the delightful inflation of style by which it is characterised, and also the coincidence of name, it can scarcely be doubted that the writer was a progenitor of a celebrated public functionary of the present day.]

Mr. William Robins to George Selwyn.

GLOUCESTER, Nov. 20, 1751.

SIR: — Please to permit me to express my affectionate concern for the unfortunate event of the death of your most worthy father, who filled every station in his life with the highest honour, and the greatest applause and veneration. Should I attempt to enumerate his elevated virtues, and constant succession of benevolent services, to all so happy as to be known to him, they would swell as much beyond the common bounds of a letter as they exceed the ability of any one

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to imitate but yourself, the bright and distinguishing descendant of so noble and valuable an ancestor.

May indulgent heaven alleviate the acute affliction of the disconsolate lady, your exceeding good mother, and find some abatement of sorrow by prudently animadverting on the state that is inevitable on earth, and furnishing herself with this grateful and pleasing reflection, that her late worthy consort was enriched with virtues, and every lovely and laudable disposition. A superior in beneficence could not be found, and the most aspiring after virtue fainted in attempts of equal lustre to him in goodness.

Sir, if you can form any instances in my sphere of moving, wherein I can be serviceable to you and your family, I shall esteem it an honour to receive your commands, and execute them with punctual regard and the utmost pleasure. I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBINS.

The Rev. Knight Burroughs to George Selwyn.

SHERFIELD, near Basingstoke, Hants,
24 Nov., 1751.

DEAR SIR: — After my compliments of condolence upon account of the late alteration in your family, I must beg leave to add, and I think I can do it with a most sincere pleasure, my hearty con-

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gratulations upon the present happy change in your affairs; a change that I flatter myself will be lasting, and such as will for ever enable you to support that rank and dignity in life which seems justly due to a person of your merit and fortune. It is true, sir, that your station has always been greatly superior to mine, and is now much more so; yet believe me, sir, notwithstanding the practice of the world is against me, I can truly say, without flattery or view of interest, that I have your welfare very much at heart, and shall always sincerely rejoice at every event that may tend to promote your happiness. After such a declaration, the truth of which I am vain enough to believe is indisputable, permit me, sir, to make use of the liberty of a friend, and to entreat your favourable acceptance of my advice, which, though indifferent, may yet have some little value. Not that I would presume to instruct one that knows things so much better than myself, but I would only beg leave to caution you against indulging yourself in one amusement, — I think I cannot give it a softer name, — which you are sensible, by sad experience, has cost you many an uneasy moment. I need not explain myself any further, but will only add that when once that fatal passion is rooted in the mind of any man, the Duke of Bedford's fortune will not be sufficient to make him happy. Let me, therefore, conjure you to take a noble resolution, worthy a man of sense and honour,

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worthy of yourself. Despise a thing which cannot now do you any good, and will only serve to put you on a level with every needy scoundrel, though he may happen to be stigmatised with a title. Part with but that one failing, and believe me, dear sir, you will soon become as happy and as universally esteemed as any man in the world. However, it is time for me to have done preaching, lest I should grow quite dull; I shall, therefore, only beg the favour of you to pardon what I have said, and to consider it, as it really is, the overflowing of a heart sincerely attached to your interest.

And now, sir, with regard to myself, I shall be very short. Things are a good deal mended, and my father and I quite reconciled, so that when he dies I shall be very happy, and not before; for though he has promised to leave me two thousand pounds at his death, yet he is determined not to part with any money whilst he lives. However, I thank God I have settled my affairs to my satisfaction; my creditors having consented to wait for their money, upon condition of being paid their interest, which I can very well afford to do; so that if I had one hundred pounds to furnish my house, and pay a troublesome fellow at Oxford thirty pounds, I should be enabled to sit down easy and contented till the day of deliverance. I am willing to give five per cent., which shall be punctually paid once a year in London, and to be at the

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expense of insuring my life, if required; and yet, believe me, sir, I have hitherto tried all my friends without success, so that I really don't know whether I shall be able to continue at my living, merely for the want of such a sum.

When you have any time to spare, I shall be glad to have the pleasure of hearing from you, and in the meantime beg leave to assure you that I am, dear sir, your faithful friend, and very

Affectionate humble servant,

KNIGHT BURROUGHS.

BENJAMIN BATHURST, ESQ.

BENJAMIN BATHURST, ESQ., of Sydney, in Gloucestershire, was the third son of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, and brother of Allen, first Lord Bathurst. He represented the city of Gloucester during four successive Parliaments in the reign of George the Second, and was a member of the Royal Society. Mr. Bathurst died November 5, 1767.

Benjamin Bathurst, Esq., to George Selwyn.

Dec. 15, 1751.

SIR:—I had the favour of yours, dated Nov. 28th, which I should have answered sooner had I not been from home, and did not receive it till yesterday. The death of your father affected me very much. I had a very sincere regard for him,

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on account of his many amiable qualities, and shall ever pay the greatest regard to his memory. There is an account between him and me not settled, in which I am debtor to him £98 8*s.*, with interest, which I will desire Mr. Prene to settle and adjust, when you have leisure. I shall not be in town before February, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and of finding you in a disposition to do honour to your friends and family. I have ever had favourable expectations of you, and believe I shall not be disappointed in them. The friendship I had for your father will always incline me to wish you well. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Selwyn, and hope she will find that comfort in you, as may, in a great measure, alleviate her present sufferings. I am, with very sincere wishes for your prosperity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

B. BATHURST.

Thomas Scrope, Esq., to George Selwyn.

ROME, 12 January, 1752.

DEAR SELWYN: — If I remember right, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, not long before I left England, you desired I would write to you, or at least gave me to understand that you would take the trouble of reading a letter from me, without thinking me impertinent for taking up so much of your time. I don't imagine it will be much amusement to you to be told of

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my motions since I saw you; but it is very natural for us, who are upon our travels, to imagine that the manner in which we employ our time is of much more importance than it really is, either to ourselves or our friends.

You must understand that I went directly to Paris, where I spent two or three months neither very agreeably nor very much to the contrary. By what I could see of the French, in that short time, they are a people that I very much dislike. They have a vanity and self-sufficiency enough to destroy, or make one overlook, much better qualities than ever I could yet find in them; and as to their good breeding (which, if you take from them, I don't know what will remain), I think we have much more — I mean what is really so — in England; but I am writing to one who knows them much better than myself. Their spectacles were very grand, and their stage far surpasses ours; but their plays, in my opinion, fall as far short.

From Paris I went to Turin, stopping no longer on the road than was necessary to see the most remarkable places. At Turin I spent three weeks very agreeably; for during that time I was so lucky as to meet with public rejoicings, as balls, concerts, etc., from the French ambassador, on account of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy;[1] and others

[1] Eldest son of the dauphin, and grandson of Louis the Fifteenth. This interesting and promising child died at Ver-

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from the Spanish ambassador, for what reason I have forgot. I was much pleased with the court of Turin, and surprised at the affability with which the King of Sardinia received us on our being presented. He is the most insignificant looking fellow I ever saw, and more like the late Lord Rockingham [1] than anybody I can now think of; but he has so much good nature, and such obliging manners, that one is soon reconciled to his appearance. The Prince of Carignan, first prince of the blood, is possessed of a revenue of — seven thousand a year! Lady Rochford [2] is exceedingly tired of Turin, as she says she very much dislikes the people, but I rather think the people dislike her. She has for her cicisbeo an ensign of the Guards, whose pay and income may amount to about half a crown a day.

I left Turin, and went through Milan, and all

sailles March 23, 1761, at the age of nine years. A short time before he died, his mother remarked to him that the spring was fast advancing, and that she should then be able to take him an airing. "Yes," he said with a smile, "but it will be to St. Denis." It is needless to remark that St. Denis was then the burial-place of the royal family of France.

[1] Thomas Wentworth, first Marquis of Rockingham, died December 14, 1750.

[2] Lucy, daughter of Edward Young, Esq., of Dunford, in Wiltshire, and wife of William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford, who at this period was envoy extraordinary at the court of Turin. She died January 9, 1773, and was buried in the church of St. Osyth, Essex, where, agreeably to the will of her husband, a handsome monument was erected to her memory.

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the remarkable towns, to Rome; in which journey, as usual, I saw numbers of fine pictures, statues, and palaces; not to mention prodigious rich and fertile countries, with most wretched and miserably poor inhabitants. I do assure you, without any compliment, I have often wished for you since I left England. I have been about a fortnight at Rome, where I believe I shall continue three months longer. The English here at present, that you are likely to know, are Lord Tilney,[1] and Lord Charlemont,[2] Lord Downe's brother, Mr. Dawney,[3] and our old friend Mr. Long, who joined with you and I in that modest request to Mr. Ambler to leave his lodgings at Richmond, because we found them convenient for us. Lord Stormont[4] is, perhaps, now at Rome, for he is expected every day; and Lord Bruce,[5] who is

[1] John Child Tylney, second Earl Tylney in Ireland. He was member of Parliament for Malmesbury, Ranger and Keeper of Epping Forest, and a Fellow of the Royal Society.

[2] James, first Earl of Charlemont, President of the Royal Irish Academy, and Commander-in-chief of the Volunteers of Ireland. He died August 4, 1799, in his seventy-second year.

[3] The Hon. John Dawney, second son of Henry, Viscount Downe. In December, 1760, he succeeded, by the death of his brother, as fourth Viscount Downe, and died December 21, 1780.

[4] David, seventh Viscount Stormont, succeeded, on the death of his uncle, the celebrated Lord Mansfield, as second Earl of Mansfield. He afterward attained to considerable celebrity as a diplomatist and statesman, and died President of the Council, in September, 1796.

[5] Thomas Brudenell, Baron Bruce, created, in 1776, Earl of Ailesbury. The earl died April 19, 1814.

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now at Venice, is expected before the end of the carnival. I wish to God you could make one with us this spring at Rome or Naples.

Now I have tried your patience with an account of myself, I must be so unreasonable as to desire you would write to me very soon, and give me an account of what is going forward in England, either public or what relates to our friends; for news of all sorts from England, at this distance, is amusing, and I am sure must be so when it comes from one that knows so well what would be worth communicating, and what not.

Apropos, I shall be much obliged to you to talk to our friend in Ayres Street, about the business we mentioned to him. I should be glad to know if he has done anything for me, or is likely to assist me. But, however, as you know the point I have in view, you may perhaps yourself assist me in the means of attaining it. It is, of all the schemes I ever had, the most favourite; and perhaps you will now think, and I afterward find it, the most foolish one. However, be that as it will, I shall always be obliged to you for any assistance you can give me, and I don't in the least doubt your inclinations.

Pray remember me to Sir William Maynard, whom I wish much happiness, and to any of my friends that are so obliging as to inquire after

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me; and I beg you will make my compliments to Lord Monson,[1] Mr. Watson, and George Monson,[2] whenever you see them. Adieu! Pray excuse me for tiring you so long, and write soon. I wish I could say, with any hope of success, come soon; which, I assure you, would be a very sensible pleasure to,

Dear sir, your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant,

THOMAS SCROPE.

P. S. Direct to me, under cover, to Mr. Selwyn, banquier, at Paris.

Alderman Harris to George Selwyn.

GLOUCESTER, 15th January, 1752.

SIR:—At the request of Mr. Mayor, whose extraordinary hurry of business will not afford him leisure to write himself, I am desired to acquaint you, that by the Gloucester wagon, this week, is sent the usual present of a lamprey-pie from this corporation to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is directed to you, and I am further to request the favour of you to have the same pre-

[1] John, second Baron Monson, born in 1727, and died July 20, 1774.

[2] Brother of the above mentioned Lord Monson. He subsequently distinguished himself in the military profession, and died a brigadier-general in 1777.

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sented, with the compliments of this body, as your late worthy father used to do.

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

GAB. HARRIS.

P. S. The wagoner's inn is the King's Head in the Old Change.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

FARMINGTON, 1st November, 1752.

You have made those precious moments, the arrival of the post in the country, much more agreeable to me, by your kind and constant supply of intelligence. Yours found me where you intended it should. We came here yesterday to dinner. The earl and his *sposa* follow on Thursday, and, lest the little viscount should have too much jumbling, rest Friday and Saturday; so that, instead of being in London on Sunday, it will probably be Tuesday at dinner before we reach the metropolis. This I don't regret, as the weather is extremely fine, and while it lasts will make me prefer this place to any other, even to Tylney Street, though it has all the charms of novelty to recommend it.

I often, in the Matson road, wish for you and that Leviathan which is at present confined in Wales: I fancy both of you would make this week go off better. I have just heard from him. He forgives you, I will not say with all his heart, but

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with all his flesh. What in the name of adultery did you do so long in Grosvenor Street? If this story were told in Oxfordshire, the head of a noble family there would fancy his horns as near sprouting as honest Humphrey has done his these many years.

I think with infinite regret of Dodsley, whom the light nights used generally to reconvey to lewdness and Lethe. Are the Naylors come? But you have left the house, which I think a little ungrateful, considering they so often excused your inebriated midnight visits. I intend to lay the badness of my writing on the cold, for I am just come off my horse, and a fresh frosty morning has so numbed my fingers that they won't suffer me to say more than I am yours, etc.

P. S. The way I intend to take, to prevent your laughing at the equipage, is to make you laugh in it. You shall go, for the first time, along with me, and a merrier couple, I believe, we sha'n't meet with.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME,[1] Thursday morning.

I think the least I can do is to return, my dear George, letter for letter, though the tranquillity and want of events in this place won't let me pay you in kind. Pray don't tell my lady we write

[1] Lord Coventry's seat in Worcestershire.

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to each other every post, for you know what she'll call us, and think we are settled in Lumley's neighbourhood, for the more convenient carrying on that contraband trade.

You have repeated in yours all we heard of Gwillim, except that he kissed and scrambled every woman he met, by which I can't say he proved himself very like your honour, who, I think, rests content with the annual Egyptian. Fat-back, alias Stick-in-the-mud, you know, is never angry. Though he laughed much, yet he fancied he should have laughed more if you had kept your word with him. He went off, convinced you was detained by the brewers of small beer at Gloucester, whom you are to have the honour of representing next Parliament.

Our life here, for a little while, would not displease you, for we eat and drink well, and the earl [of Coventry] holds a pharaoh-bank every night to us, which we have as yet plundered considerably. You would smile at old Sandys,[1] who punts like Sir Robert Hildyard, nor would the captain much displease you, while he is studying a pretty attitude for the countess.[2] Sunday

[1] Samuel, first Baron Sandys; appointed chancellor of the exchequer in 1741; Speaker of the House of Lords in 1756; and first lord of trade and plantations in 1761. Smollet styles him "the motion-maker," and he is well known as an active opponent of Sir Robert Walpole. He died April 21, 1770.

[2] Maria Gunning, the famous and beautiful Countess of Coventry.

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se'night will, I believe, be the day of our taking possession of our new hotel. I hate Sir William M[aynard] worse than ever for taking you away. The reason of your journey is plain to me. You want to see whether his child has that symmetry and proportion which Albert Durer allows to the human body, or whether it resembles its father. You will do our house honour by your inspection. When we are in it, I'll defy you to produce any one more willing to meet you there than

Yours, etc.

Endorsed "Williams, Oct. 28, 1752."

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Monday morning [1756].

DEAR GEORGE: — I came here but a few days ago, after having made a tour to the camps. I want to know where to find you, and how long you stay at your mansion-house, for it would not be pleasant to ride so far, only to see squinting Jenny and the gardener at the end of my journey. I think your month is up already, and then I am sure you will be impatient to quit your house and all the old midwives you have crammed into it.

If your Trentham expedition holds, I suppose we shall see you here, where you will find the countess in high spirits and great beauty. You may write to your friends that our London journey

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will be very early this year to meet our sister Grace [1] from Scotland, and that the loss of one child will in a few months be repaired, God willing, with the birth of another.

Old Sandys and his father are just come into the house to discuss whether the King of Prussia's entering Poland will be advantageous to us, so I must say God bless you, and adieu!

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Saturday morning [circ. 1757].

My dear George: — You know my curiosity too well not to be sensible of the obligations I have to you for so amply remembering your friends in the country, and so largely contributing to the contents of each mail. Our family is much decreased since you left us. The Buck and his wife and Miss Rushout went yesterday, and we are reduced to Miss Wylde, who has a most charming *vis-à-vis*, Mr. Ward, who sings like a nightingale, and has charmed her in every respect, though she thinks there is too much of the treble in his voice. You may easily imagine what mirth might be composed from these materials. She attacks him in every dress, from the Scotch bonnet to the flounced stomacher. I wish you was here to promote an union of bodies.

[1] Elizabeth Gunning, the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, sister to Lady Coventry.

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She has received no answer as yet to her mad letter, for possibly it might have been directed to her in Moorfields.

Powerscourt [1] made us all laugh this morning at breakfast till we cried. You can draw none but striking features, such as Lovat, Mrs. Willis, etc. The countess, when it was first opened, thought it was intended to represent your landlord at Quarley, and was preparing to trace the features in the early dawn of the little infant, who sits with its golden locks on her left hand at the tea-table; and as she does not know how she came into the world, is very much surprised at the whimsical reception she meets with from the graybeards of it. I have a story to tell you of the other child which will explain the whole legend of the nursery, and greatly surprise you.

I see by the Bath papers, Lord Chesterfield [2] is there, though possibly you may know more of him than I do, by having met with him and my uncle in your walks. Lord Coventry and I set out next Wednesday se'night, and dine in town on the 4th, where I hope to meet you. In the meantime, let me hear from you as often as you have leisure to remember

Yours, etc., etc.

[1] Edward, second Viscount Powerscourt, died, unmarried, May 6, 1764.

[2] The celebrated Lord Chesterfield was, in consequence of ill health, a frequent visitor at Bath.

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LADY TOWNSHEND.

AUDREY, or as she chose to style herself, Ethelreda Harrison, so celebrated for her gallantries, her eccentricities, and wit, was the daughter and sole heiress of Edward Harrison, Esq., of Balls, in Hertfordshire, formerly governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies. In May, 1723, she became the wife of Charles, third Viscount Townshend, by whom she became the mother of the first and celebrated Marquis Townshend, and of his still more celebrated brother, Charles Townshend. Of her wit the following may be taken as specimens. Speaking of the two well-known Sir Thomas Robinsons, of whom the one was tall and thin, the other short and fat, "I can't imagine," she said, "why the one should be preferred to the other; I see but little difference between them; the one is as broad as the other is long."[1] Again, when speaking of the Methodists, some one inquiring of her, "Pray, madam, is it true that Whitefield has recanted?" "No, sir," was the reply; "he has only canted." Lady Townshend, who in her youth had been distinguished by personal beauty, died on the 5th of March, 1788.

[1] It was on the tall Sir Thomas Robinson that Lord Chesterfield composed the following couplet, on the former soliciting his lordship to honour him with some poetical notice:

"Unlike my subject will I frame my song;
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long."

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She was the supposed original of Lady Bellaston in "Tom Jones," and of Lady Tempest in "Pompey the Little."

Lady Townshend to George Selwyn.

The Duchess of Hamilton complained to Lady Townshend yesterday morning that Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Williams promised to send her a constant account of Lady Coventry, but that they had never wrote to her one line. Lady Townshend takes the liberty to acquaint Mr. Selwyn of this, that he may apply it as he thinks proper.

Whitehall, 9 February, 1760.

MARIA GUNNING.

COUNTESS OF COVENTRY.

THE letter which follows the present memoir contains an interesting account of the last illness of the beautiful and celebrated Lady Coventry. The frequent occurrence of her name in these pages, as well as that of her no less beautiful sister, the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, may render a brief account of them not unacceptable to the reader. George Selwyn, it may be remarked, appears to have no less admired the beauty of Lady Coventry, when alive, than he retained a regard for her memory when dead. After her decease, the interest which he had taken in the

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mother he transferred to her infant daughter, Lady Anne Coventry, then in her fourth year; and in the subsequent correspondence will be found many pleasing proofs of the anxiety with which he watched over the welfare of the offspring of his deceased friend, and of the parental and almost romantic affection with which he regarded the interesting child.

Maria and Elizabeth Gunning ("those goddesses the Gunnings," as Mrs. Montagu styles them in one of her letters) were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote in Ireland, by Bridget, daughter of Theobald Bourke, sixth Viscount Mayo. Maria, the eldest sister, appears to have been born in 1733; the younger sister in 1734; consequently, at their first appearance at court, in 1751, the one must have been in her nineteenth, the other in her eighteenth year.

The surpassing loveliness of the Gunnings has almost become matter of history; nor perhaps is there any instance of mere beauty having excited so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by the appearance in the fashionable circles of London of these two portionless Irish girls. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 18th of June, 1751: "You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the

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two brothers and Lord Granville.[1] These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away."

Walpole writes to the same correspondent on the 31st of August following: "As you talk of our beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, has yet been *teterrima belli causa.* They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the beauty-room, another company arrived; the housekeeper said, 'This way, ladies, here are the beauties.' The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they came to see the palace, not to be shown as a sight themselves."

The first of the fair sisters whose beauty obtained her a husband was the youngest, Elizabeth, who, on the 14th of February, 1752, became

[1] The Duke of Newcastle and Henry Pelham. Lord Granville had recently been appointed president of the Council, much against the wish of the latter, but agreeably with the king's express desire that he should be admitted into the administration.

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the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton.[1] Horace Walpole, to whom we are almost entirely indebted for our notices of "the Gunnings," thus announces the circumstance to Sir Horace Mann: "The event that has made most noise since my last is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously, with regard to her honour, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two

[1] James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, and third Duke of Brandon; born 10th July, 1724; died 17th January, 1758.

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nights afterward, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring; the duke swore he would send for the archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is more silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other." In less than three weeks Maria Gunning followed her sister to the altar. Her choice, it is needless to add, fell on Lord Coventry,[1] to whom she was married on the 5th of March, 1752. The present earl is the grandson of this nobleman and his beautiful countess.

Universal as had been the interest and curiosity excited by the exceeding beauty of the fair sisters, the feeling was considerably increased by the splendid alliances which they so suddenly formed. "The world," writes Walpole, "is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her.

[1] George William, sixth Earl of Coventry, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Worcester, and successively lord of the bedchamber to George the First and George the Second. He died in 1809, at the age of eighty-seven.

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There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Doctor Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties." Again, adds Walpole a few weeks afterward, "The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess of Hamilton pass that seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

About four months after her marriage, we find Lady Coventry paying a visit to the French capital. Horace Walpole, to whose gossiping chronicles we have been so much indebted, records some amusing particulars relating to the journey. "Our beauties," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "are travelling Paris-ward. Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have made in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the countess, at a penny a head. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord. Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent bed, for fear of bugs in the

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inns. 'Oh!' said she, 'I had rather be bit to death than lie one night from my dear Cov.!'"

If Lady Coventry anticipated, in the gay circles of Paris, the same triumph which her beauty had obtained for her in the fashionable society of London, she was destined to be signally disappointed. "Our beauties," writes Walpole, "are returned. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for, besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself, — just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my lord replied, *Vous avez fort bien fait.* He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous. At a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her that, since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to

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stay for the great fête at St. Cloud; he excused himself, because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester! and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, because it was her dancing-master's hour! I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again the next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets how odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!"

That Lady Coventry was naturally a weak-minded person, — or rather that she wanted that tact and discernment, of which probably a longer communion with the world would have made her the mistress, — there is every reason to believe. George the Second, at the close of his long life, was conversing with her on the dullness of the town, and regretting, for her sake, that there had been no masquerades during the year. "As for sights," said the inconsiderate beauty, "she was quite satisfied with them; there was only one which she was eager to see, and that was a

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coronation!" The train of reflection which this speech must have occasioned could scarcely have been pleasing to an old man. George the Second, however, is said to have been highly diverted with the awkward blunder, and, at supper, repeated it with great good humour to his family.

If Lady Coventry, however, was a simpleton, she was at least a good-natured one. Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu, 20th April, 1756: "At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if Lady Coventry was not the best humoured creature in the world, I should have made her angry. She said, in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more she should be *muckibus!* 'Lord,' said Lady Mary Coke, 'what is that?' 'Oh!' I said, 'it is only Irish for sentimental.'"

Lady Coventry lived only a few years to enjoy the triumph of her charms. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 5th of October, 1760: "The charming countess is dead at last; and, as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton is in a consumption, too, and going abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies;[1] you will see but little remains: her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet, I think, above

[1] Sir Horace Mann was at this period the English minister at Florence, whither it was probable that the Duchess of Hamilton might proceed.

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six and twenty. The other was but twenty-seven." Lady Coventry died on the 1st of October, 1760. The quantity of paint which she laid on her face is said, by checking the perspiration, to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which occasioned her death.

A poem was composed by Mason on the death of Lady Coventry, which, had the poet confined himself to the train of reflection naturally suggested by the untimely death of a young and beautiful woman, would perhaps have been regarded as the best elegy in our language. Notwithstanding, however, that Mason has marred the general effect of his poem by the introduction of much irrelevant matter, and a tedious straining after effect, there are lines, which have immediate reference to Lady Coventry, that possess the highest merit:

"Yes! Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair.
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion waked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form a transient glory cast;

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Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.
That bell again! It tells us what she is!
On what she was no more the strain prolong;
Luxuriant fancy, pause: an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.
Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where, cold and wan, the slumberer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead."

If happiness consists in titles, and an extended existence, the Duchess of Hamilton was more favoured than her elder sister. Her married life, however, was perhaps not a happy one. "Her history," writes Walpole, "is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the duchess, at their own house, walk in to dinner before their company; sit together at the upper end of their own table; eat off the same plate; and drink to nobody beneath the rank of earl. Would not one wonder how they could get anybody, either above or below that rank, to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but, for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly."

On the 17th of January, 1758, the duchess was deprived of her husband by death, and on the 3d of March, the following year, became the wife of Colonel John Campbell, afterward Duke of Argyll, thus uniting the two great houses of Hamilton and

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Campbell. On the 20th of May, 1776, in the lifetime of her second husband,[1] she was created Baroness Hamilton, of Hambledon in Leicestershire, in her own right. The duchess was also one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, whom she accompanied to England from Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, previous to her marriage with George the Third.

Considering that personal beauty was the sole dowry of the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, it is remarkable that the untitled daughter of an Irish gentleman should have been the wife of two dukes, and the mother of four. By her first husband she was the mother of James George, seventh duke, and of Douglas, eighth Duke of Hamilton; and, by her second husband, of George William, sixth duke, and of John Douglas Edward Henry, seventh and present Duke of Argyll. Lady Charlotte Bury — *matre pulchra filia pulchrior* — is another surviving child of the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. The death of the duchess took place on the 20th of December, 1790.

Dr. I. Wall to George Selwyn.

CROOME, August 8, 1760.

SIR: — I have spent almost all my time at this place since my lord went to London, and, indeed,

[1] John, fourteenth Earl and fifth Duke of Argyll, colonel of the first regiment of foot-guards, and a field-marshal in the army. He died May 24, 1806, in his eighty-seventh year.

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Lady Coventry has been so extremely ill, so much worse than when you saw her last, that she wanted all the attendance I could give her. For two or three days, the oppression on her breast and the sickness at her stomach were excessive, but these were at last happily removed by some medicines, which, indeed, operated a little roughly, but it was a necessary severity, for she could not have lived without it. She has now for two or three days complained of a pain in her side and across the breast, which I look upon to be muscular, and a sort of spasmodic rheumatism. Excuse me for using terms of art, but I don't know how to express myself without them. Her pulse, notwithstanding this, has, for three days last past, been very remarkably slower; her feverish heats less than usual. She is extremely weak. Yesterday morning a letter came from the Duchess of Hamilton, directed for Lord Coventry. She knew the hand, and unluckily opened it.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ!

The duchess had too plainly explained her sentiments of Lady Coventry's condition; had lamented her as a sister whom she should never see; had entirely given her up, expressing her concern as for one already in the grave.

You, who know how apt Lady Coventry is to be affected, may easily conceive the anguish which such a letter would occasion. Indeed, it did almost

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kill her. I was called to her, and found her almost fainting and dying away. However, she soon after recovered, and I took my leave; but after I was gone the same scene was several times renewed. Her attendants thought her expiring. In their hurry, they despatched an express to my lord, who I suppose will, in consequence of that, be here this evening. However, she has had a very good night, and is tolerably well this morning. I make no excuse for being so minute, because I believed it would be most agreeable to you that I should be so.

I am very sorry to find that your Malvern waters have not as yet reached you. I inquired of Mr. Davis, before you left Croome, if they were sent, and he assured me they were. The person they were sent by was Bartlet; I have again sent to Davis about it. My best compliments wait upon Mr. Williams.

I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

I. WALL.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, July 18, [1762].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I find this place so very entertaining, that I shall stay here near a week longer than I at first intended; and if you find London uninhabited, as I suppose by this time it must be, and will come down hither, I will most

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certainly return with you on Sunday next. The Naylors will receive you most hospitably, and feed you with venison till your cold constitution is warmed to a pitch to be useful to them.

At the head of our quality is Lady Ladd,[1] who will divert you more than if she had been better taught; better fed, you will allow, she could not be. Among the men, very luckily for me, is Vaughan, who laughs so much at the very odd exhibitions here, that sometimes they are peevish. If you were a man of intrigue, I would have mentioned the Duchess of St. Alban's,[2] who bears no small part in the entertainment, for very often her Grace, after being well fortified with negus, will dance a minuet by herself. Biddy shall make soups for you; the widow shall receive you, and nobody will be more glad to see you than,

Yours most sincerely.

HENRY FOX, LORD HOLLAND.

HENRY FOX, first Lord Holland (who for many years was the friend and correspondent of

[1] Probably Mary, daughter of Ralph Thrale, Esq., and widow of Sir John Ladd, Bart., of Warbleton, Sussex. She is frequently mentioned in the early period of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs.

[2] Jane, sole daughter and heir of Sir Walter Roberts, Bart., of Glassenbury, Kent, and wife of George, third Duke of St. Alban's. She died December 16, 1778.

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George Selwyn), was the youngest son of Sir Stephen Fox, whose name so frequently occurs in the social and political annals of the reigns of King Charles the Second and King James the Second.

Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of his family, and the transmitter of a name which more than one of his descendants has rendered illustrious, had, originally, it is said, been a chorister-boy in Salisbury Cathedral. By industry, however, and regularity of conduct, he advanced himself to be the favourite of his sovereign. During the exile of Charles the Second, he filled the appointment of treasurer of the household to that monarch, and was the first person to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles, as he was playing at tennis with the Archduke Leopold and Don John. At the Restoration, he received the appointment of clerk of the green cloth, and subsequently filled the posts successively of paymaster-general of the forces and a lord of the treasury. As a courtier, he was distinguished by his prudent conduct and his fidelity to his sovereign; and De Grammont styles him "one of the richest and most regular men in England." Sir Stephen Fox was twice married. His second wife was Christian, daughter of the Rev. Charles Hope, of Nasely, in Lincolnshire, whom he married in his seventy-seventh year, and by whom he was father of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, and of Henry, the subject of the present

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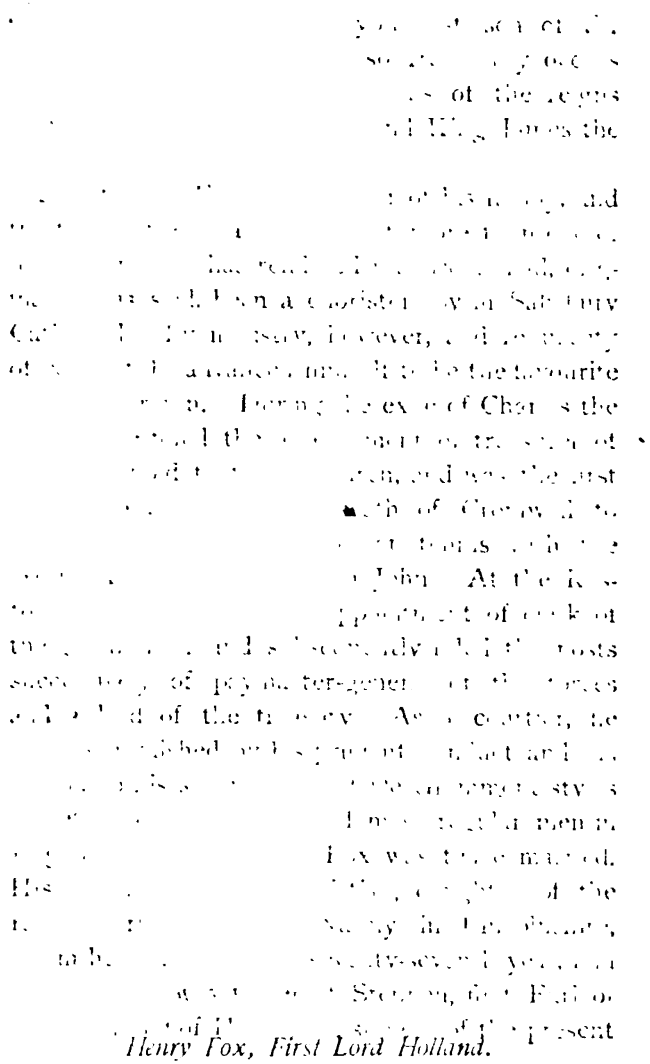

Henry Fox, First Lord Holland.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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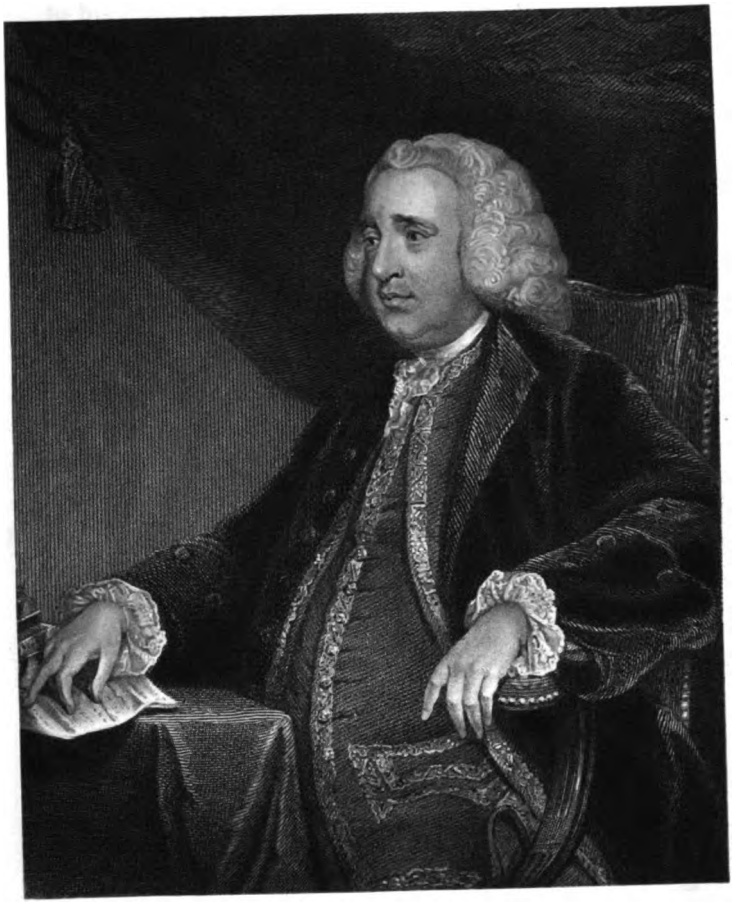

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memoir, who was born after his father had attained to his eightieth year.

Henry Fox, of whom we are now treating, was born in 1705, and commenced his studies at Eton, where he was the contemporary of his future political rival, the great Lord Chatham, of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the celebrated Henry Fielding. His youth appears to have been passed in frolic and extravagance, and his passion for the gaming-table very nearly wasted his patrimony. He united, however, with his libertinism a taste for graver pursuits, and, indeed, ambition was no less his characteristic than a love of pleasure. He was returned to Parliament for Hendon, in Wiltshire, in March, 1735, and at the age of thirty-two was appointed surveyor-general of the board of works. In the Parliament which was summoned to meet on the 25th of June, 1741, he was returned as member for Windsor, for which borough he sat during successive Parliaments, till his elevation to the peerage in May, 1762.

In the "broad-bottomed administration," formed by the Pelhams, in 1743, Mr. Fox was appointed a lord of the treasury; and the following year still further advanced his fortunes by a runaway marriage with Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and great-granddaughter of Charles the Second. It may readily be imagined that the surreptitious marriage of the eldest daughter of their house

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with the son of a chorister, or, as Horace Walpole designates him, "a footman," should have given no slight offence to the family of Lennox. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, May 29, 1744, "Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lennox; asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* all the blood royal have been up in arms. The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of the Richmonds, gave her away. If his Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now do not know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Williams, who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red ribbon; but he has got it, with four others, the Viscount Fitzwilliam, Calthorpe, Whitmore, and Harbord." Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, and at whose house he was married, thus addresses him shortly after his nuptials:

"Such are the nights that I have seen of yore;
Such are the nights that I shall see no more!
When Winnington and Fox, with flow of soul,
With sense and wit, drove round the cheerful bowl.
Our hearts were open'd, and our converse free,
But now they both are lost, quite lost to me.

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One to a mistress gives up all his life,
And one from me flies wisely to his wife;
There proves the highest joys that man can prove,
The joys of truth, and of alternate love.
Each happy in his different path goes on,
Pleased and content; I, pensive and alone,
Rejoice at both your fates, but mourn my own."

In 1746 Mr. Fox was appointed secretary at war, and sworn of the Privy Council. In 1755 he was appointed secretary of state, but, notwithstanding that he possessed the confidence and favour of the king, he was compelled to resign the appointment the following year to his great rival, Mr. Pitt. "The persons," says Coxe (speaking of the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle), "who now aspired to the management of the House of Commons, were Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, whose parliamentary abilities had for some time divided the suffrages of the nation; who had long fostered reciprocal jealousy; and who now became public rivals for power. Both these rival statesmen were younger brothers, nearly of the same age; both were educated at Eton; both were distinguished for classical knowledge; both commenced their parliamentary career at the same period, and both raised themselves to eminence by their superior talents; yet no two characters were ever more contrasted. Mr. Fox inherited a strong and vigorous constitution; was profuse and dissipated in his youth; and, after squander-

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ing his private patrimony, went abroad to extricate himself from his embarrassments. On his return, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and warmly attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, whom he idolised; and to whose patronage he was indebted for the place of surveyor-general of the Board of Works. His marriage, in 1744, with Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, though at first displeasing to the family, yet finally strengthened his political connections. He was equally a man of pleasure and business, formed for social and convivial intercourse: of an unruffled temper and frank disposition. No statesman acquired more adherents; not merely from political motives, but swayed by his agreeable manners, and attached to him by personal friendship, which he fully merited by his zeal in promoting their interests. He is justly characterised, even by Lord Chesterfield, 'as having no fixed principles of religion or morality, and as too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.' As a parliamentary orator, he was occasionally hesitating and perplexed, but when warmed with his subject he spoke with an animation and rapidity which appeared more striking from his former hesitation. His speeches were not crowded with flowers of rhetoric, or distinguished by brilliancy of diction, but were replete with sterling sense and sound argument. He was quick in reply, keen in repartee, and skilful in discerning the temper of the House. He wrote with-

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out effort or affectation; his public despatches were manly and perspicuous, and his private letters easy and animated. Though of an ambitious spirit, he regarded money as a principal object, and power as a secondary concern." In 1757 Mr. Fox was appointed paymaster of the forces, which office he retained till the commencement of the reign of George the Third. On the 6th of May, 1762, he obtained a peerage for his wife, as Baroness Holland; and on 16th of April, 1763, he himself was created Baron Holland of Foxley, in Wiltshire.

Lord Holland was distinguished by a refined taste, a classical mind, and a love of the fine arts; and to these qualities we may add conversational wit, a kind heart, and a generous disposition. Lord Chesterfield writes to his son, 8th March, 1754: "I am not sorry for the promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little services. He is frank and gentlemanlike in his manner; and, to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterward make him yours upon your own, *tant mieux*." The private charities of Lord Holland were considerable; he was an attached and considerate husband, and was almost criminally indulgent to his children. He is said to have encouraged his sons in the frolics and indiscretions of youth, and, indeed, when his second, and after-

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ward celebrated son, Charles James Fox, was in his fifteenth year, is reported, during their residence at Spa, to have supplied him with a certain number of guineas every night to enable him to enjoy the excitement of the gaming-table.

There existed, in more than one respect, a close resemblance between the character of Lord Holland and that of his gifted son. They were both inordinately ambitious; both had impaired their health and fortunes in the pursuit of pleasure; both had conceived a fatal addiction to the gaming-table; both were eminently distinguished by their talents as statesmen and their oratorical powers; and both were attached to the cause of literature, and were writers of trifling but elegant verse. In one particular quality, however, that of prudence, there remained a wide difference in their characters. The vices of the father expired with his youth; he succeeded in his object of enjoying place and power, and died the possessor of considerable wealth. On the other hand, the son continued a libertine almost to the last; with all his talents and ambition, he was in the possession of power only for a few months; and, moreover, instead of acquiring a fortune, he squandered every guinea on which he could lay his hand.

Though certainly far from being of a hoarding or niggardly disposition, Lord Holland grew to be insatiable in the pursuit of wealth, and, indeed, while holding the lucrative appointment of pay-

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master of the forces, was loudly accused of a criminal appropriation of the public money. "In his earlier life," says Walpole, "Mr. Fox had wasted his fortune in gaming; it had been replaced by some family circumstances, but was small, and he continued profuse. Becoming a most fond father, and his constitution admonishing him, he took up an attention to enrich himself precipitately." At one period, so convinced were the public that Lord Holland was accumulating a large fortune by unjustifiable means, that in an address from the city of London he was openly styled "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions." That Lord Holland availed himself of the perquisites and advantages of office in an undue and improper manner is not at all unlikely, but that he was guilty of the actual and sweeping frauds of which he is accused in the epigrammatic proscription of the city of London, there is certainly more reason to doubt. Whatever were the means by which he enriched himself, he appears to have justified them to his own conscience, and they certainly in no degree lessened him in the esteem of his friends.

In the last years of his life, Lord Holland amused himself, at a vast expense, in building his fantastic villa at Kingsgate, situated in a dreary spot near Margate, in Kent. It was this circumstance which drew forth from Gray, the poet, the following lines, which have seldom been surpassed either in bitterness or poetical power:

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IMPROMPTU,

Suggested by a view of the seat and ruins of a deceased nobleman at Kingsgate, Kent, in 1766.

"Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd the pious resolution,
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

"On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

"Here reign the blustering north and blighting east;
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

"Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall;
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"'Ah!' said the sighing peer, 'had Bute been true,
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,
And realised the beauties which we feign.

"'Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.'"

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Such is the language in which Lord Holland was spoken of by his political opponents. As a specimen, however, of the very different feelings with which he was regarded by those who mingled with him in social life, we will insert the following verses, addressed to him by his early schoolfellow and friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

"To speak and charm in public, friend, is thine;
The silent arts of poetry are mine;
And when some striking thought affects my mind,
I rest not till to paper 'tis consign'd.
Then, with a parent's fondness, I behold
My child escaped from memory's treacherous hold;
And smooth'd in verse, and harmonised in rhyme,
I dream 'tis placed beyond the reach of time.
'Twas your desire (perhaps your flattery too) —
My verse, my fame, if any, springs from you;
And here I pay my tribute where 'tis due.
Your smiles were all my vanity required;
Your nod was all the fame that I desired.
All my ambition was, to gain your praise,
And all my pleasure, you alone to please."

Lord Holland died at Holland House, Kensington, July 1, 1774, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried at Farley. He was survived by his widow only twenty-three days, and by his eldest son only six months. His children were Stephen Fox, who succeeded as second Lord Holland; Henry, who died young; Charles James, the celebrated statesman; and Henry Edward, a

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general in the army, and colonel of the 10th Regiment of foot, who died in 1811.

The Right Hon. Henry Fox to George Selwyn.

September 19, 1762.

DEAR SIR: — Monsieur de Nivernois (Lord Shelburne thought) was to dine, if not lie, at Ingress; and I was misinformed, too, about Lady Bolingbroke and the quarrel. I find since, you know nothing of it.[1]

I believe I was not misinformed about Lord Lincoln,[2] though, indeed, very little informed; nor shall I be more so till I get to London; you may, I believe. I shall not go there the sooner on that account, but I like the situation Mr. Hogarth has put me in so well that I fancy I shall stay here longer than I intended.

I hope not to come to town till peace, or no peace, is certain. The odds are now three to one for it, you say; be so good as to let me know as they increase or decrease in your opinion.[3] I

[1] This has evidently reference to the unfortunate misunderstanding between Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, which terminated in a divorce in 1768. The lady subsequently remarried Topham Beauclerk, Esq., and is now better known as Lady Diana Beauclerk.

[2] Henry, ninth Earl of Lincoln, and first Duke of Newcastle of his family, died February 22, 1794.

[3] The treaty of peace with France was signed at Fontainebleau on the 3d of November. Mr. Fox was a strong advocate for the measure, and afterward defended it with all his eloquence against the arguments of Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons.

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hope, for better reasons than merely to inform me, that you have a better guess now than I have sometimes known you have. I cannot flatter you with an opinion that any event can bring your attendance [1] on the 9th to be dispensed with. Till then, and, soon after that, for a month, you may be absent. To-morrow you will be at the king's elbow, or the queen's, if that is a better place, in St. George's Hall.[2] As I remember, that was a fine sight in 1730.

I return you Mrs. Power's letter. Would Lady T. have been very angry if you had suffered her to pass for the benefactress? Lady Caroline makes her best compliments, and thanks you for your conduct. Your other enclosed paper I shall keep. What does the author mean by *l'illustre sang dont la France réclame l'origine?* I fancy he thinks him descended from the regent, Duke of Bedford, and so from the Capets! but that would be by the French: I don't understand it. I join with the mayor in his good wishes, being apprehensive that your friends the French are not so low as Mr. Pitt [3] and his mob represent them, and

[1] In Parliament, which, however, did not assemble till the 25th of November.

[2] Alluding to the approaching ceremony of the installation of Prince William, third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and of Lord Bute, as Knights of the Garter, which took place at Windsor on the 22d of September, 1762.

[3] Afterward the celebrated Lord Chatham, and now the great political opponent of Mr. Fox. His famous oration against the peace with France, on the ground as unsafe, impolitic, and unsound, is well known.

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that, if this peace is hallooed and frightened away, she will not readily or soon come back again.

Adieu, dear sir; I hope you dined at Lord Thomond's;[1] and I hope, too, that Mrs. Power looks as pretty as her letter, though I think that would not signify much to you.

Yours ever,

H. Fox.

P. S. You talk slightingly of an Islington turnpike, which (as the end of your journey at least) may as well be let alone.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Saturday night [1762].

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I am sorry to hear by your letter of this morning that your return was at present *sine die*. The town is not as yet full, but, for the quantity and quality, diverting.

Lord Hardwicke is relapsed;[2] Jack Yorke,[3] the dancer, told me this morning he had a bad night, but was something easier, and as they begin to

[1] Windham O'Brien, created November 29, 1756, Baron of Ibrickan, and Earl of Thomond, in Ireland. He was member of Parliament for Minehead, lord lieutenant of the county of Somerset, and a member of the Privy Council.

[2] The celebrated chancellor. He died on the 6th of March, 1764.

[3] The Hon. John Yorke, the chancellor's third son. He died in 1769.

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speak with that mystery which usually attends men of consequence in those circumstances, he may be worse than we imagine. Charles Townshend is to be in opposition, but he is to be against Wilkes; for the peace and for the cyder.[1] I have not yet seen my Lady [Townshend]. I have called at Whitehall, but she is still at George's.[2] Report says all proceedings in the lower courts are stopped as to Wilkes, and the Commons are to take it up, by a message from the king, and expel him.

Lord Sandwich and Gower[3] keep open house. All that are in town dined to-day with the latter, where we have ate, drank, and laughed, most immoderately. Half a dozen of the lowest class of figure-dancers have followed our friend Coventry from Paris, and send billets to him every night from Suffolk Street. I wish you could see Lord Clive's[4] face, that is over against me while I am writing; I think it would match your Shafto partly for beauty. Lord Holland will be in town either to-morrow or Monday. With all his houses,

[1] Charles Townshend opposed ministers both against the peace and their persecution of Wilkes, but he supported them in the Cider Bill.

[2] The Hon. George Townshend, afterward first Marquis Townshend.

[3] Granville, second Earl Gower, and first Marquis of Stafford, was born in 1721. He held several high appointments under the state, and died October 26, 1803.

[4] Robert, the great Lord Clive, died 22d November, 1774.

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he has none to put his head in, but has taken a lodging in Pall Mall. Calcraft walks in the park every morning arm in arm with Colonel Barré. Our friend Harry is peevish, and retired to Strawberry till the meeting. Pray make my best compliments to Lord March and the Tondino, and believe me to be

Yours, etc., etc.

JOHN GEORGE MONTAGU.

JOHN GEORGE MONTAGU, fourth Earl of Sandwich (to whom there are references in this, and several subsequent letters), was born in November, 1718, and in 1741 married Judith, daughter of Charles, first Viscount Fane, by whom he had one son, who succeeded him as fifth Earl of Sandwich. Lord Sandwich is now principally known to posterity from his connection with Miss Ray, who was shot by the Rev. Mr. Hickman, while she was stepping into his lordship's carriage at the entrance to Covent Garden Theatre. He was, however, a person of considerable note and importance in his day. He was educated at Eton, and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge. He quitted the university in 1735, without having taken a degree, and the following year proceeded on a voyage around the shores of the Mediterranean, his account of which was afterward pub-

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lished by his chaplain, the Rev. John Cooke, with a memoir of his life prefixed. Shortly after his return to England he took his seat in the House of Lords; in December, 1744, he was appointed a lord of the admiralty; in November, 1746, minister plenipotentiary to the States General, and afterward to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; in February, 1748, he was nominated first lord of the admiralty, and sworn of the Privy Council; in December, 1755, joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; in 1763 he was appointed ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Spain; in April following, he was again nominated first lord of the admiralty; and the following August, one of the principal secretaries of state, which office he resigned in July, 1765. In August, 1770, he was again appointed secretary of state, which post he exchanged in January, 1771, for that of first lord of the admiralty, which he retained till the downfall of Lord North's administration.

In social life, Lord Sandwich was distinguished by his convivial habits, his love of music, and his conversational powers. He was essentially a man of pleasure, and carried libertinism even to the verge of the grave. Wilkes, in his "Letters to the Electors of Aylesbury," styles him the "most abandoned man of his age." He had been a member of the celebrated Franciscans, who practised their impure orgies at Medmenham Abbey, near

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Marlow, in Buckinghamshire; and Churchill, in his poem, the "Candidate," exclaims:

> "Search Heaven, search Hell, the Devil cannot find
> An agent like Lothario to his mind."

It was the misfortune of Lord Sandwich to preside at the head of the Board of Admiralty during the least prosperous period of our naval annals. He has, however, the merit of having extended his warmest patronage to the celebrated navigator, Captain Cook; to naval officers he was always accessible, and his manner to them was invariably gracious and conciliating. One of his peculiarities was his giving notice to the numerous candidates for professional advancement, that he paid no attention to any memorial that extended beyond a single page. "If any man," he said, "will draw up his case, and will put his name to the bottom of the first page, I will give him an immediate reply; where he compels me to turn over the page, he must wait my pleasure." Another amusing anecdote is recorded of him. When Mr. Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, deserted the standard of Fox for that of Pitt, he sent, in justification of his apostacy, a circular letter to his former political colleagues. The reply of Lord Sandwich was sufficiently laconic: "Sir," he said, "your letter is before me, and will presently be behind." Lord Sandwich died on the 30th of April, 1792, in his seventy-fifth year.

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WILLIAM DOUGLAS.[1]

EARL OF MARCH.

In the course of the subsequent correspondence will be found a series of letters from the extraordinary and still famous personage who forms the subject of the present memoir. As mere literary compositions, or as exhibiting specimens of epistolary talent, they possess, perhaps, but slight claims to notice. However, the reader, perhaps, will be little inclined to regret their admission into the present pages, inasmuch as they throw a light on human character, and on the manners and habits of a past age; and exhibit, in a striking point of view, a strange mixture of strong sense and kind feeling with almost unequalled libertinism and sensuality.

William Douglas, third Earl of March, and afterward fourth Duke of Queensberry, was born in 1725. He succeeded his father as Earl of March in 1731, and his mother, as Earl of Ruglen, in 1748. On the accession of George the Third, he was appointed a lord of the bedchamber; in 1767 he was made Vice-Admiral of Scotland; and in October, 1778, on the death of his cousin Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, the friend and patron of Gay, succeeded to the dukedom and princely estates of Queensberry. In 1788, after having

[1] Afterward Duke of Queensberry.

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held the appointment of a lord of the bedchamber to George the Third for nearly twenty-eight years, the duke was suddenly deprived of his post. Imagining, like many others, that the mental malady under which the king was then labouring was a confirmed madness, he deserted the standard of Pitt for that of Fox and the Prince of Wales, and voted in opposition to the minister. It is needless to add that the king recovered his intellects, and the Duke of Queensberry was dismissed.

Though distinguished by no extraordinary talents, and with slender claims to be regarded as an object of public interest or attention, the duke nevertheless continued to be the "observed of all observers," almost from his boyhood to extreme old age. His passions were for women and the turf; and the sensual devotedness with which he pursued the one, and the eccentricity which he displayed in the enjoyment of both, added to the observation which he attracted from his position as a man of high rank and princely fortune, rendered him an object of unceasing curiosity. He was deeply versed in the mysteries of the turf, and in all practical and theoretical knowledge connected with the race-course was acknowledged to be the most accomplished adept of his time. In his youth he was in the habit of riding his own matches, and in the art of horsemanship there were but few professional jockeys who could compete with him. His famous match with the Duke

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of Hamilton, and that of the machine which long continued to bear his name, are still matters of notoriety.

Among the numerous occasions on which the name of the Duke of Queensberry came before the public in connection with sporting matters, may be mentioned the circumstance of the following curious trial, which took place before Lord Mansfield in the court of King's Bench, in 1771. The Duke of Queensberry, then Lord March, was the plaintiff, and a Mr. Pigot the defendant. The object of the trial was to recover the sum of five hundred guineas, being the amount of a wager laid by the Duke of Queensberry with Mr. Pigot, whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr. Pigot should die first. It had singularly happened that Mr. Pigot died suddenly the same morning, of the gout in his head, but before either of the parties interested in the result of the wager could by any possibility have been made acquainted with the fact. In the contemporary accounts of the trial, the Duke of Queensberry is mentioned as having been accommodated with a seat on the bench; while Lord Ossory, and several other noblemen, were examined on the merits of the case. By the counsel for the defendant, it was argued that (as in the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was to be run), the wager was invalid and annulled. Lord Mansfield, however, was of a different opinion; and after a brief charge from that great lawyer,

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the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of five hundred guineas, and sentenced the defendant to defray the costs of the suit.

It was in connection with such, and even less reputable connections, that the name of the Duke of Queensberry was chiefly familiar to the world. However, he united, with a passion for the race-course and the gaming-table, a taste for all the elegancies and refinements of life. He was unquestionably one of the most finished gentlemen of his day; his high breeding was never questioned; and for nearly half a century his dress and equipage were regarded as the models of good taste by a host of obsequious admirers. Nor is this the highest praise that can be awarded him. Deficient neither in wit nor in general information; with a passion for music, and a redeeming taste for literature and the fine arts, and deeply versed in the knowledge of human nature and mankind, there was no individual who, independent of his high rank and noble fortune, had the art of rendering himself more generally popular in every society.

The life of the Duke of Queensberry, it must be admitted, was a long career of profligacy, comprising little beyond the personal history of a man of pleasure, and distinguished principally by traits of exceeding libertinism, and by some eccentric peculiarities in his pursuit of sensual enjoyment. Few, however, are utterly and irredeemably bad; and therefore, in the private charities of the Duke

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of Queensberry, and they were not inconsiderable, in the vast sums which he subscribed for the furtherance of great national purposes, and in his personal good nature, we gladly recognise a partial atonement for his otherwise insensate and libidinous career.

At the period when he succeeded to the Queensberry titles and estates he was in his fifty-fourth year; and, with the accession of rank and fortune, seems to have ceased his intimate connection with the turf. He was formed but for the enjoyment of two societies, those of London and Newmarket, and when the latter ceased to possess its wonted charms, he confined himself almost entirely, in the decline of life, to the society of the clubs, and to the voluptuous and enervating pleasures which are alone to be obtained in a great city. His estates in Scotland, and even his splendid seat at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, — charming as the latter is in situation, convenient on account of its distance from London, and rendered classical both as the work of Inigo Jones and from its connection with Prior, Pope, and Gay, and the charming literary society with which the famous Duchess of Queensberry delighted to surround herself, — were rarely visited by the inactive voluptuary. His house in Piccadilly, and his villa at Richmond, became the easy and favourite resorts of the superannuated libertine; and here were enacted those frequent scenes of splendid vice, of almost Oriental volup-

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tuousness, and, indeed, of deliberate sensuality, of which delicacy precludes a detail.

Latterly, circumstances estranged the Duke of Queensberry even from the enjoyment of his suburban villa, and he confined himself entirely to his mansion in Piccadilly. It seems that, notwithstanding the considerable charities which he dispensed at Richmond, and the sums which his magnificent mode of living circulated in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants were ill-advised enough to institute against him a vexatious suit at law, for the recovery of a few yards of ground, which, unconscious of any invasion of parochial rights, he had taken into his enclosure. Conscious how great a benefactor he had been to the place, the duke quitted Richmond in disgust, and hereafter confined his vices and vast expenditure solely to the metropolis.

Although the habits and morality of the Duke of Queensberry were entirely of the Epicurean school, he has, nevertheless, some unworthy claims to be regarded in the light of a philosopher. His animal spirits were proof against the encroachments of senility and disease; and, to the last, women, the opera, and the society of a few chosen friends, afforded a panacea for the loss of youth and vigour, and for the increasing infirmities of old age. Though attached to the luxuries of the table, his indulgences were ever regulated by prudence; and, indeed, to his habit of enjoying his pleasures by rule may be attributed the longevity to which he

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attained. He professedly despised the opinion of the world, and as long as he secured the enjoyment of the moment, cared little whether his conduct was deprecated or approved by mankind. In old age, though deaf with one ear, and blind with one eye, he still retained the cheerfulness of youth, and seems to have confined himself to one single object, the enjoyment of the small remnant of life which remained to him.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who was well acquainted with the Duke of Queensberry in his latter years, has bequeathed us a curious portrait of him at the close of life: "Few noblemen," he says, "have occupied a more conspicuous place about the court and the town, during at least half a century, under the reigns of George the Second and Third. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure in every shape, and with as much ardour at fourscore as he had done at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, toward its close he sat down at his residence, near Hyde Park Corner, where he remained a spectator of that moving scene, which Johnson denominated 'the full tide of human existence,' but in which he could no longer take a very active part. I lived in almost daily habits of intercourse with him, when I was in London, during the last seven years of his protracted career. His person had then become a ruin; but not so his mind. Seeing only with one eye, hearing very imperfectly only with

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one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed all his intellectual faculties, including his memory. Never did any man retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant; his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine, indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man. If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry.

"Unfortunately, his sources of information — the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world — were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with a favourable idea of his own species. Information as acquired by books, he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me what advantage, or solid benefit, I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history; a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. It is a fact that, when he lay dying, in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters

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to the number of at least seventy, mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his extenuated state, to open or to peruse them, he ordered them as they arrived to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.

"Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths,[1] and other idle tales. It is, however, a fact, that the duke performed, in his own drawing-room, the scene of Paris and the goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females to be found in London presented themselves before him, precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while he, habited like the Dardan shepherd, holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest. This classic exhibition took place at his house opposite the Green Park. Neither the second Duke of Buckingham, commemorated by Pope, whose whole life was a voluptuous whim, nor any other of the licentious noblemen his contemporaries, appear to have ever realised a scene

[1] There are many persons still living who remember the almost universal prejudice against drinking milk which prevailed in the metropolis, in consequence of its being supposed that this common necessary of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of the Duke of Queensberry.

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so analogous to the manners of that profligate period. The correct days of George the Third were reserved to witness its accomplishment."

The celebrated William Wilberforce used to mention that, when a young man, he was invited to dine with the Duke of Queensberry at Richmond. "I always observe," he used to say, "that the owners of your grand houses have some snug corner in which they are glad to shelter themselves from their own magnificence. I remember dining, when I was a young man, with the Duke of Queensberry, at his Richmond villa. The party was very small and select; Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn (who lived for society, and continued in it till he looked really like the wax-work figure of a corpse), were amongst the guests. We dined early, that some of our party might be ready to attend the opera. The dinner was sumptuous, the views from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the duke looked on with indifference. 'What is there,' he said, 'to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it, — there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.'"

In the last years of his life, the Duke of Queensberry reluctantly withdrew himself from the society of the clubs in St. James's Street, and confined himself almost entirely to his mansion in Piccadilly, and to the society of a few chosen friends. His

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love of music, however, or rather, perhaps, his passion for the figurantes in the ballet, appears to have long survived his powers of enjoyment, and, to the close of his long career, he was almost constantly to be seen in his box at the opera.

In fine sunny weather, it was the custom of the Duke of Queensberry to seat himself in his balcony in Piccadilly,[1] where his figure was familiar to every person who was in the habit of passing through that great thoroughfare. Here (his emaciated figure rendered the more conspicuous from his custom of holding a parasol over his head) he was in the habit of watching every attractive form, and ogling every pretty face that met his eye. He is said, indeed, to have kept a pony and a servant in constant readiness, in order to follow, and ascertain the residence of any fair girl whose attractions particularly caught his fancy.

In addition to retaining in his household a French physician (who, moreover, is said to have been employed by him in the prosecution of his libertine amours), the Duke of Queensberry is known to have conferred a large salary on his medical

[1] The London residence of the Duke of Queensberry was situated close to the corner of Park Lane, overlooking the Green Park. It has since been divided into houses, which are now the residences of the Earls of Cadogan and Roseberry. There are many persons who may remember the flight of steps descending from the first floor into the street (constructed for the convenience of the Duke of Queensberry in his latter days), which have only within the last few years been removed.

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attendant, the late Mr. Fuller, of Piccadilly, on the condition that the latter should keep him alive. The duke, it may be remarked, was not singular in this uncommon mode of rewarding his physician. When Lord Macartney was in China, the emperor once expressed his surprise to him that the English should be so foolish as to fee their medical attendants when they were ill. "For my part," he said, "I always pay them when I am well; and as they get no remuneration when I am sick, they are pretty certain to do their best to keep me in health."

At the close of life, when suffering under an accumulation of painful disorders, the Duke of Queensberry occasionally betrayed an irritability of manner which his natural high breeding and good nature subsequently rendered matter for self-reproach. "As he had too sound an understanding," says Wraxall, "not to despise every species of flattery, we sometimes entered on discussions, during the course of which he was not always master of himself. But he knew how to repair his errors. I have now before my eyes his last note to me, written by himself in pencil, only a short time before his death. It runs thus:

"'I hope you will accept this as an apology for my irritable behaviour when you called this morning. I will explain all when I see you again.'"

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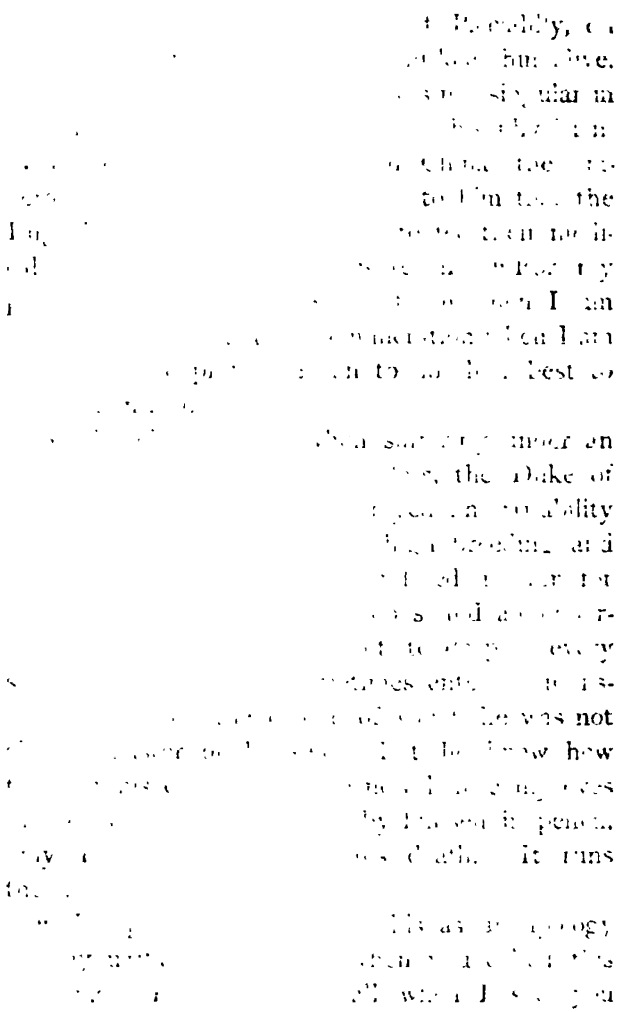

Duke of Queensbury.

Photo-etching after engraving by J. Cook.

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The Duke of Queensberry died, unmarried, on the 23d of December, 1810, at the age of eighty-six. "Notwithstanding," says Wraxall, "the libertine life that he had led, he contemplated with great firmness and composure of mind his approaching end, and almost imminent dissolution; while Doctor Johnson, a man of exemplary moral conduct, and personally courageous, could not hear the mention of death, nor look, without shuddering, at a thigh-bone in a churchyard. The Duke of Queensberry, like Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, might have said with truth, —

"Incertus morior, non perturbatus."

Notwithstanding the advanced age of the duke it was said that he would have lived longer but for his imprudent indulgence in eating fruit.

In consequence of the great wealth left by the Duke of Queensberry, and the number of persons interested in its distribution, his decease caused a considerable sensation in the metropolis. In addition to his large landed estates, which devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch and Sir Charles Douglas of Kilhead, of whom the latter succeeded to the marquisate of Queensberry, his personal property amounted to nearly a million of money. To Lady Yarmouth, the present Marchioness of Hertford, and her husband, the late marquis, he not only bequeathed the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, his two houses in Piccadilly, his villa

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at Richmond, and all the furniture which they contained, but Lord Hertford was also named his residuary legatee, by which it was supposed that a further sum of two hundred thousand pounds might eventually devolve on him. To Lord Douglas the duke bequeathed one hundred thousand pounds; to the Duchess of Somerset, independent of her husband, ten thousand pounds; to the Countess of Dunmore ten thousand pounds; to Lady Anne Hamilton ten thousand pounds; to Lady Hamilton five hundred pounds a year; to Gen. Charles Crawford ten thousand pounds; to Gen. R. W. Crawford five hundred pounds a year; to Mr. James five thousand pounds; to M. Père Elvizée five thousand pounds; to General Fitzpatrick five hundred pounds a year; to General Picton five thousand pounds; to Mr. Douglas one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; to Colonel Thomas twenty thousand pounds; to Viscount Sidmouth five thousand pounds; to Lady William Gordon ten thousand pounds; to Sir James Montgomerie ten thousand pounds; to the governors of the Lock Hospital five thousand pounds; to the governors of St. George's Hospital five thousand pounds; and to the cheque clerk at Coutts's Bank, who kept his account, six hundred pounds a year.

It is remarkable that, though the Duke of Queensberry provided in a very liberal manner for all his male domestics, he made not the slight-

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est provision in his will for any of his female servants; neither did he bequeath any legacy to his medical attendant, Mr. Fuller, though the latter, for some years, had slept almost constantly by his bedside.[1] To one Du Bois, who had been his

[1] Mr. Fuller subsequently brought an action, in the Court of Common Pleas, on the 11th July, 1811, against the executors of the Duke of Queensberry, for the recovery of ten thousand pounds, the amount of remuneration which he claimed for his professional attendance on the duke during seven years.

"Mr. Sergeant Vaughan opened the case on the part of the plaintiff. In the year 1803 his Grace of Queensberry had parted with his former apothecary, and it became necessary to look for another. He was seventy-eight, and subject to a diversity of complaints, and being attacked by a severe illness, it was necessary to look for a person on whom he could depend. Mr. Fuller was established as a medical man in a great way of business. He had received seventy guineas for services, during thirty-seven nights, but that sum was independent of the present demand. His Grace was pleased with Mr. Fuller, and being subject to a vertigo, he was apprehensive that some error would be committed by those who had the care of him, and unless he had the service of a medical man, he might be lost. Mr. Fuller was under the necessity of making personal sacrifices to attend, by the duke's order, and when he (the learned sergeant) should show that Mr. Fuller was in great business, the jury would say that he ought not to suffer by neglecting that business to attend on the duke. He attended till his Grace's death in 1810, and in the course of seven years he slept one thousand two hundred and fifteen nights in his Grace's house; during that time he also made nine thousand three hundred and forty visits, of two hours each, comprising in the whole a prodigious portion of time. His Grace insisted on his attendance at all times. He was called up in the course of the night by desire of the duke, and the duke, on these occasions, would not let him go to bed, keeping him many hours confined in a dark room; and it was only when the

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house-steward for thirty years, he left three hundred pounds a year; to his head groom, John Radford, two hundred pounds a year, with his horses and carriages; to his confectioner, one Burrell, two hundred pounds a year; to his footman, Michael, two hundred pounds a year; to his Italian valet one hundred pounds a year; and to Signor Salpeitro, who had been leader of the band at the Italian Opera, one hundred pounds a year. There were also bequests to three French ladies, of some celebrity, of one thousand pounds each. The will contained no less than twenty-five cod-

duke fell into a doze that he could get to his bed. Mr. Fuller had affixed to these exertions the reward of ten thousand pounds as a recompense, which had met the approbation of the Earl of Yarmouth, who possessed a considerable proportion of the one million one hundred and twenty thousand pounds left by the duke at his death.

"Michael Gummo, John Kettridge, and Louis Du Bois, servants to the late Duke of Queensberry, proved that the plaintiff was constantly about the duke's person.

"The Earl of Yarmouth, Sir Henry Halford, Doctor Ainsley, and Mr. Home, deposed that the charge was reasonable, considering the sacrifices made by the plaintiff. Mr. Sergeant Shepherd contended, on the part of the executors, that the plaintiff's demand could not be discharged without the decision of a court of law. He attributed the present claim to a disappointment which the plaintiff had sustained by not receiving a legacy from the duke.

"The judge left the jury to decide whether the duke had promised to remunerate Mr. Fuller for his services, as in that case he could recover a moderate reward for his assistance. The jury retired from the box, and on their return found for the plaintiff — Damages seven thousand five hundred pounds."

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icils, and the legacy duty alone is said to have amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. On the 31st of December the duke's remains were privately interred under the communion table in a vault in the chancel of St. James's Church, Piccadilly. They were attended to the grave by his executor, Mr. Douglas, and were accompanied by all the male domestics attached to the duke's household.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

SEYMOUR PLACE, 20th October, 1762.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have received all your letters. You make me wish very much to be with you, but I scarce think it will be possible, though I should like to come, were I to stay but a week. The Rena[1] has not quite fixed her setting out, but I believe it will be in ten days at farthest.

As to any news from here concerning politics, or the administration, you are sure to have better information from the duke and duchess than I can

[1] A beautiful Italian woman, the mistress of Lord March. Horace Walpole writes to General Conway, from Strawberry Hill, 9th September, 1762: "I have had Lord March and the Rena here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again into the *North Briton*." Lord March, as will be seen by the subsequent correspondence, entertained a stronger and more lasting regard for the Rena than for any other of his numerous mistresses.

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give you. I shall let Lord Huntingdon[1] know that you are thought to have a better pronunciation than any one that ever came from this country. Augustus Hervey will be appointed colonel of marines, and Keppel[2] will have a flag. I dine to-day with Lady Hervey, have visited Lady Mary Chabeau,[3] and had a note from her. How monstrously you envy me! This is all you can do at your return, and perhaps more. This cursed peace, that I have expected every day for these two months, I begin now to despair of. Hervey is waiting for me, so I shall finish this epistle after dinner.

I have just returned from the Hotel de Milady [Hervey]. At dinner, Lord and Lady Stormont, Mrs. Dives, Stanley, Morris, Augustus [Hervey],[4] and myself. Never was anything so French as her

[1] Francis, tenth Earl of Huntingdon, to whom Akenside has addressed one of his odes:

> "But thee, O progeny of heroes old!
> Thee to severer toils thy fate requires."

He died October 2, 1790.

[2] Augustus Keppel, afterward the celebrated admiral, created in 1782, Viscount Keppel. He was second son of William, second Earl of Albemarle, and died, unmarried, in 1786.

[3] Lady Mary Chabot, daughter of John Paul Howard, fourth Earl of Stafford, and wife of the Count de Rohan-Chabot. She died in May, 1769.

[4] Augustus John Hervey, afterward third Earl of Bristol, and a vice-admiral. He was the first husband of the celebrated Miss Chudleigh, who married, in his lifetime, Evelyn Pierrepoint, the last Duke of Kingston, for which offence she was tried in Westminster Hall by her peers. Lord Bristol died December 23, 1779.

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dinner, and the manner of its being served. It is a charming house, and as I have rather a partiality for the French, I am very glad to have the *entré*. Horace Walpole, who was in town yesterday, tells me I am in great favour, and I always have a great deal of prejudice for those that like me, which is one of the reasons why I love you more than anybody else. I intend sending your gazettes of the king and queen by Stanley, if he goes before the Tondino.[1]

Monsieur de Nivernois[2] is the most agreeable man in the world. The more I see him the more I like him. He is not yet got into his new house. I never had an opportunity of seeing Miss Newton, so I have not been able to make your excuses. Metham recruits but slowly. He assures us he is to be married to Miss (I forget her name, — Lady Jane Coke's heir[3]), as soon as he is recovered, and has told the Tondino that he is immediately to ask for a peerage. Perhaps he may be satisfied with an Irish one, — Lord Viscount Montgomery and Baron Metham of North Cave. None of your acquaintances are in town; scarce a number of any

[1] Another mistress of Lord March, of whom frequent notices will be found in the subsequent correspondence.

[2] The Duke de Nivernois, the French ambassador at the court of St. James's.

[3] Lady Jane Wharton, sister of the celebrated Philip, Duke of Wharton. She married, first, John Holt, Esq., of Redgrave, in Suffolk; and secondly, Robert Coke, Esq., younger brother of Thomas Coke, of Holkham, created, in 1744, Earl of Leicester.

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sort to make either a dinner or a supper here. I am just now going to Duchess Hamilton's, who is much better.

Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

The Right Hon. Henry Fox[1] *to George Selwyn.*

26th October, 1762.

DEAR SELWYN: — I wish to God Rigby[2] may find you asleep. He will take care it shall not be in a circle *des beaux esprits;* but I imagine Mad. Geoffrin to be all delicacy, to speak no louder or quicker than Lady Stafford, and to push *les beaux sentiments jusqu'à ce qu'on ne s'entend plus.* What a contrast you will have between Rigby and a *petit maître,* at first! but he will improve; but I beg you to consider that a little roughness, and a louder voice than is polite, are necessary, and don't bring him into the H. of Commons *perfectionné,* as I don't doubt you will be. Lady Holland,[3] I reckon, must trust to your goodness for admittance at Lady Hervey's; I foresee you the greatest favourite there. What should I write any more for? Rigby will tell you everything worth your hearing,

[1] Afterward Lord Holland.

[2] The Right Hon. Richard Rigby. He was now the intimate friend of Lord Holland, but circumstances afterward led to their estrangement.

[3] On the 6th of May, Lady Caroline Fox had been created Baroness Holland in her own right, Mr. Fox still remaining a commoner.

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grave or comic; and believe him if he assures you that I am, with the sincerest affection,

Yours,

H. Fox.

[Lady Hervey, who is referred to in this and some subsequent letters, was Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, so celebrated for her wit, beauty, and vivacity, which rendered her, in her youth, the brightest ornament of the court of George the First. She was the daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepel, and at an early age became maid of honour to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, to whom, on her accession to the throne, she was subsequently appointed mistress of the robes. Pope and Voltaire have celebrated her beauty and wit, — the latter in English verse, — and Gay exclaims, in his verses to Pope, on the termination of his translation of Homer:

"Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel."

But the most pleasing tribute paid to her beauty and wit is unquestionably afforded by the following lively copy of verses, said to be the joint composition of the celebrated Earls of Chesterfield and Bath:

"The Muses, quite jaded with rhyming,
To Molly Mogg bid a farewell;
But renew their sweet melody, chiming
To the name of dear Molly Lepel!

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"Bright Venus yet never saw bedded,
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepel!

"So pow'rful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old monk in his cell;
Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepel!

"If to the seraglio you brought her,
Where for slaves their maidens they sell,
I'm sure, though the Grand Seignior bought her,
He'd soon turn a slave to Lepel!

"Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
And likewise the Duchy of Zell,
I'd part with them all for a farthing,
To have my dear Molly Lepel!

"Or, were I the King of Great Britain,
To choose a minister well,
And support the throne that I sit on,
I'd have under me Molly Lepel!

"Of all the bright beauties so killing,
In London's fair city that dwell,
None can give me such joy, were she willing,
As the beautiful Molly Lepel!

"What man would not give the great ticket,
To his share if the benefit fell,
To be but one hour in a thicket
With the beautiful Molly Lepel!

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"Should Venus now rise from the ocean,
And naked appear in her shell,
She would not cause half the emotion
That we feel from dear Molly Lepel!

"Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He follow'd his wife down to hell;
And who would not go to the devil,
For the sake of dear Molly Lepel!

"Her lips and her breath are much sweeter
Than the thing which the Latins call *mel;*
Who would not thus pump for a metre,
To chime to dear Molly Lepel!

"In a bed you have seen pinks and roses,
Would you know a more delicate smell,
Ask the fortunate man who reposes
On the bosom of Molly Lepel!

"'Tis a maxim most fit for a lover,
If he kisses he never should tell;
But no tongue can ever discover
His pleasure with Molly Lepel!

"Heaven keep our good king from a rising,
But that rising who's fitter to quell,
Than some lady with beauty surprising,
And who should that be but Lepel!

"If Curll would print me this sonnet,
To a volume my verses should swell,
A fig for what Dennis says on it,
He can never find fault with Lepel!

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"Then Handel to music shall set it,
Through England my ballad shall sell;
And all the world readily get it,
To sing to the praise of Lepel!"

Lord Chesterfield writes to his son, on the 22d of October, 1750: "Lady Hervey, to my great joy, because to your great advantage, passes all this winter at Paris. She has been bred all her life in courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness." And again he writes, on the 28th of February following: "The word pleasing always puts me in mind of Lady Hervey. Pray tell her that I declare her responsible to me for your pleasing; that I consider her as a pleasing Falstaff, who not only pleases herself, but is the cause of pleasing in others." In October, 1720, she became the wife of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey, and died 2d September, 1768, having recently completed her sixty-eighth year.]

R. Mackreth[1] *to George Selwyn.*

WHITE'S, April 5, 1763.

SIR: — Having quitted business entirely, and let my house to the Cherubim, who is my near relation, I humbly beg leave, after returning you my most grateful thanks for all favours, to recommend him to your patronage, not doubting, by the

[1] Proprietor of "White's."

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long experience I have had of his fidelity, but that he will strenuously endeavour to oblige.

I am, sir, your most dutiful, and much obliged humble servant,

R. MACKRETH.

The Earl of March[1] *to George Selwyn.*

NEWMARKET, Wednesday morning [April, 1763].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — It is decided to stay here to-day, to-morrow, and Friday, in order to dine in London with you at Old Almack's, if you are not engaged, or at your own house, whichever you like best. Let them know at my house that I shall be in town between three and four. You talk to me of Wilkes's affair as if I had been in London.[2] I only know that he deserves to be put in the pillory for his abuse of government, and I shall be very glad to hear that he is severely punished. I have lost a little, on the whole, by the last meeting. Adieu, till Friday.

Yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

P. S. As my coach horses will not be in town, I wish you would order your servant to hire a coach for the Tondino, that she may have an equipage for Ranelagh.

[1] Afterward Duke of Queensberry.

[2] On the 23d of this month Wilkes published the memorable No. 45 of the *North Briton*, in which he commented on the king's speech with such unlicensed bitterness, that he was arrested and sent to the Tower.

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THE HON. MRS. HERVEY.

ANNE, daughter of Francis Coghlan, Esq., a counsellor of law in Ireland, had the misfortune, in 1744, to become the wife of the Hon. Thomas Hervey, second son of John, first Earl of Bristol. Mr. Hervey, or, as he was usually styled, "Tom Hervey," was not the least remarkable member of that former generation of the Bristol family, to whose eccentricities Lady Townshend referred in her well-known remark, that "God had made men, women, and Herveys." He figures as a strange compound of wit, talent, and reckless profligacy; to which may be added a perversion of intellect, which bordered closely on insanity. One of his peculiarities was that of making frequent appeals to the public, in matters which had reference entirely to his domestic differences and private concerns. These appeals were usually made in the form of a printed circular letter, which he distributed among his more intimate friends. His letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer, written after his elopement with Lady Hanmer, is well known; but it was chiefly his printed attacks on his unhappy wife which displayed to the world the thorough malignity of his nature, and the depravity of his heart. Two of these attacks, the one a letter to Lord Shelburne, and the other addressed to Colonel Burgoyne, are now before the editor; and are distinguished by an indecency of language and an indelicacy of

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detail, as well as by the basest aspersions of private character, and even an exposure of secret physical infirmities, which are only to be accounted for on the supposition that their miserable author laboured under partial insanity. It is to one of these infamous attacks that Mrs. Hervey alludes in the following letter. Mr. Hervey died on the 20th of January, 1775. "Though a vicious man," remarked Doctor Johnson, "he was one of the genteelest men that ever lived."

The Hon. Mrs. Hervey to George Selwyn.

BOND STREET, May 25, 1763.

Mrs. Hervey presents her compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and shall be infinitely beholden to him, if he will take the trouble to get for her something Mr. Hervey has got printed in relation to her, the particulars of which she cannot learn, but is informed, at large, contains most scandalous abuse of her. She is not certain whether he has sent it to Arthur's, but knows it has been read at Saunders's. She is sensible no delicate or prudent person would choose to draw this extraordinary gentleman's resentments and scurrility on himself; therefore she pledges her veracity to Mr. Selwyn, that she will never confess that she had the least assistance from him, if he will be so compassionate as to get this shameful pamphlet for her; for without seeing it she must remain in the utmost dilemma as to her proceedings.

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Mrs. Hervey's relations (who have great goodness and justice toward her) have kept her in ignorance of this matter, from their reluctance to give her new affliction; but in an affair where character is in question, she can accept no guide but lawyers; and, till she sees the horrid libel, cannot know whether she is injured enough to be redressed, but believes the law can defend her from no slander from Mr. Hervey, but a denial of her marriage. She is incapable of wishing to retaliate any wrongs on him, or inflicting any punishment that might come within her power. All she wishes is a release from a house he has made dangerous to stay in, and should this pamphlet help her to the means, she will pardon every other consequence of it, and be for ever grateful to Mr. Selwyn if he will procure it for her. She is told there are letters in it Mr. Hervey says he wrote to her. She has every one she ever did receive now in her possession, and thinks it so improbable he should have preserved copies, that she fears they may be disgraceful fictions she ought not to let pass for letters accepted by her. Poor Mr. Johnson disdains concealment when conscience is in question, but till she sees the pamphlet, she knows not how he can help her, and dare not send for him to this house.

Mrs. Hervey has been told Lord Beauchamp has now this strange work in his hands, and that Lord Ilchester also has it; so she thinks Mr. Sel-

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wyn cannot fail to get it. She is really made so nervous by all this disgrace to herself, and mortification to Mr. Hervey's family, but her hand shakes too much to write, and her head is in such pain and confusion she scarcely knows what she does write. She hopes Mr. Selwyn will pardon the great liberty she takes with him.

[The individual alluded to in this letter as "poor Mr. Johnson" is unquestionably the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose partiality for the Hervey family, and more especially for the memory of his early friend, Henry Hervey, the elder brother of Mr. Thomas Hervey, is well known. Doctor Johnson, more than twenty years after the date of the foregoing letter, speaking to Boswell of his youthful associate, Henry Hervey, observed, "He was a vicious man, but very kind to me; if you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

The little information which we possess in regard to Johnson's participation in the matrimonial misunderstanding of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hervey is thus recorded by Boswell: "The Hon. Thomas Hervey and his lady having unhappily disagreed, and being about to separate, Johnson interfered as their friend, and wrote him a letter of expostulation, which I have not been able to find; but the substance of it is ascertained by a letter to Johnson in answer to it, which Mr. Hervey printed. The occasion of this correspondence between Doctor

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Johnson and Mr. Hervey was thus related to me by Mr. Beauclerk: 'Tom Hervey had a great liking for Johnson, and in his will had left him a legacy of fifty pounds. One day he said to me, "Johnson may want this money now more than afterward; I have a mind to give it him directly. Will you be so good as to carry a fifty-pound note from me to him?" This I positively refused to do, as he might, perhaps, have knocked me down for insulting him, and have afterward put the note in his pocket. But I said if Hervey would write him a letter and enclose a fifty-pound note, I should take care to deliver it. He accordingly did write him a letter, mentioning that he was only paying a legacy a little sooner. To his letter he added, "*P. S.* I am going to part with my wife." Johnson then wrote to him, saying nothing of the note, but remonstrating with him against parting with his wife.'"

"When I mentioned to Johnson this story," adds Boswell, "in as delicate terms as I could, he told me that the fifty-pound note was given to him by Mr. Hervey in consideration of his having written for him a pamphlet against Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who, Mr. Hervey imagined, was the author of an attack upon him; but that it was afterward discovered to be the work of a garreteer, who wrote 'The Fool;' the pamphlet therefore, against Sir Charles was not printed."

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"This," observes Mr. Croker, "is not inconsistent with Mr. Beauclerk's account. It may have been in consideration of this pamphlet that Hervey left Johnson the fifty pounds in his will; and, on second thoughts, he may have determined to send it to him. It were, however, to be wished that the story had stood on its original ground. The acceptance of an anticipated legacy from a friend would have had nothing objectionable in it; but can so much be said for the employment of one's pen for hire, in the disgusting squabbles of so mischievous and profligate a madman as Mr. Thomas Hervey?"

The circumstance of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams having, in his inimitable lampoons, frequently attacked the celebrated John, Lord Hervey, the elder brother of Mr. Thomas Hervey, may probably have induced the latter to believe that Sir Charles was also the author of the pamphlet which he had engaged Doctor Johnson to answer. The real author of the pamphlet, as we are informed by Mr. Croker, was a Mr. William Horsley, whose ephemeral literary reputation died with himself.]

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

14th June, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—This place is already as thin as a country village: Bully [1] and his wife are gone

[1] Lord Bolingbroke. In the course of these letters he will be found usually denominated by this familiar abbreviation.

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lovingly to Lydiard,[1] but he has taken a house in Windsor Forest, and "Cliveden's[2] proud alcove" is again fitting up for the reception of modern wantons. It is so long since the Richmond masquerade,[3] I had almost forgotten to mention it. Shelly sent me a ticket. It was a very fine sight, but not otherwise entertaining; no remarkable event, only old Gunning in a Grecian sailor's habit, and there was a white-satin priest, who from his not unmasking the whole night was taken for Lord Bath,[4] but proved at last to be ——. Lord B. is returned from Harrowgate, and says he finds such thorough content and happiness in a private life, that it is conjectured he never will embark again in the stormy ocean of politics.

[1] Lydiard Tregoze, in Wiltshire, the ancient seat of the Bolingbroke family in that county.

[2] Cliveden, near Maidenhead, where, it is unnecessary to remind the reader, that the witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wantoned with his abandoned mistress, the Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband he had killed in a duel.

> "Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

Cliveden was afterward the residence of Lady Orkney, the mistress of William the Third, and subsequently of Frederick, Prince of Wales. It is now [1843] the residence of Sir George Warrender.

[3] A splendid masquerade, given by the Duke of Richmond at his house in Privy Gardens, on the 4th of June, the birthday of George the Third.

[4] William Pulteney, the celebrated statesman and wit, was created Earl of Bath July 14, 1742, and died June 8, 1764.

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Wilkes and his crew seem to have worn themselves out. Temple[1] is retired to Stow, and all the contents and non-contents seem inclined to hold their tongues till they meet at Westminster. Will Hervey died of an apoplexy at Wanstead. He had hunted in the morning, and was in a boat on the water, talking to Mr. G. Grenville, when he was taken speechless, and expired presently. To show you that Mr. Thomas Hervey is alive and well, I have enclosed you an advertisement, which he published but yesterday against his wife, notwithstanding its date. Let me hear you are well the first opportunity, and believe me to be,

Yours ever.

To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, at Paris.

The following is the advertisement alluded to in this letter:

"Bond Street, May 4, 1763.

"Whereas, Mrs. Hervey has been three times from home the last year, and at least as often the year before, without either my leave or privity; and likewise encouraged her son to persist in the same rebellious practices; I hereby declare, that I neither am nor will be accountable for any future debts of hers whatever: she is now keeping forcible possession of my house, to which I never did invite, or ever thought of inviting her, in all my life. Thomas Hervey."

[1] Richard, first Earl Temple, K. G. He died September 11, 1779.

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The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, after dinner [June, 1763].

My DEAR GEORGE: — I received your letters from Paris at the lodge, where I stayed the whole week. I won the first day above £2,000, of which I brought off about £1,500. As all things are exaggerated, I am supposed to have won at least twice as much.

I can say nothing to you about Paris or Spa, because I am quite undetermined, and there is always something to do here that I wish to stay for. The Duchess of Hamilton sets out for Paris Wednesday week, and the Duke and Duchess of Ancaster[1] will go about the same time. I was to-day at Leicester House, to kiss hands for the riband. Lady Augusta[2] inquired after you in the most gracious and good-humoured manner that can be imagined. She said you had saved your fine coat for the king's birthday. I told her I was sure you would not be so economical upon

[1] Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster, and his duchess, Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton, Esq., afterward mistress of the robes to Queen Charlotte.

[2] The Princess Augusta, eldest child of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister of George the Third, was born July 31, 1737, and was remarkable for personal beauty, and the gentleness of her disposition. She married, on the 16th January, 1764, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, and died in England, on the 22d March, 1813.

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another occasion,[1] and that you intended to return on purpose to pay your respect to her.

The masquerade was very numerous and very fine. Old Gunning[2] was there in a running-footman's habit, with Lady Coventry's picture hung at his buttonhole, like a *croix de St. Louis*.[3] Tom Hervey has advertised his wife, which advertisement Williams is to give you an account of. The Bedfords are all arrived. Lord Tavistock dined here to-day, with D'Uson and M. de Fleury. Madame de Boufflers was at Lady Mary Coke's for two days in the Ascot week; she is now at Sion Hill.

I have eat so much dinner that what I have already written makes my head ache, so I am just going to take a walk in the park, it being now past eight, and the finest evening that ever was. I will write again soon, and more intelligibly; and when I

[1] Alluding to the approaching marriage of the princess, which took place in the month of January following.

[2] John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, county of Roscommon, father of the beautiful Lady Coventry, and of the Duchess of Hamilton.

[3] The gay world was very nearly being disappointed of this splendid entertainment, by the sudden illness of the Duke of Richmond. Horace Walpole writes George Montagu, on the 1st of June: "There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The Duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a Queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright.

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know what I intend doing, I will let you know it. Tondino è in collera, dicendo che la littera non è andata subito. Farewell, my dear George!

Yours most affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Saturday, June 18 [1763].

Ten thousand thanks to you, my dear George, for your long letter, which I will pretend to return by equal quantity. Poor Paris! if it was not for a Grimaldi, and a few extravagant heirs apparent from England, you might as well live in the provinces. I wonder at your assurance in talking of staying till the wedding. Surely you reckon without your host, for I really believe you will not see March till you meet him on this side of what the sailors call the herring-pond. He gave a breakfast and concert yesterday to the Bouffler;[1] the Bladens were not there, having retired for the summer season into the country. Panton said it went off rather heavy, and he himself came to eat strawberries at Betty's,[2] long before it was finished.

Your child, Nanny,[3] for I'll call her nobody's

[1] La Comtesse de Boufflers.

[2] A celebrated fruit shop in St. James's Street, where men of fashion met to discuss the gossip of the day.

[3] Lady Anne Coventry, second daughter of the beautiful countess, was born in 1756, and consequently at this period was in her eighth year. It will be seen by subsequent letters that

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else (and, indeed, she ought to have been laid at your door), is the better for the sea air. The little boy [1] is just come up to school, and says his sister is the admiration of the whole place; this you will believe, though its father neither knows nor cares anything about it.

You will not be surprised at Willis losing wagers. He has lost a very extraordinary one at Oatland's, for £20, in running against Jack Shelley,[2] who was to have his hands tied behind him. You see how great men can trifle! Scipio and others have done it, which old Peachy always observed on those occasions. Coventry dined yesterday at Claremont.[3] The dinner consisted of Lord Spencer,[4] the Rock-

Selwyn, who loved children almost as much as he delighted in executions, took a singular interest in this little girl, and indeed regarded her with almost as much affection as if she had been his own child. Lady Anne grew to woman's estate, and married, first, in 1778, the Hon. Edward Foley, which marriage was dissolved in 1787; and secondly, Capt. Samuel Wright.

[1] George William, afterward seventh Earl of Coventry. He died March 26, 1831.

[2] John Shelley, Esq., father of the present (sixth) baronet. He was the eldest son of Sir John Shelley, Bart., of Maresfield Park, Sussex, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Lord Pelham, and sister of the first Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister. Mr. Shelley held, at different periods, the appointments of keeper of the records in the Tower, clerk of the pipe, and treasurer of the household. He was also a member of Parliament, and a privy councillor. In September, 1771, he succeeded his father as fifth baronet, and died on the 11th of September, 1783.

[3] At this period the residence of Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister.

[4] John, first Earl Spencer, father of the beautiful Duchess of

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inghams, little Villiers, Lord Lyttelton[1] and his son, General Mostyn, and his lordship. The whole play lay between his Grace and the general, who, they say, defended himself with a wonderful presence of mind.

Coventry is going down to Crome, with Jack Shelley, Powerscourt, and the whole Richmond click, to entertain Lady Kildare,[2] who is drinking the waters at Malvern. This party will put even the mountain in motion. I was glad to hear so good an account of Lord Holland, for I shall always think myself obliged to him, and most certainly to you for making me so. Our Shortgrove party begins next week. March and Dick Vernon begin to whisper about some sweepstakes at Huntingdon, where, I believe, you have not been since you lent that kindly assistance to D. Hamilton. You will very soon see the Duchess and Lord Lorne, though I believe they move immediately southward. Bateman and his wife are preparing for

Devonshire, and celebrated, if not immortalised, in verse, by his son-in-law, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire:

"All posterity should know
How pure a spirit warmed the dust below."

[1] George, first Baron Lyttelton, the author of the "Monody," and of the "History of Henry the Second." His son, here alluded to, was Thomas, second Baron Lyttelton, the hero of the celebrated ghost-story.

[2] Amelia Mary, daughter of Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond, and wife of James, twentieth Earl of Kildare, afterward first Duke of Leinster. She died in 1814.

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the Spa. The Duchess of Marlborough [1] is better, though some disagreeable operation is still to be performed. I have not positively resolved on my destination for the summer, though in the autumn I hold myself engaged to you at Crome and elsewhere; but in the meantime let me often hear from you, for no one can love you and esteem you more than,

Yours ever.

P. S. Lady Townshend gave us yesterday a dinner, which Clanbrassil [2] was to have given, with Keith. Poor man! he seems going on a much longer embassy to the next world, and had scarce breath enough to answer half the questions relating to Peter and his humane consort.

[La Comtesse de Boufflers, whose name occurs in this and in several subsequent letters, was a person of considerable celebrity in her day. Not content with a reputation for wit, gallantry, and fashion, and with being regarded as a leader of the *bon ton* in Paris, she was eager in acquiring literary fame. During her stay in England she paid a visit to Doctor Johnson, the particulars of

[1] Caroline, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford, and wife of George, third Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1811.

[2] James Hamilton, second Viscount Clanbrassil, in Ireland, was advanced to the earldom of Clanbrassil November 13, 1756. He was a member of the Privy Council, and chief remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer.

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which were thus related to Boswell by Topham Beauclerk: "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson; I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a voice like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little reflection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and, brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered around, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance." Horace Walpole says of Madame de Boufflers: "She is very sensible, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing, but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause; you would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer." She was the mistress of the

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Prince de Conti, and is said to have been extremely anxious to be made his wife.]

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

SEYMOUR PLACE, Tuesday, 21 June, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — *Vous êtes charmant pour les commissions*, and the best correspondent in the world; I like everything you have sent me as well as if I had chose them myself.

My tailor, Davenport, is going to Paris in a few days. I have given him directions about my clothes, and I have desired he will consult you, which I do that he may not impose upon me as to the price, which you will take care of. My going abroad appears every day more uncertain, so that I am very glad you went without staying for me.

I have not seen the Duchess of Bedford and the duke, only for a few minutes at court. They are now at Woburn. Madame de Boufflers went there last Sunday, and from thence she goes to the Duke of Grafton at Wakefield.[1] I have some thoughts of going to Woburn on Thursday; that is a visit I must absolutely make, and I should like to have done it when Madame de Boufflers was there, — perhaps I may find her. The Margrave d'Anspach, and a great many foreigners, are to dine here to-morrow. I believe you was gone before the margrave came. You know he is very

[1] Wakefield Lodge in Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, the seat of the Duke of Grafton.

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nearly related to the royal family, and a sovereign prince. My dinner is a rebound of one we had at Eglinton's.

I saw Williams this morning at White's; he inquired after you. Coventry is going in a few days to the country to entertain the Duke of York,[1] who is to make him a visit in his way to Scarborough. Pray make my best compliments to M. de Nivernois. The little Tondino is now writing you a letter. She has had a *spiriti bassini*. Adieu, my dear George; I have a visit to make the Duke of Queensberry, who goes to-morrow to Scotland. It is past six, and I am not yet dressed.

Yours,

MARCH AND R.

MISS MARY TOWNSHEND.

MISS MARY TOWNSHEND was born on the 24th of March, 1734. She was the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend, by Albinia, daughter of Col. John Selwyn, and was consequently niece to George Selwyn. Several pleasing and sensible letters of this lady will be found in the present collection.

[1] Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of George the Third. He died at Monaco, in Italy, September 17, 1767, at the age of twenty-eight.

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Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, 23 June [1763].

DEAR SIR: — I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind and obliging letter on Saturday. The Duke of Richmond's masquerade, I hear, succeeded extremely well; everything was magnificent and well conducted. The mask whose ingenuity I hear most of was Mr. Augustus Hervey, who was perfectly disguised, and attacked everybody, Miss C.[1] not excepted. I was not without amusement that evening, though I had excused myself going to the ball, as Miss Pelham was so good as to come here for that night, and was very good company.

I hope you will not forget the visit to St. Cyr,[2]

[1] Evidently Miss Chudleigh, afterward the celebrated Duchess of Kingston. Mr. Augustus Hervey, who afterward succeeded as third Earl of Bristol, was her husband. At this period they had been married nineteen years, though, from peculiar and prudential motives, both parties connived in keeping their union a secret.

[2] St. Cyr, it is almost needless to remark, was the famous and splendid establishment of Madame de Maintenon, for the gratuitous education of three hundred young ladies of family and small fortune, for which she herself drew up the rules, and where she secluded herself from the world after the death of her husband, Louis the Fourteenth. Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, gives the following interesting account of a visit which he paid to St. Cyr in 1769: "The first thing I desired to see was Madame de Maintenon's apartment. It consists of two small rooms, a library, and a very small chamber, — the same in which the Czar saw her, and in which she died. The bed is taken away, and the room covered now with bad

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that you promised me to make, to search for some vestige of our old friends. I was in the right not to accept of your invitation to go to Paris, as I should appear so very ancient by inquiring after people all of the last age. For your sake I wish I had profited more by their acquaintance, and was capable of making a trifling letter amusing.

The most remarkable event I have heard of

pictures of the royal family, which destroys the gravity and simplicity. It is wainscotted with oak, with plain chairs of the same, covered with dark blue damask. Everywhere else the chairs are of blue cloth. The simplicity and extreme neatness of the whole house, which is vast, are very remarkable. A large apartment above (for that I have mentioned is on the ground floor), consisting of five rooms, and destined by Louis Quatorze for Madame de Maintenon, is now the infirmary, with neat white linen beds, and decorated with every text of Scripture by which could be insinuated that the foundress was a queen. The hour of vespers being come, we were conducted to the chapel; and as it was my curiosity that had led us thither, I was placed in the Maintenon's own tribune, my company in the adjoining gallery. The pensioners, two and two, each band headed by a nun, march orderly to their seats, and sing the whole service, which I confess was not a little tedious. The young ladies, to the number of two hundred and fifty, are dressed in black, with short aprons of the same, the latter and their stays bound with blue, yellow, green, or red, to distinguish the classes; the captains and lieutenants have knots of a different colour, for distinction. Their hair is curled and powdered, their coiffure a sort of French round-eared cap, with white tippets, a sort of ruff and large tucker; in short, a very pretty dress. The nuns are entirely in black, with crape veils and long trains, deep white handkerchiefs, and forehead cloths, and a very long train. The chapel is plain but very pretty; and in the middle of the choir, under a flat marble, lies the foundress. Madame de Cambis, one of the

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since your departure, is the arrival of a French officer with a leaden coffin and a young child, who went directly to Lord Luxborough's house, and told him that the coffin contained his child, who had married him since she left England, and had died in childbed of the child he had brought with him. Lord Luxborough, though he had never heard of the marriage, without further inquiry has

nuns, who are about forty, is beautiful as a madonna. The abbess has no distinction but a larger and richer gold cross; her apartment consists of two very small rooms. We were shown some rich reliquaries, and the *corpo santo* that was sent to her by the pope. We were then carried into the public room of each class. In the first, the young ladies, who were playing at chess, were ordered to sing to us the choruses of 'Athaliah;' in another they danced minuets and country-dances, while a nun, not quite so able as St. Cecilia, played on a violin. In the others, they acted before us the proverbs, or conversations, written by Madame de Maintenon for their instruction; for she was not only their foundress but their saint, and their adoration of her memory has quite eclipsed the Virgin Mary. We saw their dormitory, and saw them at supper; and at last were carried to their archives, where they produced volumes of her letters, and where one of the nuns gave me a small piece of paper with three sentences in her handwriting. I forgot to tell you that this kind dame, who took to me extremely, asked me if we had many convents and many relics in England. I was much embarrassed, for fear of destroying her good opinion of me, and so said we had but few now. Oh! we went to the apothicaire, where they treated us with cordials, and where one of the ladies told me inoculation was a sin, as it was a voluntary detention from mass, and as voluntary a cause of eating *gras*. Our visit concluded in the garden, now grown very venerable, where the young ladies played at little games before us. After a stay of four hours, we took our leave."

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taken officer, leaden coffin, and child into his house, and is very fond of them all. I doubt that none of our poor half-pay captains will find out such an ingenious way of providing for themselves. All here desire to be most kindly remembered to you.

The Earl of March to George Selywn.

HOTEL DE TONDINO, Saturday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — When I returned from Lord Shelburne's,[1] I was quite surprised to find you were gone. I did not get up till near two, and I promised to be there at three; dinner being ordered at that time that Madame de Boufflers might be in time for the play. I found them at dinner when I came; Lady Mary C. and Monsieur and Madame d'Uson. I expected it would have been a larger party.

I am now just setting out for Newmarket. The Tondino is a good deal better; and as she thinks the air of the country will do her good, I shall take her with me, though I return to-morrow. I have called on M. de Nivernois to take leave, but he was not up, so I shall call again. The

[1] William, second Earl of Shelburne, the friend and follower of the great Lord Chatham. He became first minister on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, but retired from office on the accession of Mr. Pitt, by whom he was created, in 1784, Marquis of Lansdowne. His death took place May 7, 1805.

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D'Usans and Boufflers are set out this morning upon their progress. Adieu, my dear George.

Yours very sincerely and affectionately.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Wednesday, June 29, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Till I received your last, I was afraid you had either broke your banker, or kept up so little correspondence with him, that he never delivered your letters. I find your plan is again altered, and that you do not go to Spa with Lord Holland. That place must be a complete colony of English. Parties are making, from privy councillors down to tavern waiters. Lord and Lady Bateman[1] set out to-morrow; Jack Sebright[2] the next day; Lord and Lady Spencer the day following, and I think I heard the Nailors intended to open a pharaoh bank in the bishopric of Liège.

Coventry is just gone down to Crome to open his house for Lady Kildare, etc., who are drinking

[1] John, second Viscount Bateman, in Ireland, M. P. for Woodstock, lord lieutenant of the county of Hereford, a privy councillor, and master of the buckhounds. He married, July 10, 1748, Miss Sambrooke, daughter and coheir of John Sambrooke, Esq., and niece of Sir Jeremiah Sambrooke, of Gubbins, in Hertfordshire.

[2] Sir John Sebright, Bart., a lieutenant-general in the army, married, in 1766, Sarah, daughter of Edward Knight, Esq., of Wolverley, in Worcestershire, by whom he was the father of the present (seventh) baronet. He died in March, 1794.

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the Malvern waters. The Duke of York sets out and lies a night or two with the peer, to-morrow, on his way to Scarborough; and who do you think he takes, of all his gay companions, as his servant in that journey? — why, the Baptist![1] Had Bully[2] been in town, I think it highly probable that he would have been invited to be of the party. In a fortnight he returns, and his present intention is to set out immediately for Paris.

Bathing agrees with your child,[3] and I believe the swelling will disperse without an operation. March is well, and I believe will continue jogging on in the dust till Huntingdon races. The Rena and his lordship make frequent excursions to Newmarket, for, as Lord Beaulieu[4] observes, at this time of the year nothing is pleasant in this town but the country about it! Madame Blewflower,

[1] The Hon. Henry St. John, a groom of the bedchamber, and subsequently member of Parliament for Wotton Basset, and a colonel in the army. He attended the Duke of York to Italy in 1767, and on the death of his Royal Highness at Monaco, it fell to the melancholy lot of Colonel St. John, then a young man of pleasure, to escort the remains of his master to England. The origin of his by-name, "the Baptist," by which he is frequently designated in these letters, it is unnecessary to point out.

[2] Lord Bolingbroke, elder brother of Henry St. John. Horace Walpole speaks of the two brothers as "Lord Corydon and Captain Corydon." Lord Bolingbroke was thought to have been too much in the good graces of the beautiful Lady Coventry.

[3] Lady Anne Coventry.

[4] Edward Hussey, the husband of the beautiful Duchess of Manchester created, May 4, 1762, Baron Beaulieu, of Beaulieu, Hants.

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as our Mob calls her, has been at Woburn. Lord Tavistock conveyed her; but as to the temper of her host, her opinion of the place, or the gallantries she met there, I am totally ignorant. We have had a most martial review in Hyde Park of all the guards. N. Berkeley[1] said they behaved incomparably well, but for the particulars of which I must refer you to Lord Tavistock, who, without prejudice or partiality to my countrymen, I will pronounce to be a much prettier man, take him for all in all, than any exotic you can produce in your peregrinations.[2]

You are cursed close as to your politics. I want to hear the true Calcraft quarrel. By a word or two in your last, I am apt to think that all ministerial ideas have not totally subsided in your friend,[3] and that *cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* I hope the Spa will agree so well with your cousins, Lord Robert Bertie and his *sposa,* that a child may be the consequence of it; a report of that sort would give some alarm at Frognal.[4] There is no news of Cadogan as yet.

[1] Norborne Berkeley, afterward Lord Bottetourt. He dièd, unmarried, in 1770. The title is now merged in the dukedom of Beaufort.

[2] Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, son of John, Duke of Bedford, was born in 1739, and died, in the lifetime of his father, in 1767. The circumstances of his melancholy end will hereafter be detailed.

[3] Mr. Fox, recently created Baron Holland of Foxley.

[4] Lord Robert Bertie, third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster, married, April 5, 1762, Chetwynd, daughter and co-

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He is certainly built more for Holland than Paris, and I do not wonder at the preference which he gives to his compatriots.

I think you give yourself airs as to the princess,[1] and the fine things she says of you. I believe that Lady Charlotte only humbugs you to make you smuggle some lace, and not to serve her as you did the last time in regard to the doll. If the following makes you laugh as much as it did me, my pains are answered in copying it. Bunny[2] wanted a cook; takes one that advertised herself; writes to her late master, Lord Berkeley of Stratton's brother, for her character, and desires the answer may be directed to Lord Coventry in Grosvenor Square, which comes as follows:

"Sir, or madam, the first letter of the name does not distinguish the sex. Cath. York is the best cook I have had in twenty years or more, that I have kept house. She may have lived here about ten months. I believe her very honest, not extravagant in the kitchen; she is very clean. Her temper is like charcoal, which kindles soon, and sparks to the top of the house. She is passionate, and ungovernably wilful in her own way. We had many quarrels, and bore many faults for the sake

heir of Montagu, Viscount Blundell, in Ireland, by whom he had no issue.

[1] Apparently the Princess Augusta.

[2] Apparently Sir Charles Bunbury, recently married to the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

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of the table. The final quarrel was, my wife, according to custom, sent her maid to see the other maids' candles out. Cath. York bolted her door, and denied her entrance. I do not charge her with drinking, but with being as impetuous as if she did drink. I was afraid we might be burnt in our beds. I am, etc., etc.,

"C. BERKELEY."[1]

Will not this jewel of a man make a better correspondent than Tom Lane? When you return we will inquire after every servant that has left him since he kept house.

I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who heard it. He called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another, and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; but, says he, you need not be curious about the sauce, for you know he is to be hanged to-morrow. That is true, says the other, but the Ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a hell of a fellow for butter! If the continental air has not altered you, this will please you, — at least I have known the time when you have gone a good way for such a morsel. I know your economy, so I will never transgress the bounds of a single sheet, though I could go somewhat farther in a fresh one, by telling you

[1] Charles, third son of William, fourth Lord Berkeley, of Stratton. He married, in 1745, Frances, daughter of Colonel Jonn West, and died in 1765.

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how much I love you, how much I wish for you, and how sincerely I am,

My dear George, ever yours.

P. S. Lord Digby was of the Thomond party, and desires to be remembered to you. Lady Waldegrave[1] has declared herself not with child. A turtle will be dressed to-morrow.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, at Paris.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

SEYMOUR PLACE, 1 July, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Upon my return from Newmarket last Wednesday I found your letter, by which I find you wholly despair of me. Whether I shall come or not is rather uncertain. If I do, it will be immediately after Huntingdon, which is the last week in this month.

I did not go to Woburn, so I have that visit to make. This week I have been in waiting, and to-day, being Friday, I have nothing further to do.

[1] Maria, the beautiful Lady Waldegrave, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K. B., and granddaughter of Sir Robert Walpole. She married James, second Earl of Waldegrave, a man much older than herself, but apparently distinguished by every endearing and estimable quality. Lord Waldegrave dying April 28, 1763, had left her a widow only a few weeks previous to the date of this letter, and apparently with the prospect of her becoming the mother of a posthumous child. She subsequently married, in 1766, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George the Third, and died in 1807.

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The king did not take his lord of the bedchamber to the review last Monday, so that I had that day and Tuesday at Newmarket. The horse-guards are to be reviewed next Monday; Elliot's the Monday following.

Since this letter was begun I have been at Madame de Boufflers's, who returned last night from her expedition to Woburn and Wakefield, and seems perfectly satisfied with everything here. Beauclerk was at Woburn. She goes on Sunday to stay a week with Lady Holderness at Sion Hill, in Lord H.'s absence,[1] who sets out to-morrow for Yorkshire, and the 23d for Paris. Williams suspects you begin to be a little *seccatored*, and that you would like as well to sit down to Saunders's turtle, which is just going to be served up, as to any dinner you can have where you are. I know of nothing new or entertaining to send you. Everything goes on as when you left us, and I am always, as much as it is possible,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

M. AND R.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CLIFFORD STREET, July 6, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You write such pamphlets to March and the countess, that I receive my

[1] Robert d'Arcy, fourth and last Earl of Holderness, grandson of the celebrated Duke of Schomberg. He married Mary, daughter of Francis Doublet, member of the States of Holland, and died in 1778, when the earldom of Holderness became extinct.

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scrap of paper without the least thankfulness. We dined in Seymour Row yesterday, and agreed your time could not be crowded with amusements, when you had so much left vacant for your pen and ink.

Cadogan [1] is come back, and I think much more a Dutch than a French man. He holds Paris and all its pleasures cheap, and prefers our English circulation of the bottle after dinner.

As I am now going to ask a favour of you, I wish you may be at leisure enough to attend to it. Mrs. Mack and her sister set out for Paris to-day. You know the helpless condition of two women in such a place without a man to protect them; therefore, whatever little offices you can do for them in the friendly way, I will most thankfully acknowledge. I should imagine they will be with you at the time you receive this letter. Their first intention was for the Spa, but Cadogan's account has changed their route for Paris.

We had a singular accident yesterday at our review in Hyde Park. My Lord Steward was mounted on a most vicious stone horse, who very soon dismounted his lordship; after which he seized on Sir W. Briton, whose mare he embraced so closely, that in the scramble poor Sir William's

[1] The Hon. Charles Sloane Cadogan, afterward third Baron and subsequently created Earl Cadogan. He died April 3, 1807, in his eightieth year. Lady Hervey says of him, "He has an excellent understanding, is a man of worth and principle, and gains more by being well known than most people."

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nose was beat flat to his face. He is now in a most languishing condition, and will make his next appearance as like your nephew Midleton [1] as your nephew is to *ma chère chère* I can send you no particular account of the Crome girls,[2] as he is in the country entertaining the Duke of York; there is not one person left in town who knows such people exist. I have not yet fixed my destination for the remains of the summer; but at all events I shall hold myself engaged for Crome and Matson in October.

Horry [3] is taken up with nursing his niece, who bore a most painful operation on her breast very heroically. I believe General Waldegrave [4] will very soon be declared a successor to the earldom and the moveables thereof. Though I suppose you are up to the throat with soup and the truffles of Perigord, yet we have our dainties too; and

[1] George, third Viscount Midleton. He married, in 1752, Albinia, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend, and niece to George Selwyn. Lord Midleton died the 22d of September, 1765.

[2] Lady Mary and Lady Anne Coventry.

[3] Horace Walpole. In his letters dated at this period, there are some very interesting notices of the last moments of Lord Waldegrave, and of the fortitude displayed by his young widow. Lady Waldegrave, it is needless to remark, was the niece of Horace Walpole.

[4] John, brother of the late lord, succeeded as third Earl of Waldegrave. He was a general in the army; Governor of Plymouth; and master of the horse to Queen Charlotte. He died October 22, 1784.

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since no less than six turtles are dressed in a day at Cornhill, I believe you would condescend to sit a messmate with our alderman[1] for a day or two. We are very successful in stealing a plate from them, without paying the tax of keeping them company.

Adieu, my dear George,

I am ever yours, etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Monday, July 18, 1763.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — How very different, at present, is your amusement and that of your friends! You are conversing with men of beard and wisdom, while Lord March and I are up half the night with people of a profligate character, singing the "Blue Bells of Ireland," and other songs equally impure and vulgar. I think you cannot expect after this to see him at Paris, which I own I rejoice at, as it will in great measure hasten the pleasure of seeing you here.

We have agreed you love to be coddled in a coach with an old dowager, so expect to see you in the Lorne convoy; and don't be surprised if you meet old Duke Scapin on the road in a mask, making some certain family demands with a pistol.

Cov.[2] is returned to town: he stays to relieve

[1] Alderman Harris of Gloucester. [2] Lord Coventry.

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the distresses of half a dozen half-starved vestals, and then talks of setting out for France. As he is full as helpless as either of the women I have consigned to you, he will equally want your assistance. His errand is to buy furniture, to talk of tapestry and glasses, and to pay for importing a worse thing than an English courier could have helped him to. He told us last night his estate was ten thousand per annum, with a debt of fifty. I suppose you would be willing to add to [the] incumbrance very considerably for your own little girl. I have sent them the dolls, and their father visits them on Friday next; they are both much better for the sea water.

I met the poor countess's[1] Mrs. White in the street this very morning with her stomach up to her chin. She inquired lovingly after you; I fancy she wants to be taken into your asylum with Kitty. This city, with our court, is not half so full as yours without it. There is nobody at White's; our jovial club meets at the Star in Garter. Topham Beauclerk is come to reconvey the Boufflers. She is out of patience with our politics, and our ridiculous abuse on every person who either governs or is likely to govern us. By March's account of her, I dare say she will be infinitely entertaining on her return, with her remarks on a set of people, I suppose, as different from her own as Hottentots. I have notified the presents which Lord

[1] Maria Gunning, the beautiful Lady Coventry.

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Holland is to make to my lady and Horry.[1] The latter is gone a progress into Northamptonshire to Lady Betty Germaine's. Is it not surprising how he moves from old Suffolk on the Thames to another old goody on the Tyne; and does not see the ridicule which he would so strongly paint in any other character? Believe me to be, my dear George,

Ever yours, etc., etc.

[The reader, perhaps, will hardly agree with Williams, that any ridicule is to be attached to Horace Walpole for the homage which he is known to have paid to the venerable, and once celebrated ladies here referred to. Lady Betty Germaine (who, sixty years previous to the date of this letter, had been celebrated in the lively verses of Swift) was the second daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and widow of Sir John Germaine of Drayton, Northamptonshire, who, at his death in December, 1718, bequeathed her his large estates. Her whole life was distinguished by acts of goodness and generosity; while her wit, her good humour, and unvarying cheerfulness rendered her one of the most charming companions of her time. Horace Walpole, in describing to George Montagu his "progress" into Northamptonshire, referred to by Williams, has left us an interesting picture of Drayton. "I rummaged it," he says, "from head

[1] Horace Walpole, and apparently his niece, Lady Waldegrave, afterward Duchess of Gloucester.

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to foot, examined every spangled bed and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do." Lady Betty died at an advanced age, December 16, 1769, bequeathing the greater part of her estate, together with her name, to Lord George Sackville, so celebrated for the disagreeable notoriety which he obtained by his conduct at the battle of Minden.

The other "goody," as Williams thought proper to call her, was the celebrated Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George the Second; a lady possessed of no less amiable and agreeable qualities than her friend, Lady Betty Germaine. Her residence at Marble Hill, on the banks of the Thames (of which Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house for her, Lord Bathurst and Pope laid out the gardens, and Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot superintended the household), rendered her a near neighbour of Horace Walpole, and from her lips he gathered much of that agreeable gossip which is to be found in his charming "Reminiscences." Lady Suffolk died in July, 1767, at the age of seventy-nine.]

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The Hon. Charles Sloane Cadogan to George Selwyn.

CARO MIO MONSIEUR: — Your *amici*, Milord Ashburnham, and il Signor Gulielmo, dine with us in a family way to-morrow. Voulez-vous manger la soupe avec questi signori?

Servo humilissimo,

CADOGANO,
detto
VAUDER DUGGAN.

Thursday night, late.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, July 19 [1763].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I wrote to you yesterday, since which, I have heard an account of a treaty of marriage, announced here yesterday by Lord Essex, which I believe will surprise you as much as it did the company he told it to. Lord Digby is very soon to be married to Miss Fielding. Thousands might have been won in this house, on his lordship's not knowing that such a being existed.[1]

If you hold your intention of setting out with Lord Lorne, you may be here in a fortnight, which will be before I leave London for the last

[1] Henry, seventh Baron and first Earl Digby, married, in 1763, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Charles William Fielding, son of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh.

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time. In a few days we go to Shortgrove; shall return the beginning of August, and then shall set out with Willis for Ashburnham, wheat-ears, and sea-bathing.

Lord Pomfret is dying of a violent fever;[1] a strong delirium is apprehended. Lord Lincoln has a sore throat, which has filled this room to-night; having disappointed a large party which was to have made the tour of Sussex with him.

The Duke of York expressed the highest satisfaction at Crome. Powerscourt was there, and all the invalids from Malvern, consisting of Lady Kildare, Mrs. Pitt, Lord W. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Grey. In short, every one whom Doctor Wall declared sound enough to be carried so far dined there, and it was the merriest hospital that had been seen for some time.

There is no news. Politics stand much as they did in spite of all the abilities of discontent and opposition. Mynheer Cadogan is with his wife getting a seventh son.[2] March says he intends to write to you this post, and as I love you as much as he does, I am determined for this time to be a better correspondent. Adieu, my dear George. I think of October with pleasure, as we shall most certainly pass it together.

[1] George, second Earl of Pomfret. He survived till 9 June, 1785.

[2] In the peerages there is no record of Lord Cadogan having been the father of more than six sons.

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The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, July 19, 1763.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — I shall send the message and things by Lady Holderness, who sets out on Thursday, and has promised to take them.

Madame de Boufflers goes on Saturday. They all dine with me to-morrow, and I go the next day to Newmarket, and from thence to Huntingdon, which begins next Monday. There is no such thing as lampreys at this time of the year, and they will keep, to be sent here, as the Cherubim assures me, upon thorough information. All my stockings have been seized, by not being taken out of the paper and rolled up, which would have made them pass for old stockings.

It is extremely uncertain when the marriage[1] will be, but I should think undoubtedly not sooner than the latter end of September, therefore do not order any clothes for me till I write to you again.

I have fixed nothing about moving to France. Lord Coventry talks of being at Paris in three weeks. I have been all the morning at Petersham with Madame de Boufflers. She dined at Sion Hill. The Duke of Queensberry, Essex, and Harvey, dined with me, so that I have not had a minute to myself all day, and for fear this should be too

[1] The marriage between the Princess Augusta, sister of George the Third, and the Prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, which took place on the 16th of January following.

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late for the post, I have only time to add that I am always yours most affectionately,

M. AND R.

THE HON. HENRY ST. JOHN.

THE HON. HENRY ST. JOHN was the second son of John, second Viscount St. John; brother of Frederick, the second Viscount Bolingbroke, the "Bully" of these letters; and nephew of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the minister of Queen Anne. Mr. St. John, or, as his friends familiarly designate him, "the Baptist," was a man of wit and pleasure, but apparently gifted with some better qualities than those of the mere man of fashion. Several agreeable letters from him will be found in the present collection. He subsequently represented Wotton Basset in Parliament; became groom of the bedchamber and aide-de-camp to King George the Third, and was lieutenant-colonel of the 67th Regiment of foot. He married, August 22, 1771, the eldest daughter of Col. Thomas Bladen, sister of Harriot, Countess of Essex, and died April 4, 1818.

The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.

SCARBOROUGH, July 24, 1763.

MY DEAR SIR:—I had the pleasure of yours a few days ago, informing me of your having

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bought and sent to Calais the *appliqué*, for the Duke of York. I am upon this occasion, as I have been before upon many others, much obliged to you, and wish you would still give yourself the further trouble of writing to your correspondent at Calais, to whom you have sent it, to desire him to direct it, "Mr. Minett, at Dover," mentioning it is for me, and I am sure Minett will get it passed safely at the custom-house for me. You will be pleased to make Foley pay for it, and place it to my brother's account. I am satisfied it is *du dernier goût*, and the duke is well pleased to hear that it is coming, and so pretty, though he certainly will not be able to wear it at the marriage, as he sets out about the 15th of next month for the Mediterranean. I am very happy to attend him in his travels in Italy, a country I wanted much to see, and by no means a bad opportunity of seeing it.

We go to town in a week, in order to prepare ourselves for our expedition. I fear it will not be my fate to see you for some time; at least not till next spring. I shall always wish to hear of your health, and shall be happy to obey your commands in any country I may pass through.

I hope Paris amuses you as much as it did me when I was last there, and you must be very happy. I often think how pleasantly I passed my time there. *Je vous prie de vous charger de mes compliments très sincères à Madame de Coislin.* I should be glad to hear from you once more before I set

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out, if you can find leisure in so dissipated a place.

I am most sincerely yours,

H. St. John.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

White's, Thursday, August 4, 1763.

If the heavens are as unfavourable to the Continent as to us islanders, you have passed this month more to your satisfaction in a warm capital than we have done in our green fields, where we have been wet to the skin three times a day at least. I wished for you much last week at Shortgrove. The Rena called there by herself on her return from March, who set out from Newmarket to Huntingdon. She met Lord Coventry, Cadogan, and me. The universal gallant was infinitely entertaining, but in every other respect as innocent and harmless as you would have been, my dear; so I think the song says. When she went off in the morning, she found she had as little to fear from us as from a parcel of old eunuchs.

March, I hear, has lost at Huntingdon. I suppose party, that spoils everything with us, spoiled that, and from a very jovial meeting, converted it to a dull one. I have been looking for the newspaper, to send you your nephew Midleton's [1]

[1] Albinia, eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend, and niece of George Selwyn, married April 25, 1752, George, Viscount Midleton, in the kingdom of Ireland.

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speech at the Surrey meeting. He talks of cruel insinuations of his unaltered loyalty, and his steady adherence to the good of his country, etc., etc. I own I sleep easier in my bed, to think there is so much disinterested, independent loyalty left among us. Jack Sebright[1] has thrown Mr. Pitt out of Bath; in short, the great man has quarrelled with his constituents for addressing on the peace, and swears he will never again represent a set of wretches, who think so very differently from him.

Lord Digby has come to town, I believe, to consummate.[2] He has stole this match upon us, and shut us out of a very comfortable house, where we had promised ourselves many a cod and oyster-sauce for the winter. It is looked on as a certain thing that you will return with Lord Lorne and the duchess, but when will that be? I shall set out to-morrow morning for Ashburnham, and shall go from thence to Brighthelmstone,[3] if I can get any tolerable accommodation. Lord Coventry

[1] Sir John Sebright, Bart., a lieutenant-general in the army, and colonel of a regiment of infantry. He died in March, 1794.

[2] Horace Walpole writes to Colonel Conway, August 9th: "Lord Digby is to be married immediately to the pretty Miss Fielding; and Mr. Boothby, they say, to Lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know, I cannot send you; for I have had it from Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford, who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether Prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the hereditary prince."

[3] Brighton, just at this period, was dawning from a small fishing-village into an indifferent watering-place.

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says he left the children well there, but not, as he thinks, much mended in those complaints for which they were sent there.[1] I look on his visit to have been as much out of form as affection, and having satisfied the public, he leaves the rest to God Almighty. He talks of setting out next week for Paris, and is now hiring a French servant to pay his post-horses. Don't think of introducing him to any part of the great world, for he is determined to be as private as an upholsterer, and to pass his time in buying glasses and tapestry, for a place in which he never sees himself, but he wishes himself, and all belonging to it, at the devil.

How do my friends like their situation? I am much obliged to you for the care you have taken of them, as I am convinced my recommending them to you will be of infinite use to them. This place is quite deserted, though the queen's delivery, which is expected now every day,[2] keeps a few of the court corps at White's. Pray, my dear George, till you come, continue to write, and direct to Clifford Street.

I am ever yours,

G. I. W.

[1] The children of Lord Coventry, by the beautiful countess, were Lady Mary Alicia, born in 1754, and married in 1777 to Sir Andrew Baynton, Bart., from whom she was divorced in 1783; Lady Anne, Selwyn's favourite, divorced from the Hon. Edward Foley, in 1787; and George William, afterward seventh Earl of Coventry, the father of the present (eighth) earl.

[2] Queen Charlotte was delivered of the late Duke of York on the 16th of this month.

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Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 22 [1763].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received yours last night, which has been entirely put out of my head by the arrival of a messenger this morning, with an account of Lord Egremont's death.[1] I think he said when he left London my lord was alive; but by their sending for the child I suppose it is by this time determined.

I told you in my last how long I intended to stay. The regimen of sea-bathing agrees so perfectly well with me that as long as the weather will give us leave I propose to follow it. After that I will be at your service, either for Matson, or any other place you have most inclination for. I suppose by that time our old quarters at Crome will be ready for us, and the peer returned with his various purchases, at which his chaplains will stare egregiously. You talk of a meeting at Abergavenny's, as if I was either Miller or Dupree, and could command the house when I wanted to make it convenient to me. God knows, I never had the most distant invitation to it.

As to the lodgings in this place, the best are most execrable, and what you would find now, I believe not habitable, though possibly mademoi-

[1] Charles, second Earl of Egremont, secretary of state, in 1761, on the resignation of Mr. Pitt. He died on the preceding day, viz., 21 August, 1763.

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selle would let you, for a night or two, have that bed with the children which their father had, the whole house being their own. I believe they will stay till October. Nanny looks remarkably handsome, and has a bloom from the salt water, which any person totally indifferent to her would admire. Their maid confines them too much, by their father's order, for they are never seen with other children, though there are some of their own age and condition.

Our company consists of Fanny Pelham,[1] old Brudenel and his wife; Peachy and family; Colonel Clinton; Colonel Philipps, etc. I have named you those whom you know; the rest are numerous, but vulgars. From the pleasantness of the place, and the health I have already established here, I never liked any situation better. As this vacancy in the secretary's office will occasion some promotions, let me have the earliest intelligence, and remember the post comes to us every day.

Adieu.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 29 [1763].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Many thanks to you for your letters, though I do not think you so punc-

[1] Daughter of the celebrated minister, Henry Pelham, brother of Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle. She was born August 18, 1728, and died possessed of great wealth, at her seat at Esher, in Surrey, on the 10th of January, 1804.

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tual a correspondent in England as you was at Paris. However, I will not punish you by keeping you in suspense about your child, for, as I go every morning into the sea with her, I can form a muscular survey of her. I assure you she is perfectly well, and appeared to-day rather to advantage as to her complexion, for she bathed next to a blackamoor. It would astonish you to see the mixture of sexes at this place, and with what a coolness and indifference half a dozen Irishmen will bathe close to those whom we call prudes elsewhere, such as Charlotte Tufton,[1] etc.; and can you imagine Lady Catherine[2] will ever appear on the beach when there are such indelicacies staring her in the face? I do not believe you will come, but if you do, on notice, I can secure a good tolerable bed for you.

Some people looked important last post, and said Mr. Pitt had been two hours with the king

[1] Lady Charlotte Tufton, born in September, 1728, was the second daughter of Sackville, seventh Earl of Thanet. She died May 12, 1803, in her 70th year.

[2] Probably Lady Catherine Tufton, sister of the seventh Earl of Thanet, and aunt of Lady Charlotte. There was a rumour, about this period, that she was to be married to Doctor Duncan, one of the king's physicians. On the report being mentioned to George Selwyn, "How often," he said, "will she repeat that line of Shakespeare:

"'Wake, Duncan, with this knocking, — would thou couldst!'"

Doctor Duncan, on the 5th of September, married Lady Mary Tufton, a younger sister of Lady Catherine, and aunt of Lady Charlotte, and was created a baronet August 9, 1764.

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the preceding Saturday. If it was true, how much of the conference has transpired? I have heard from Lord Thomond, and most sincerely feel for him. Is it not cruel, that two brothers who loved one another, and really lived together like brothers, must be separated, when so many are left, who are torments to themselves and to everybody else! Heaven seems to have a strange partiality for my friends, for it takes them to itself with a wonderful predilection.

I don't think the Trentham party must be a bad one. If you go, God bless you, but till you do, let us hear from you.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

AUBIGNY, October 5, 1763.

DEAR SELWYN: — I have had, by the same messenger who brought me yours, full accounts of the late transaction, and I believe true. I will give you the account given me of that Sunday, when I see you; I must not write it in this letter, which goes by the post. Lord Mansfield[1] had nothing to do with it, nor, as I believe, knew more, or sooner, anything of the matter than you did. Do you know that his lordship had a great share of Pitt's invective bestowed on him?

And here, after a thousand thanks to you for your letter, I drop all politics that may not go by the post, till I see you, when I will tell you all

[1] William, the first and celebrated Earl of Mansfield.

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I know of them, with the *trait* I mentioned. Had it been from a political friend only, I should be ashamed to be hurt by it. No politics will or can mortify me. I thought this man's friendship had not been only political. I loved him, and whether to feel or not to feel, to despise or grieve on such an occasion, be most worthy of a man, I won't dispute; but the fact is, that I have been, and still am, whenever I think of it, very unhappy.[1]

I sent Betty a present by Lord Bateman, which he tells me she received very graciously indeed. She advised me against going into the House of Lords,[2] and so did you; and very wisely, if I

[1] The person who is here so feelingly alluded to, is evidently the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, whose political apostasy, in conjunction with Lord Gower and George Grenville, and the consequent alienation of whose friendship appears to have been most sensibly felt by Lord Holland. In a poem, privately printed, entitled "Lord Holland Returning from Italy, 1767," I find the following lines:

"Slight was the pain they gave, and short its date;
I found I could not both despise and hate.
But Rigby, what did I for thee endure?
Thy serpent's tooth admitted of no cure.
Lost converse, never thought of without tears!
Lost promised hope of my declining years!
Oh! what a heavy task 'tis to remove
The accustom'd ties of confidence and love!
Friendship, in anguish, turn'd away her face,
While cunning Interest sneer'd at her disgrace."

[2] On the 16th of April Lord Holland had been raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Holland, and Baron of Foxley, in the county of Wilts.

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retained any further views of ambition. But it was to cut up that by the root, and with that intention, and after deliberation with that intention, that I did it; and Lady Caroline and I find great reason now to be glad that it was done. You are not well, I am afraid, with Lady Townshend, not to have seen her since you came to London; I have heard nothing from her. Another table was sent from Paris before I left it; but if you want anything, I shall neither want opportunity nor inclination to send or bring it to you. I was very sorry you was gone from Paris, but how could I be angry, or, as Lord March did not come, surprised?

Charles [1] is, I hear, again a perfect schoolboy in dress. Madame de Coislin calls him *son jeune amoureux*, and inquires after him very kindly, and after you too; but the *mauvais plaisants* talk so, that, if it comes to her ears, it will soon make her prefer the *trop jeune au trop froid amant.* I tell her I am *amant* too; but I am *le trop vieux*, she finds, I doubt not, of the unexceptionable sort; with whom, however, Charles may one day roll, though you and I never shall.

Madame Geoffrin is vastly civil, and Lady Holland and she grow every day more amiable in each other's eyes, which will certainly not hurt you there. If the Parliament meets before Christmas, I come a week before the meeting, to come

[1] The celebrated Charles James Fox, the favourite child of his father, now in his fifteenth year.

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back with Charles, and return with him after the holydays. What more I can do must be considered then; but I hate London, and London hates me. I will be there as little as I can, and when there, as much with you as Lord March will permit. I wish you had both come here. Here is a large and good house, in a fine country and a fine climate, and in the midst of a most extensive *seigneurie*.[1] You would have been most welcome to the duke and duchess, and have diverted yourself I think; I am sure you would Lady Caroline, and done me more good than even the climate, which has done me a great deal. Stephen[2] gives his compliments, but says you left Paris in a shabby manner; he is a great favourite with everybody.[3]

William Varey, Esq., to George Selwyn.

IXWORTH ABBEY, Feb. 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR: — This morning I received your kind letter, which gave me that sort of pleasure that every one feels upon finding themselves re-

[1] Lord Holland was at this period the guest of his brother-in-law, Charles, third Duke of Richmond, at Aubigny, in France; a territory which the duke inherited from his great-grandmother, Louise de Queroualle, Duchess of Richmond, the celebrated mistress of Charles the Second, of which monarch his Grace was the great-grandson.

[2] Stephen Fox, the eldest son of Lord Holland, whom he succeeded in his titles as second Lord Holland. He married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, Earl of Upper Ossory, and died on the 26th of December, 1774.

[3] The conclusion of this letter is unfortunately lost.

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membered where they wish not to be forgot. My absence from London prevented my seeing the ruffles. I dare say I shall like them, but the price is so trifling that it is of no consequence. I shall be obliged to you for four pair of Valenciennes, as good as people wear when they dress, but not too deep. The price I shall not regard, as they are always handsome and in fashion.

I congratulate you upon the reception I hear your friend [1] has had at court. He cannot fail of being well received wherever he is known, and in France he cannot want recommendations. I desire my compliments to him, and hope he kept up the credit of the English sportsmen at Compiegne. Madame la Comtesse I hope is well, and *le pauvre Raton.*[2] Cannot you find a French artist to supply that bit of tail he lost in Hyde Park? I take it for granted you have made a trip to Madame de Sevigné's [3] estate, in order to compare the ancient map of it with its present situation, and will read her letters again with double pleasure, from having accurately surveyed the spot where they were wrote.

I am so retired here that I dare say I know less of what passes in London than you do. Williams

[1] Lord March.

[2] Selwyn's favourite dog. He is frequently mentioned in the subsequent correspondence.

[3] Selwyn, like Horace Walpole, was an ardent admirer of Madame de Sevigné and her celebrated letters.

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and I passed a fortnight together at Ashburnham. We often talked of you, and as often wished you with us.

Mrs. Boone has been, and is, very ill, but I hope her case is not desperate, and would have you bring the box by all means. I wish you health to enjoy the gay scenes that surround you, and am

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

WM. VAREY.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

You desire to know what I intend to do, which is more than I can tell myself, but I shall certainly be here on Sunday, and for some days afterward. I supped at Berringhen's the first night; the next day made my visits, but found nobody but mother Praslin. She asked me to supper, and has sent me another card since, so that I find I am quite well there. I sup to-night with the Prince Soubize; to-morrow with Madame de Choiseul; and Monday with the Duke de Chartres; in short, there is business for every night, and I am in no danger of being on the *pavé*. I dined to-day at what is called no dinner, at Madame de Coingnie's. The queen [1] asked Madame de Mirepoix, "Si elle n'avoit pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn

[1] Maria Leczinski, daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland, and queen of Louis the Fifteenth of France. Selwyn is more than once mentioned as being a personal favourite with her.

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et elle?" Elle a répondu, "Oui, beaucoup, madame." "J'en suis bien aise," dit la reine. Monin will be excessively glad to see you. I have not had time to go to see him, though he is but a mile from here, and has pressed me very much to come.

Pray say something for me to the little Tondino, if I should not have time to write. I was not quite well this morning, and could not get up, or I should have wrote to you both. Farewell, for I must go out.

Yours, etc., etc.,

M. AND R.

P. S. There was no room taken for Fox, so I have taken the best I could get in this house, which is not a very good one, but there are lodgings enough to be had.

CAPTAIN ROBERT DIGBY.

ROBERT DIGBY, at this period a captain in the navy, was a younger son of Edward, third son of William, fifth Lord Digby, by Charlotte, only surviving daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, Knt., and sister of Henry, first Lord Holland, the celebrated minister. He was born on the 20th of December, 1732; was promoted to be rear-admiral on the 19th of March, 1779, and died an Admiral of the Red, in 1814. This letter contains an interesting allusion to the recent marriage of Lady

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Susan Fox (eldest daughter of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, and niece of Lord Holland) to O'Brien, the actor, or, as the peerages complaisantly style him, William O'Brien, of Stinsford, co. Dorset, Esq. Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Hertford, dated the 12th of this month, details some curious particulars respecting this unfortunate marriage. "You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Reade's, the paintress; she said softly to him, 'My lord, there is a couple in the next room, that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your lordship would look in." He did; shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off — but — what a but! — desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed; even this was granted. The

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parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning, instead of being under lock and key in the country, walked down-stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Reade's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney-chair, was married at Covent Garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My lady — my Lady Hertford! what say you to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?"

Captain Robert Digby to George Selwyn.

HOTEL DE TOURS, April 19 [1764].

DEAR SIR: — I would with pleasure have sent your letters *à leur adresse*, had they come to my hands. I fancy Lord Holland has (though I forgot to ask him), for he told me, a few days after, that he had a letter from you, and that you desired I would inquire for a house for you. I wish you had been a little more particular about the price, and whether it must be *garni*, or whether you would have furniture from the *tapissiers*. However, I shall make what inquiries I can, and let you know if I meet with anything that I think will do for you, *garni* or not. If you could come into these lodgings, at the same price I have them, you would be better lodged, I think, than in any house here; but

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the master of the house, to whom I have been talking about it, says he will not let them again under fourteen louis per month. I give but eleven. Perhaps you may recollect them, the green *appartement, au premier.*

As I have not made a great acquaintance here, I cannot tell you what is generally said of M. d'Eon's book, for I believe few people have seen it. Though Lord Holland has one, I have never been able to get a sight of it yet. He lends it about by the hour; it is so much inquired after. You will probably see him the latter end of next week, and then, if not sooner, hear his opinion; I shall therefore say nothing of him, but that, exclusive of grief for this unhappy affair, I never saw him better. I hope the journey will be of service to him, for at present he is exceeding low-spirited, but has no other complaints. Stephen Fox, who is at other times very cheerful and good-humoured, goes with him as far as Kingsgate, which will, I fancy, be a great comfort to him. I do not intend staying here above ten days or a fortnight longer, and as I intend returning by Brussels, shall probably miss the pleasure of seeing you either here or in England, which, give me leave to assure you, is some mortification; for nobody more sincerely wishes your happiness, and to have the honour of being better acquainted, than your very humble and most obedient servant,

ROBERT DIGBY.

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P. S. I suppose you have heard of Madame Pompadour's death. She seems already almost as much forgot as if there never had been such a person.[1]

THE HON. GEORGE LANE PARKER.

THE HON. GEORGE LANE PARKER was the second son of George, second Earl of Macclesfield. He was born on the 6th of September, 1724, and at the period of his letter to Selwyn was a colonel in the 1st Regiment of foot guards. On April 30, 1770, he was advanced to the rank of major-general, and, on August 29, 1777, was promoted to be a lieutenant-general. He was also colonel of the 20th Regiment of foot, and for some time member of Parliament for Tregony. He married in May, 1782, the widow of Sir Cottrell Dormer, and died September 6, 1791. This letter commences with some interesting particulars relating to the will of William Pulteney, the celebrated Earl of Bath, who died on the 8th of the preceding month, at the age of eighty-two. Lady Hervey writes to the Rev. Edmund Morris shortly after the earl's decease: "Lord Bath's leaving me no little bauble, in token of remembrance, did not surprise, and con-

[1] Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis the Fifteenth of France, died April 14, 1764, at the age of forty-two.

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sequently could not vex me. He was a most agreeable companion, and a very good-humoured man; but I, that have known him above forty years, knew that he never thought of any one when he did not see them, nor ever cared a great deal for those he did see. I am sorry he did not leave poor Johnstone wherewithal to make her easy, as she was not only a near relation who wanted his kindness, but the daughter of a man to whom he had essential obligations, and professed to love. I wish he had left Mrs. [Elizabeth] Carter the forty pounds a year you mention, but she is not named in his will; whilst he lived he made her several presents, and, as I have been told, solicited a pension for her from the Crown. She has great merit, but very little money, and as he saw her often, and profited by the one, it is pity he did not furnish her with the other. He has left an immense fortune to a brother he never cared for, and always, with reason, despised; and a great deal to a man he once liked, but had lately great reason to think ill of. I am sorry he is dead; he was very agreeable and entertaining; and whenever I was well enough to go down-stairs, and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return. I was satisfied with that. One must take people as they are; perhaps hardly any one is in every respect just what they should be."

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Hon. George Lane Parker to George Selwyn.

LONDON, July 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR: — In obedience with your commands, I trouble you with this letter, which (had I not absolutely promised to send you an account of Lord Bath's will, and D'Eon's trial) I should not have done, as I am informed by Lord March that he designed to write to you by this post, and he will undoubtedly send you as full and particular an account of everything as I possibly could do.

That I may not, therefore, take up any more of your time than is absolutely necessary, I will enter upon the two subjects without any further preface, and only relate the mere facts, as well as the best information I can get. Lord Bath, I find, has given everything to General Pulteney (recommending to him to leave the Bradford estate to Mr. Coleman, who in that case is to take the name of Pulteney), except the interest of nineteen thousand pounds, and the lease of Lord Egremont's house, which he has given to Mr. Coleman for his life. The lease of Lord Egremont's house he has further entailed on Coleman's children, if any, and afterward on the Lakes and their children, and on Mr. Douglas and his children; so that it can never be bought up by the Egremont family. He has given Mrs. Johnstone,[1] his niece, four thousand

[1] Miss Pulteney, niece of Lord Bath, had married William, second son of Sir James Johnstone, Bart. On the death of General

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pounds; to Mr. Douglas five hundred pounds and his library; to Mrs. Montagu a ring he used to wear, and his wife's earrings; to the Bishops of Rochester and Bristol one hundred pounds each; to Lord Pulteney's girl thirty pounds per annum, and his servants three years' wages. He has not mentioned Mrs. Sear or Charles Price.

So much for Lord Bath. With regard to D'Eon, he was tried on Monday. The information laid against him was for libelling Guerchy,[1] both in his private and public character; in his private, by accusing him of forgery, and attempting to corrupt people to seize his papers; in his public, as representing him as unfit for the character he sustained. D'Eon pleaded not guilty. The attorney-general, in opening, took notice that this prosecution was carried on at the suit of the Crown, who thought, as this was the common cause of all the foreign ministers, it was necessary to make an example of a person who had attacked the character of one of them in so scandalous a manner, by an infamous libel. One Dixon, a printer, was produced, who proved that he printed twelve hundred copies of the book, and produced a receipt from D'Eon, wherein

Pulteney, in 1767, she inherited the vast wealth accumulated by Lord Bath, and at the same time her husband, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1797, adopted the surname of Pulteney,

[1] The Comte de Guerchy, who had recently been appointed the French ambassador to the Court of England. Horace Walpole speaks of De Guerchy as being actually "adored" in this country. He died at Paris, September 17, 1767.

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he acknowledged to have received sixty guineas for what he called his work. D'Eon had no counsel to plead for him. Lord Mansfield then said but little; only observing that, in case they found it a libel, it was a very great aggravation; the crime being against a person in the character Guerchy is in here. The jury, without going out, found him guilty.

These are all the particulars I have been able to collect in relation to the two things you desired I should inform you of, in which, perhaps, you may think I have been too tedious and minute, though, as I know your curiosity, I think you will excuse my erring on that side. Believe me to be, dear sir, ever yours,

GEORGE LANE PARKER.

[The strange story of the Chevalier d'Eon is thus related by Mr. Croker in his notes to Horace Walpole's letters to the Earl of Hertford: "This singular person had been secretary to the Duke de Nivernois's embassy, and, in the interval between that ambassador's departure and the arrival of M. de Guerchy, the French mission to our court devolved upon him. This honour, as Mr. Walpole intimates, seems to have turned his head, and he was so absurdly exasperated at being superseded by M. de Guerchy, that he refused to deliver his letters of recall, set his court at defiance, and published a volume of libels on M. de Guerchy and the French ministers. As he persisted in with-

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holding the letters of recall, the two courts were obliged to notify in the *London Gazette* that his mission was at an end; and the French government desired that he might be given up to them. This, of course, could not be done; but he was proceeded against by criminal information, and finally convicted of the libels against M. de Guerchy. D'Eon asserted that the French ministry had a design to carry him off privately; and it has been said that he was apprised of this scheme by Louis the Fifteenth, who, it seems, had entertained some kind of secret and extra-official communication with this adventurer. He afterward continued in obscurity till 1777, when the public was astonished by the trial of an action before Lord Mansfield for money lost on a wager respecting his sex. On that trial, it seemed proved beyond all doubt that the person was a female. Proceedings in the Parliament of Paris had a similar result, and the soldier and the minister was condemned to wear woman's attire, which D'Eon did for many years. He emigrated at the Revolution, and died in London in May, 1810. On examination, after death, the body proved to be that of a male. This circumstance, attested by the most respectable authorities, is so strongly at variance with all the former evidence, that the French biographers have been induced to doubt whether the original Chevalier d'Eon, and the person who died in 1810, were the same; and they even endeavour to show

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that the real person, the chevalière, as they term it, died in 1790; but we cannot admit this solution of the difficulty; for one, at least, of the surgeons who examined the body in 1810 had known D'Eon in his female habiliments, and he had for ten years lived unquestioned under the name of D'Eon." Hannah More, who met the Chevalière d'Eon late in life, gives the following account of this extraordinary person: "On Friday I gratified the curiosity of many years, by meeting at dinner Madame la Chevalière d'Eon; she is extremely entertaining, has universal information, wit, vivacity, and gaiety. Something too much of the latter (I have heard) when she has taken a bottle or two of Burgundy; but this being a very sober party, she was kept entirely within the limits of decorum. General Johnson was of the party, and it was ridiculous to hear her military conversation. Sometimes it was, 'Quand j'étais colonel d'un tel regiment!' then again, 'Non, c'était quand j'étais secrétaire d'ambassade du Duc de Nivernois,' or 'Quand je négociais la paix de Paris.' She is, to be sure, a phenomenon in history; and, as such, a great curiosity. But one D'Eon is enough, and one slice of her quite sufficient."]

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, July 23, 1764.

I have been expecting, my dear George, a line from you for several packets, with the advice

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of your having joined your foreign friends, of whom by this time you may be as heartily tired as you was of your English ones; though not quite so much at home as to tell them so. Hans Stanley is Governor of the Isle of White, and Lord Frederick Campbell[1] comes into the admiralty. Are not you d——d sorry for Lord Lorne's son? The poor duchess now will never be the mother of two dukes, which I thought the whimsical disposition of fortune once intended.[2] The congress at Stow opens this day; and of all the king's servants, you may easily guess our friend Coventry would be the only one to attend it. I hear it is to last a week, with Ashburnham,[3] Offley, Tommy Pelham,[4] Besborough,[5] etc., etc.

[1] Third son of John, fourth Duke of Argyll; a privy councillor and Lord Registrar of Scotland. He married Mary (widow of Lawrence, fourth Earl Ferrers, who was hung at Tyburn, for the murder of his steward), which lady was burnt to death at Coomb Bank, in Kent, in 1807.

[2] John, Lord Lorne, afterward fifth Duke of Argyll, had married, March 3, 1759, Elizabeth Gunning (widow of James, Duke of Hamilton), by whom he was the father of George William, the late Duke of Argyll, and of the present (seventh) duke.

[3] John, second Earl of Ashburnham, was born in 1724, and married, in 1756, Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Ambrose Crawley, Esq., an alderman of London. He died on the 8th of April, 1812, in his eighty-ninth year.

[4] Thomas Pelham succeeded his cousin (Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle) as Baron Pelham in 1768, and in 1801 was created Earl of Chichester.

[5] William, second Earl of Besborough, married Caroline, daughter of William Cavendish, third Duke of Devonshire,

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Old Bath left above a million sterling behind him. Bet Thompson, Billy Varey, and Chas. Price were three of his pall-bearers, though neither of them a legatee. The stupid old general[1] has everything, and, with everything, takes possession of the toad-eaters likewise. The physicians seem to be more serious about the Duke of Devonshire's last attack than they at first appeared to be. I can say no more, but God bless you, and adieu!

[Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford, shortly after the date of the foregoing letter: "The letters yesterday, from Spa, give a melancholy account of the poor Duke of Devonshire; as he cannot drink the waters, they think of removing him, I suppose to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle; but I look on his case as a lost one. There's a chapter for moralising! but five and forty, with forty thousand pounds a year, and happiness wherever he turned him! My reflection is, that it is folly to be unhappy at anything, when felicity itself is such a phantom." William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, K. G., was born in 1720, and married in March, 1748, Lady Charlotte Boyle, third and youngest daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and died on the 11th of March, 1793. He was father of the present (third) earl.

[1] General Pulteney, the only brother of Lord Bath, died at Pulteney House, Piccadilly, 26th of October, 1767, in his eighty-second year.

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and Cork. His Grace in 1751 was appointed master of the horse, and a privy councillor; in 1754 Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, in 1755 lord lieutenant of that kingdom; in 1756 first commissioner of the treasury, and, the following year, lord chamberlain of the household. His death took place at Spa, on the 2d of October, 1764, in the forty-fourth year of his age.]

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

KINGSGATE, July 29, 1764.

DEAR SELWYN:—My lady is charmed with you, you talk so much of Stephen,[1] and wishes you to write often. She wishes you to bring her a piece of broad and a piece of narrow white ribbon; *beau blanc c'est asses.* We saw the china you speak of at Poiriers, and know it by your description, not your drawing; it is Sevre china, and Lady Ilchester,[2] I fancy, will not be very desirous of it.

You was likely to give a good account of D'Eon, who had forgot that he had been (as he says) aide-de-camp, and most strongly attached to Broglie. I must suppose you never read his book. The reason which he gives why the ministers took

[1] Stephen Fox, Lord Holland's second son, and his successor in the title.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Strangways Horner, Esq., of Mells Park, Somersetshire, and wife of Stephen Fox, first Earl of Ilchester. She died in 1792.

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the command from Broglie, is the most offensive, and, to the French court, the most impertinent thing in it. If flattery can make him a favourite there, he must be so, and I hear he is. Stephen has seen *Beaucoup:* why did he not wait on you then? But as Madame Geoffrin is seldom out of town, we wonder you do not mention her. If Lady Holland's and my united and well concerted endeavours have failed there, I shall wonder and be sorry; if you have been fickle, neither.

I do not guess what D'Eon's sentence will be, but I have long thought he is not himself, nor has materials for a subject to keep the curiosity of our public alive. Mine, whilst I am here, is quite asleep, nor dreams of London. I fear I cannot furnish you with one anecdote: all the news I hear is, that Doctor Duncan [1] is a baronet.

Pray ask Stephen if he gave one of my books to the Duchesse de Cossé, and what became of the other. Give *mes tendres souvenirs*, with as much *sensibilité* as is requisite, to every soul you meet.

M. Lauragais's letter to Mr. Churchill would have furnished an excellent article in poor Sir Charles Williams's treatise, to show that the French were the most unpolite people in Europe. He had got together many curious instances; this

[1] William Duncan, M. D. He married, September 5, 1763, Lady Mary Tufton, eldest daughter of Sackville, seventh Earl of Thanet, and was created a baronet August 9, 1764.

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would have made a great figure amongst them. Make Lady Holland's and my best compliments to Lord and Lady Hertford, Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Churchill, and Lady Mary,[1] and make them in English; and to Mr. Hume,[2] and with great sincerity; which word, being the truth, is worth very many *tendres amitiés, attachements éternels*, etc. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

À Monsieur, Monsieur G. Selwyn, chez Monsieur Foley, Banquier, Rue St. Sauveur, à Paris.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, July 30 [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE:— This packet brings very serious advice indeed. I received a notification in form last night, that Nanny would very shortly bend her knee to Bab St. John,[3] as her mother-in-law. God grant this woman long life, or the poor children will have more odd uncles, aunts, and

[1] Lady Mary Churchill, natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, for whom he procured the rank of an earl's daughter. She married Col. Charles Churchill, a natural son of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, by General Churchill, son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

[2] David Hume, the historian, was at this period secretary to the Earl of Hertford, the English ambassador at the court of France.

[3] Lord Coventry remarried, September 27, 1764, Barbara, daughter of John, tenth Lord St. John of Bletso. She died in 1804.

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cousins than any people of their condition in Europe. I shall see him in a few days, and shall hear more particulars, but I was not willing this ship should sail without your knowing as much as I do. I begin to suspect the stamina of those descended from our dear friend the countess. Her children have not had an hour's perfect health since they have been here. Nanny is just recovered from the chicken-pox, and has now a violent inflammation in one of her eyes, though I hope a proper care will prevent any evil consequences.

Coventry says the Stow party ended but badly; the weather bad, the wine bad, and the ceremony intolerable. I am just returned to this place from Jack Shelley's, where we have lived as well for a few days as if old —— had been in Abraham's bosom. There is a degree of good nature in the heir apparent, which makes one forgive all his vanity, nonsense, etc. You would laugh at our collection, though I assure you we are much obliged to France for sending us twice a week some very extraordinary exotics. Barbers, milliners, barons, counts, arrive here almost every tide, and they stay here till their finances are so exhausted that they decamp upon the stage-coach, and not in it.

Lord Percival [1] told me he saw you and the

[1] John James, afterward third Earl of Egmont. He died February 22, 1822.

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Rena, and that Lord March was expected. I hope, for your sake, he is arrived. Our king has had a fall from his horse, but not hurt. You shall hear by the next packet; till then, Adieu!

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 18, 1764.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — The master of the packet brought me your letters together yesterday morning, for which I thank you, being very sincerely glad that you and Lord March pass your time so much to your satisfaction.

You will be very angry if I do not begin with an account of your children, who, in my opinion, continue still much out of order. The youngest,[1] especially, has such an inflammation in one of her eyes that she can scarce open it. You will see their father before I do, and he will explain what he thinks of them, and what he intends to do with or for them. His journey to Paris is on the old tapestry account, where he will not stay above a week, and returns to be married, for certain, before Michaelmas. Our king has most graciously acceded to the match, and told the earl she was the wisest, prudentest, handsomest of his subjects.

You have so many deep politicians with you, that I believe I need not tell you that it is my opinion that the administration stock rises. The hand of Providence seems stretched out for them.

[1] Lady Anne Coventry.

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Lord Hardwicke[1] is gone: Legge[2] is now at the very last gasp, and the Duke of Devonshire is on his road for the Spa, having had frequent returns of fits, which the faculty call nervous, because they do not know what to make of them. Lord Besborough, John Cavendish, and Fitzherbert, are in his Grace's suite. It is given out he is to stay about a month, and to return, like the army, in high spirits.[3]

Charles Townshend[4] employs his summer in writing pamphlets, and has just published one of the best that has yet made its appearance, entitled a "Defence of the Minority on the Question Relating to Warrants." Among my invalids, I forgot to mention Lord Temple.[5] During the whole Stow party he was confined to his chair with a leg very disproportionate to his feet, about the size of my body. This is said to be a scorbutic gout, but I hope to God it will be nothing worse, and take his brother out of the House of Commons; for in that case, except Jack Shelley should

[1] Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, the celebrated chancellor. He died March 6, 1764.

[2] The Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, fourth son of William, first Earl of Dartmouth. He was three times chancellor of the exchequer, and in February, 1748, was appointed envoy extraordinary to the King of Prussia. He survived the date of this letter only three days, expiring August 21, 1764.

[3] The duke died at Spa in little more than six weeks after the date of this letter, 2 October, 1774.

[4] The celebrated Charles Townshend, the minister and wit.

[5] Richard, first Earl Temple, and uncle of George, first Marquis of Buckingham. He died September 11, 1779.

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turn and take the lead, I know not who is equal to it.[1] Hans Stanley is by this time on your side of the water, in perfect good humour with his patent of Governor of the Isle of Wight. Lord Carnarvon has resigned the bedchamber, but declares he does not mean hostility. As to Lord Holland, I hear he is at Margate, but in what humour, either as to mind or body, I know not.

Lady Catherine and Fanny[2] have been at this place about a fortnight, but yesterday, a ship came off the coast from the Levant, which the old woman thought might have the plague on board, so she packed up all her things, and set out with her family in the middle of the night. I see so much trouble likely to attend my finery, that I beg leave to be off from the suit of velvet, and will content myself with our home manufacture of some sort or other. Pray make my best compliments to Lord March, and believe me to be,

Ever yours, etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 25, 1764.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I can recollect no news since my last. This has been our race week, and Jack Shelley has acted the part of his uncle in his

[1] Had Lord Temple's illness ended fatally, it would have transferred his celebrated brother, George Grenville (at this period first lord of the treasury), to the House of Lords.

[2] Probably Lady Catherine Tufton and Miss Frances Pelham.

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Grace's absence.[1] He has talked to everybody about everything, and has tried to keep up those spirits, which, as my Lord Clarendon says, "grow rather languid in their expectations of the reversion of the crown."

Mr. Legge died yesterday morning at Tunbridge Wells, and Hans Stanley is talked of to succeed him in the county. The pattern of velvet you sent me is so pretty that it has made me alter my intentions, and determines me to risk the vigilance of the custom-house officers, but the master of the packet here tells me he can do it with much more ease and security, therefore I wish you would order the suit of clothes immediately, and send them, well packed, directed to Captain Killick, to be left with Mr. Ballard at Dieppe.

Dick Cox is here, and says, if you will buy him a set of dishes and plates of the blue and white china, which you brought over last year for your mother, he will give you as many dinners off them as you will condescend to accept of. Remember me to the Earls of March and Coventry, and believe me to be, my dear George,

Ever yours, etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, September 11, [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was very sorry when I saw the face of our smuggling captain and he

[1] Mr. Shelley was nephew, on the mother's side, of Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister.

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brought me no despatches from you. The letter which Coventry wrote the Sunday after the express, I have received, which contains some very cold inquiries after the children, whom he seems to leave to Providence and me. Children often recover their good looks as surprisingly as they lose them, and I hope Nanny will do the same; but at this instant all her beauty is gone, and she looks like a poor miserable object. They are to stay till the end of the month, and then to go down to Crome with their stepmother.

Your ivory tops are most shabby affairs indeed; indeed, they are such, I believe, as Lord Hardwicke's daughter receives from her relations. Lady Something Grey[1] is here, and I wish to God you could see her equipage. Two of the most miserable lean mares, tied to a hackney-coach, will not cause much distress in twenty thousand per annum. Your nephew Midleton[2] and my lady have been in the neighbourhood on a visit to Tommy Pelham, but as none of the minority were (where I could wish them) in the sea, he did not do this place the honour of a visit, but retired to Pepper Harrow, after declaring there would be a change shortly in the admin-

[1] Apparently Lady Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, second daughter of William, second Duke of Portland, and wife of the Hon. George Harry Grey, fifth Earl of Stamford. She died on the 4th of June, 1827.

[2] George, Viscount Midleton, married to Selwyn's niece.

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istration. This arrangement was: Lord Northumberland, first lord of the treasury, and Bowlby his chancellor of the exchequer.

The Duke of York, on his arrival, went first to his mother, then to his Majesty, and directly from them to Mr. Foote's.[1] You see, *cælum non animum mutant.* Mr. Legge told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died, "Sir, you are a great weight, but let me tell you, you are in at the death." I do not believe any of your d——d monsieurs would go off the stage so gallantly. If you had sent my finery to Dieppe time enough for my friend to have clapped them on board the last trip, I should by this time have been in possession. Now I begin to fear the custom house will make free with them, and that I shall see one of their little boys at play in my birthday clothes. I shall stay here a week longer. Let me know in your next when you imagine you shall leave Paris. I do not expect you to be certain, as nothing is less so than the kite you are tied to. God bless you both, and

Adieu, etc., etc., etc.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

KINGSGATE, September 23, 1764.

DEAR SELWYN:—This waits your landing with an invitation of sincerity, and not of compliment; and I will be so sure that you will accept it, that,

[1] Samuel Foote, the celebrated comedian.

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till I see you, I shall say nothing of Hume's[1] absurdity, Horry's pamphlet,[2] etc. Tell Lord March that he may breakfast or dine here, as well at least as at an inn, and lie at Margate, two miles off, as well as at Canterbury. But we dine exactly at two; so you will have full time to go to Canterbury after your coffee, if that is what you choose. Lady Caroline is not here, but will be to-morrow, and very glad to see Lord March and you and ask after her friends at Paris.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

P. S. Hor. may write another pamphlet, for I hear the Duke of Grafton has turned the duchess out (though she is brave, and has seen service), without assigning a reason.

[Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford, on the 9th of the month: "You ask about what I had mentioned in the beginning, the dissensions in the house of Grafton. The world says they

[1] David Hume was at this period secretary to the British embassy at Paris, where his reputation as an historian and a philosopher had procured him a most flattering reception, and where Mason, in his "Heroic Epistle," speaks of him as "drunk with Gallic wine and Gallic praise."

[2] Horace Walpole, during the preceding month, had published a pamphlet in defence of his friend, Marshal Conway, who had recently been dismissed from his employments for opposing the ministry in the House of Commons during the prosecution of Wilkes.

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are actually parted: I do not believe that, but will tell you exactly all I know. His Grace, it seems, for many months has kept one Nancy Parsons,[1] one of the commonest creatures in London, once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown uncommonly attached to her, so much, that it has put an end to all his decorum. She was publicly with him at Ascot races, and is now in the forest; I do not know if actually in the house. At first, I concluded this was merely stratagem to pique the duchess; but it certainly goes farther. Before the duchess laid in, she had a little house on Richmond Hill, whither the duke sometimes, though seldom, came to dine. During her month of confinement he was scarcely

[1] The connection of Nancy Parsons with the Duke of Grafton has been immortalised by Junius. "The example," he says, "of the English nobility may, for aught I know, sufficiently justify the Duke of Grafton when he indulges his genius in all the fashionable excesses of the age; yet, considering his rank and station, I think it would do him more honour to be able to deny the fact than to defend it by such authority. But if vice itself could be excused, there is a certain display of it, a certain outrage to decency and violation of public decorum, which, for the benefit of society, should never be forgiven. It is not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult, of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known, if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the Opera House, even in the presence of the queen. When we see a man act in this manner, we may admit the shameless depravity of his heart, but what are we to think of his understanding?"

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in town at all, nor did even come up to see the Duke of Devonshire. The duchess is certainly gone to her father. She affected to talk of the duke familiarly, and said she should call in the forest as she went to Lord Ravensworth's: I suspect she is gone thither to recriminate and complain." Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, was publicly separated from his duchess (Ann, only child of Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth) about three months after the date of Walpole's letter; and on the 23d of March, 1769, their marriage was dissolved by an act of Parliament, which received the royal assent. The duke shortly afterward married Elizabeth, third daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart., Dean of Windsor; and his injured and charming duchess, about the same time, became the wife of the Earl of Upper Ossory. Several pleasing letters from her, after she had become Countess of Upper Ossory, will be found in the subsequent correspondence.]

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CLIFFORD STREET, Septr. 29 [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You may talk as you please of what you have seen and heard since we parted, but I would not have given up my last night's supper for the whole put together. The earl brought his new countess to Margaret Street

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the night after the consummation.[1] You know him so well, that I dare say you are perfectly master of his words and actions on such an occasion; and as for her ladyship, it was all prettiness, fright, insipidity, question, and answer, which neither gold stuffs, diamonds, a new chair, with a very large coronet in the centre, like the queen's, — neither of these, I say, had power to alter; and as my friend was never cut out for decent and matrimonial gallantry, a very awkward air made them both as entertaining a couple as ever I passed an hour with. They are to be introduced at court on Sunday, and to set out for Crome the next day. Her toad-eater for the summer is a Miss Houblon.

Nanny seems as much frightened as when she was delivered over to mademoiselle from Kitty. I wish she may fall now into as good hands, for I believe Mademoiselle Comte's reign is short. He has already told me her French is very impure, and her orthography worse. He may possibly have another who may excel her in both, and rob the house into the bargain. The countess has three thousand for her fortune, for which she has a rent-charge of eight hundred pounds. She has now a cough, so we may probably expect black Brookes to be trotting over with a prayer-book before the year is out.

I will tell you now what will become of me. I

[1] Lord Coventry's marriage with Lady Barbara St. John took place on the 27th, two days previous to the date of this letter.

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shall set out to-morrow for Bunny's; shall stay there a few days; and from thence go through Bath to my sister's in Devonshire, and, at the end of the month, shall return through Bath to Crome, and thence to London. I believe you will approve of my not interrupting the honeymoon, in which I think a third person has very little to do. Bully was yesterday so very attentive to me at White's, that I believe he intends to crave leave to visit his kinswoman.[1]

The Baptist[2] has recovered his fatigue, and been so well nursed at Lydiard,[3] that there is no appearance of his having been for a whole twelvemonth together on a post-horse. I have been for two days, since I returned to town, at Strawberry. The Duke of Devonshire's illness seems to have sunk Horry's spirits prodigiously. He expects the resurrection of Mr. Pitt, as the Jews do the coming of the Messiah, and, for all I can see, with as much reason. Everything political goes on as well as he could wish it. There has not been the least foundation for any ill humour at Woburn, but all harmony and unanimity; in short, the whole state army is in high spirits.

Charles Townshend's pamphlet is well answered. The writer, I do not know who he is, has proved

[1] Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Barbara St. John were severally descended from Sir Oliver St. John, of Penmark, Glamorganshire, who died in 1437.

[2] The Hon. Henry St. John.

[3] Lydiard Tregoze, in Wiltshire, the seat of Lord Bolingbroke.

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that Charles has gone altogether on false facts, which you know is uncommon, and has gone through the whole with such spirit, that it is much the best performance that has ever appeared on our side. Horry has published Lord Herbert's life, with a very extraordinary dedication to Lord Powis. I have not read it, reserving it for the post-chaise, but I am told nothing is more odd and entertaining.[1]

My Lady[2] is creaking along in her old coach between London and Paddington for ever. Between the king's ministers that ruin her country

[1] "The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury," written by himself, printed in quarto at Strawberry Hill. Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, dated 16th July, 1764, informs us of the circumstances under which this celebrated piece of autobiography first saw the light, and also affords a clue to the "extraordinary dedication" referred to by Williams. "I found it (the MS.) a year ago at Lady Hertford's, to whom Lady Powis had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My Lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief; Gray and I read it to amuse her. We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print: Lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused — I insisted — he persisted. I told my Lady Hertford it was no matter; I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to Lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough; I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously, though there really are fine passages in it, and good sense too: I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication. The earl gulped down the one under the palliative of the other, and here you will have all."

[2] Probably Lady Townshend.

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and the late lord's executors that plunder her jointure, she is in one constant alarm, and her conversation an uninterrupted thread of abuse. As for the Duchess of Grafton, she is at her father's, and, according to all accounts, to come no more to Euston; but my belief is, her pride must submit, and everything will be accommodated. The Duke of Cumberland goes from Newmarket to Euston, and all the sporting court follows him. Various are the reasons given for your friend's[1] bilking Newmarket. Intrigue is the substance of all our conjectures, and we wish him Lord Coventry's vigour to complete his wicked intentions.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CLIFFORD STREET [Oct., 1764].

You will certainly want to know how the children relish their new relation. I will give you a trait of Nanny that pleased me. When mademoiselle broke it to them, Maria cried, and the little one said, "Do not cry, sister! If she is civil to us, we will be civil to her; if not, you know we can sit up in our own rooms, and take no notice of her." There is a degree of philosophy in this infant that I do not think age can improve.

A board of general officers have sat on Johnson and Lyttelton, and, as I am informed, have determined the affair in Johnson's favour. This is what neither you nor I care one farthing about. As to

[1] Lord March.

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what concerns us more nearly, we shall pass a Christmas week over a fowl and bacon with Branch at Matson. I shall have a passion for the party, and I am sure you have done the old house sufficient honour to sigh after it, in all the pleasures of the court of Versailles; but Nanny would tell us it is not all that nonsense that makes us happy. I subscribe to Sir W. Temple, except "old wood to burn, old friends to converse with, and old books to read,"[1] all the rest is not worth one farthing. God bless you, and adieu.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, à Paris.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

SPRING HILL, October 8 [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I hope you have received my last, which gave you as early an account as I could get of the nuptials. The ceremony and consummation being reputably passed, they set out for Crome, where Bunny[2] and I dined with them yesterday. You are so little interested about the master and mistress of that house, any further than they relate to Nanny, that I will not presume to mention them, till I have told you her little ladyship seems happy, and tolerably reconciled to her new mamma. As to her humour appearing

[1] Doctor King, in his agreeable Anecdotes of His Own Time, attributes this saying to Alphonso, King of Arragon.

[2] Apparently Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., of whom there is frequent mention in the subsequent correspondence.

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in her eye, and in different parts of her face, it is exactly as it was, and is likely to continue so, as I find the physical tribe are not to be in fashion there, or ever again consulted.

I like the behaviour of the children much, and likewise the propriety of Bab's behaviour to them; but you would have laughed to have seen what a hearty kiss the little one would often give mademoiselle, as looking upon her as the only real friend she had in the family. You can easily imagine such a scene wanted a second person, equally acquainted, equally interested, and equally disposed to enjoy it; if you had been at our party, it would have been complete. There is no possibility of saying more of her at present, than that she is very pretty; the rest is all grimace; but as to his lordship, he certainly surpasses all you can conceive of him: his plantations, his house, his wife, his plate, his equipage, his — etc., etc., etc. — are all topics that call forth his genius continually. We went to church with them, and the curiosity of all the neighbouring parishes would not have displeased you. I thought I could hear, among the crowd, some odious comparisons; and these were all in favour of our old friend,[1] who lies very quietly in the neighbourhood. I do not love to deal in horoscopes, but his lordship will certainly tire of this plaything, as he has done of all he has hitherto played with, and be plagued with the noise of the

[1] The late beautiful Countess of Coventry.

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rattle when he is no longer pleased with blowing at the whistle. He means to instruct by lectures in his table-talk, and by drawing pictures of good and bad wives. You know how he succeeded in the last; God grant him better success in his present plan.

When your name came upon the carpet, I said you had so little attended to beauty, that I am sure you did not know her by sight. I thought this might remove any report of your disapprobation, if there ever had been any. She has a toad-eater, a Miss Houblon, who seems to me to have sense enough to see a little ridicule in the whole thing. All our advices from the metropolis are in favour of administration. The dirt thrown upon it seems to have recoiled upon its adversaries, and even our friend Coventry now talks of Mr. Grenville, and mentions some conferences he has had with him, like his confidential walks with the old king in the closet. I suppose you have had expresses about Newmarket. The papers had killed his Royal Highness,[1] but as he is out of order, he is of course in danger, as all those bodies must be on the slightest attack. Ranby[2] was sent down to him; the wound in his leg is said to be the present complaint.

[1] William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden. He survived till the 31st of October, 1765.

[2] A celebrated surgeon. He attended Sir Robert Walpole in his last illness; was sergeant-surgeon to the king, and a fellow of the Royal Society.

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I do not see Lord March's name in the list: has he withdrawn his horses, or do they subsist under Fox Vernon's name? Bully is victorious. The next mare he may christen Barbara,[1] and send his groom with her to the Boar's Head, in Mother Holcombe's neighbourhood. I shall leave this place to-morrow morning; shall go through Bath to my sister's in Devonshire; and have promised to return to Crome, in my way to London. Lord Thomond and Cadogan will not be much in town till the Parliament meets, which will certainly be in January; and they have hinted there will always be a very good fire and a piece of beef at Shortgrove, to which we shall be most heartily welcome. I hope to God, George, you will take a sufficient fill of all the stuff and trumpery which you have been engaged in for these last four months, and for which you are no more formed by nature than you are for a Methodist preacher. Do come and live among your friends, who love and honour you, and, believe me, none among them loves you more than,

Yours ever, etc., etc.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

NEWMARKET, Thursday, Oct., 1765.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had your letter yesterday, and you would have heard from me sooner

[1] The Christian name of Lord Coventry's new countess.

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had I had any good news to send you. The rich people win everything. Sir J. Lowther[1] has won above seven thousand. Maxwell will bring you an account of our bad success with Scapeflood. It cost me much less than I expected, but more than I can afford, for I am at this time, as you know, exceeding poor.

I am very sorry to hear that you are still throwing out[2] as well as me. I fear, if luck does not come soon, it will only find us at five-pound stakes, and it must be a d——d long run to bring us home at that rate. Adieu, my dear George! I will not think of desiring you to come here, because I do not know that you like it, and I shall see you in London on Monday. I have one little push to make on Saturday. Adieu.

Yours, M. AND R.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Saturday, 19 October [1764].

I hope by this time my last has reached you at Orford's, or wherever your kite has carried you. We go on just as you left us, saving that great want of whist and swabbers. There is a noble miscreant in the coop at Worcester. He has only

[1] Sir James Lowther, Bart., created, 24 May, 1784, Earl of Lonsdale. He married, 7 September, 1761, Margaret, daughter of John, Earl of Bute, and died 24 May, 1802.

[2] At hazard.

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robbed his uncle, who kept him out of charity; then fired his house, when the whole family was asleep, and run away with three damsels by the light of it. I met the Wrottesleys in the middle of the town, and, let me tell you, a maid of honour's face at Worcester is no very common spectacle.[1] I have seen you in spirits at a London face, though it was that of the Ordinary of Newgate.

As to your question about Don Quixote, Horry says Lord Herbert was a Don Quixote with the austere philosophy of Plato; he does not tell you Plato was a Quixote. I wish most heartily he had the managing of other old family stories; two or three such books in a quarter would make us read your Doctor Carne (if that is his name), for I never heard of him in my life. We know nothing of his Royal Highness [the Duke of York]

[1] They were two sisters, maids of honour to Queen Charlotte, and daughters of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Dean of Worcester. The eldest, Mary, died unmarried, December 17, 1769; Harriet, the youngest, married, in 1779, Gen. William Gardiner, brother of Luke, Viscount Mountjoy, and died December 4, 1823. In "Earl Delawar's Farewell, on resigning the place of Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen," we find:

"Ye maids, who Britain's court bedeck,
Miss Wrottesley, Tyron, Beauclerk, Kech,
Miss Meadows and Boscawen!
A dismal tale I have to tell;
This is to bid you all farewell;
Farewell! for I am going," etc., etc.

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going into Wales; he is now at Plymouth's[1] to the surprise of this whole county, who know enough of the host not to wonder at the guest.

What is the matter with Burgoyne?[2] — if anything, I am more concerned for him than for Monseigneur the Dauphin. I can figure no being happier than Horry. *Monstrari digito prætereuntium* has been his whole aim. For this he has wrote, printed, and built. To this we owe Lord Herbert, and I hope in future shall owe much more diversion. We see nothing of old Argyll[3] in the papers. Was she ever sick?

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BATH, November 1, 1764.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Your last letter met me at this place on my return from my western tour,

[1] Other Hickman, fourth Earl of Plymouth, married, in 1750, Katherine, daughter of Thomas, Lord Archer, and died 20 April, 1777.

[2] James Burgoyne, well known as a man of pleasure, and from his lively dramatic writings; but still better known as Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, and from his compulsory surrender to General Gates at Saratoga:

"Burgoyne, unconscious of impending fates,
Could cut his way through woods, but not through Gates."

General Burgoyne died at his house in Hertford Street, London, 4 August, 1792, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

[3] Jane, daughter of Thomas Warburton, Esq., of Winnington, in Cheshire, and widow of John, second Duke of Argyll. The

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and very glad I was to hear you kept up your spirits so well. I am at this place encircled with Irish and West Indians, whose brogue and black language I would not wish to exchange for the most refined speculation of the President Henault.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are here; I dine with them often. I can give you no account of the children, having heard nothing from Crome since I left it; and as we are advancing in November, the weather gloomy, and the Worcestershire roads worse, I propose going to London from hence directly, without seeing how the lovers look, though the honeymoon is past. The earl was to have been in waiting this week, but whether he sends the Scripture excuse, or goes in person, I know not.

Rigby is returned. He is afraid of coming to Bath, lest the gout should lay hold of him, but meets our family when it returns to Woburn. As to the state of politics, I hope it to be "majority for ever!" There is such a cursed murrain among the factions at Wildman's that the hand of God seems stretched out against them. The poor Duke of Devonshire has left his children under the guardianship of George, Frederick, and John,[1]

duchess, who had been a maid of honour to Queen Anne, died on the 16th of January, 1767.

[1] Lords George, Frederick, and John Cavendish, the duke's brothers.

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jointly. Is it possible they can agree for one week? He has left Conway five thousand,[1] and two hundred to Lord Strafford.[2]

Lord Rockingham's youngest sister has just married her footman, John Sturgeon.[3] Surely he is the very first of that name that ever had a Right Honourable annexed to it. I made the Duchess of Bedford laugh yesterday, with the story of Lord March's handsome Jack wanting to go to live with Lady Harrington. Had he met with a Wentworth, he must have made his fortune infallibly.

Sir Onesiphorus Paul[4] and his Lady are the finest couple that has been seen here since Bath was built. By the by, her ladyship drinks most d——bly. They have bespoke two whole-length pictures, which some time or other will divert us. His dress and manner are beyond my painting;

[1] The celebrated Marshal Conway. The bequest was made in the following codicil, in the duke's own handwriting: "I give to General Conway five thousand pounds, as a testimony of my friendship to him, and of my sense of his honourable conduct and friendship for me."

[2] William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He married Lady Anne Campbell, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, and died in 1791.

[3] Lady Henrietta Alicia Wentworth, youngest daughter of Thomas, first Marquis of Rockingham. She was born December 7, 1737, and married, about this period, her footman, William, or, as the Peerages style him, William Sturgeon, *Esq.*

[4] Onesiphorus Paul, Esq., of Rodborough in Gloucestershire, was created a baronet 3 September, 1762, and died 21 September, 1774.

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however, they may come within Mr. Gainsborough's: that is the painter by whom, if you remember, we once saw the caricature of old Winchelsea.

S. Fanshawe and Willis are both here, not for an appetite, but for the effects of too good a one. I go for London in a few days, and shall take old Execution Southwell in my post-chaise as a companion. I write this in a full coffee-house, and with such materials that you have good luck if you can read two lines of it. Adieu!

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CLIFFORD STREET, Nov. 10, 1764.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I never write to you but that I hope it will be the last, and that we are to see you again in your native country, which has its charms, let fashion and affectation say what they please to the contrary.

I am just returned to the metropolis from the west, and in my passage assisted at the closing of old Poulett's eyes, for he died three days after I left him. He made an end like Falstaffe, "babbling of green fields." What he has done with his fortune has not yet transpired.[1]

This place is as deserted as it generally used to be in August; half a dozen old courtiers at White's; as many young ones at the Maca-

[1] John, second Earl Poulett, died November 5, 1764.

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roni's;[1] the rest of the world hunting or shooting. Our peer is to continue at Crome till after Christmas. He says his countess and the girls are well, but enters into no particulars. The weather altering so much for the worse, and the gloom of November setting in, I could not prevail on myself to plough my way home from Bath through the d——d deep roads of Worcestershire, for which reason you will think me a worse correspondent than usual, as Nanny cannot be mentioned. But since you have applied to the fountain-head for that sort of intelligence, I hope her father takes care to give you due satisfaction.

The girls talk of nothing but the match between Lord Rockingham's sister and her footman, John Sturgeon. Never so much —— and discretion met together, for she has entailed her fortune with as much circumspection as Lord Mansfield could have done, and has not left one cranny of the law unstopped.[2] It is supposed she is with child by

[1] The Macaroni Club was the "Crockford's" of the last century. Walpole speaks of it, in one of his letters, as "composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses." It comprised, however, the men of rank and pleasure of the day, and, were the term "dandy" not obsolete, it would be synonymous with that of "Macaroni" in the last age.

[2] Horace Walpole writes to Lord Hertford, Nov. 1, 1764, "Lady Harriet has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and, considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a

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him, for they used to pass many hours together, which she called teaching John the mathematics. I believe we know some ladies who would not dislike taking in some Irish pupils, and in return would pay as well for their instruction.

Bully read me an extract out of one of your letters the other day. Contrary to all expectations, his affairs thrive in the hands of Compton. He wins so much at Newmarket, that he looks upon it as one of his best farms, and one indeed that will bear no price at market. Your inquiry after the Duchess of Grafton may be answered, that they will most certainly come together again. Will not Ravensworth's [1] account of it be entertaining, and more so for being unintelligible?

I give you a thousand thanks for my velvet. I am told it is the prettiest in the world, and has not suffered in the least from the rude hands of my smuggling captain. Rigby was forced to bring his clothes on his own and his servants' backs.

single hundred pound on him a year for his life; entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any; and, if not, on her own family; nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and ensures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield [who had married her aunt], whom she makes trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says it is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium!"

[1] Henry Liddell, first Lord Ravensworth, the father of the Duchess of Grafton. He died 30th January, 1784.

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RIGHT HON. THOMAS TOWNSHEND.[1]

THOMAS TOWNSHEND, the "Tommy Townshend" of Goldsmith's "Retaliation,"[2] was the eldest son of the Hon. Thomas Townshend (son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend), by Albinia, daughter of Col. John Selwyn of Matson, and sister to George Selwyn. He was born in February, 1733. During the time he remained a Commoner, he represented the borough of Whitchurch in four Parliaments, and for more than thirty years enjoyed a succession of important and lucrative posts. He had been one of the clerks of the household to George the Third, when Prince of Wales, on whose accession to the throne he was appointed one of the clerks of the board of green cloth, which post he resigned in 1762. In July, 1765, he was made a lord of the treasury, and subsequently held the appointment of secretary at war. On the change which took place in the government, in July, 1782, in consequence of the death of Lord Rockingham, he was nominated one of the principal secretaries of state, which situation he retained, with the exception of a few months, till June, 1789. On the 6th of March, 1783, he was created Baron Sydney of Chislehurst, and on the

[1] Afterward Viscount Sydney.

[2] "Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote."

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9th of June, 1789, was advanced to a viscountcy. For his success in public life, he seems to have been indebted rather to family and parliamentary influence, than to the possession of extraordinary talents. However, as he was distinguished by steady abilities, and was a bold, able, and unembarrassed speaker in Parliament, these qualities, added to his family influence, rendered him a valuable acquisition to his party. The manner of his death, which took place at his seat at Chislehurst, in Kent, 13th June, 1800, is thus related in a contemporary notice of the event: "Returning from his morning ride, he went into the garden, and walked round the pond to see his ducks, as was his usual custom, and then returned to the parlour, desiring his servant to bring him pen and ink, saying he would write to his attorney to inform him when he should be in town. After writing, 'Sir, I shall be —' his lordship fell back in his chair in a fit. His eldest son, who was with him, called for assistance, but to no purpose: the last words his lordship spoke were, 'Give me my draught;' in three minutes afterward he expired."

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, November 11, 1764.

DEAR SIR: — Your reproaches to me for not sending you any news have certainly the appearance of justice; though it was not in my power to do it, as London was so empty when I wrote last,

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that there was no tittle-tattle stirring, or, at least, it was such very small talk that it would not bear carriage as far as Frognal; but, if I may believe the present conversation of the town, I have cause to return the complaint, as you have omitted informing me of a marriage which is here said to be agreed on between Lord March and Lady Anne Conway,[1] and we give that reason for his being absent from Newmarket last meeting. I shall not be surprised if the report is contradicted: if it is true, I believe he has made a good choice. A sister of Lord Rockingham's has much outdone Lady Susan O'Brien. She has married her footman and dropped her title, and, with most extraordinary discretion, has put her fortune into trustees' hands, and entailed it on her family in case she has no child, except an annuity of a hundred a year, which she has settled on Mr. Sturgeon.

Another important event is the marriage of Miss Hunter to a Doctor Delap, with whose sister she boarded. It is said that her father has added two hundred a year to her other settlement.

Mathias has received your letter, and told me that he would make all possible inquiries concerning the importation of your baggage. The strictness of the custom-house officers still continues. Mr. Rigby brought one fine suit of clothes, which he saved by wearing it when he landed. Mr.

[1] Eldest daughter of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, born in 1744. She married Charles Moore, first Marquis of Drogheda.

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Elliot saved a coat and waistcoat by the same means, but not having taken the precaution for the breeches, they were seized and burnt.

My brother imagines that Count Brull has been in England before, and that he is already acquainted with him. I have recommended to him submission to Madame Geoffrin's decisions, but I hope, for the sake of my friends, that she does not admit many to be of her academy, who are capable of making so very flat compliments as those of the Marquis de Brancas.

I do not think we shall stay here longer than the end of this month; and maybe not so long, if the weather continues so bad as it is at present. As soon as I go to town, I shall obey your commands, and go and see your pictures. My grandmother and I are extremely obliged to you for your offer about the china, but we are determined not to have the boxes opened till we have the pleasure of seeing you, which we would flatter ourselves is not far off. She orders me to give her love to you. The family desire to be kindly remembered to you. Farewell.

À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn, chez Monsieur Foley, Banquier, à Paris.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, November 13 [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You make me of that consequence by your frequent couriers and des-

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patches, that I wish, for both our sakes, they did not open our correspondence at the secretary's office. I should not dislike to see an English and a French Willis employed in deciphering and giving meaning to that which originally had none at all.

They have been so taken up these moonlight nights at Crome, in returning their wedding visits, that I have heard nothing from thence since I came to town. You have made me such a coxcomb by that very pretty velvet, that I wish you would let me trouble you to buy two pair of point ruffles, not exceeding five pounds each pair, and pray let them be shallow, and not in the Hippesley way. Old Poulett has left all to his brother Vere,[1] who is an acquisition to the ministry; as I hear he has been a pamphleteer, though as yet only to the benefit of the trunk-maker and pastry-cook. Horry told me last night, he intended to be at Paris in February. It is a d——d cold time for a patriot to leave us in, but, take my word for it, Lady Mary's[2] promotion to Windsor has had its due operation.

Whom do you think they have married Lord March to?—no less a person than Lady Anne

[1] Vere Poulett succeeded his brother, November, 5, 1764, as third Earl Poulett.

[2] Lady Mary Churchill, Walpole's half-sister, had been recently removed from being housekeeper at Kensington Palace, to be housekeeper at Windsor Castle.

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Conway; and as she is fifteen,[1] and Madame D. fifty, the honourable proposal gains more credit than the intrigue. The master of the rolls (the English one, not Rigby) tumbled out of his chair last Sunday at church, and is, they say, *in extremis*.[2] Prince William's[3] title is to be Gloucester; that of Lancaster interfering too much with the rights and privileges of that duchy. He is to have the exact establishment of his brother, the Duke of York. The Duke of Marlborough will have the riband, if it goes out of the royal family.

Poor Wolly is dead. He died of a cold pigeon pie for want of Willis's assistance. I spoke to Lord Holland, at court, last Sunday. He looks well in the face, but is weaker in his limbs than ever I saw him. Horry Walpole dined here yesterday, and says his stomach is totally gone. I find the present topic of abuse, instead of Ashton, Rigby, etc., is the Woburn family. De Beaumont[4] has break-

[1] Lady Anne Conway was born August 1, 1744, and, consequently, was at this period in her twenty-first year. The marriage never took place.

[2] Sir Thomas Clarke, master of the rolls; died shortly after the above was written.

[3] Prince William Henry, brother of George the Third, born November 15, 1743, and created Duke of Gloucester November 17, 1764. He married, September 6, 1766, Maria, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and widow of James, Earl of Waldegrave, and died August 26, 1805.

[4] M. Elie de Beaumont was born at Caventan, in Normandy, in 1732; was admitted an advocate at the French bar in 1762, and died in 1786. Though incapacitated by physical infirmities from attaining to excellence as a pleader, he, nevertheless, ac-

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fasted with him at Strawberry. He is now as much a curiosity to all foreigners as the tombs and lions.

You will be glad to hear the Duchess of Hamilton is breeding again; so there is a chance for another *lusus naturæ*, and Gunning may still unite those great rival houses. George Pitt kissed hands last Sunday for plenipotentiary, and is not to carry over his credentials till May.[1] The town is emptier than it usually is at midsummer; scarce a patriot left, or a Cavendish to whisper. Egmont is reduced to a soliloquy, or, to what is worse, to Cholmondley. The little Edgecombe is as like the old Edgecombe[2] — as they more properly said of the Pouletts — as two peas. You shall now hear from me frequently. God bless you, my dear George, and adieu!

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, 1 Dec. [1764].

I wonder what the devil you do with yourself, *sic raro scribis!* I do not believe you think I have

quired a lasting reputation by the beauty and eloquence with which he drew up his memorials, and more especially his famous one in favour of the unfortunate Calas family. In private life he was distinguished by the liveliness of his wit, and by kindness of heart.

[1] George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsay, created, in 1776, Baron Rivers. In 1761 he was British envoy at Turin, and, in 1770, ambassador extraordinary to Spain. He died May 7, 1803.

[2] George, first Earl of Mount Edgecombe. He had recently become a father, his only son, Richard, the late (second) earl, having been born September 13, 1764.

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a penny left in my pocket, that you will not put me to the expense of a letter, but wait till a d——d odd animal joins the Macaronis to save me twelvepence postage. Pray tell Lord March that I am this moment come from the opera, and the knowing ones agree nothing like Manzoli[1] has been imported into this country for ages. Signora Scotti is pretty, but her voice scarce strong enough to reach three benches from the orchestra. But I can tell you something which, as Lord Bacon says, will come more home to your business and bosom. Old Harrington's robbery is found out. His porter was the principal thief, who let in a cheesemonger, and another not yet taken, who divided the spoil. A watch and some of the plate are returned. The cheesemonger is the evidence, so the porter will go alone in the cart: they were discovered negotiating one of the bank-notes at Chester.[2]

[1] Doctor Burney mentions Manzoli's voice as "the most powerful and voluminous soprano" that had been heard on the English stage since the time of Farinelli. "The lovers of music," he says, "were more unanimous in approving his voice and talents than those of any other singer within my memory."

[2] The circumstances of the robbery, which was committed nearly a twelvemonth previous to the discovery of the culprits, are thus detailed by Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Hertford: "The house of Harrington has supplied us with new matter of talk. My lord was robbed, about three o'clock in the night, between Saturday and Sunday last, of money, bills, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of three thousand pounds. Nothing is yet discovered, but that the guard in the stable-yard saw a man, in a great-coat and white stockings, come from there-

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No army on earth was ever in higher spirits than our administration. Opposition seems on its death-bed. The Yorkes have left it. Charles Yorke has been squeamish, and would not return to his old post again, but kisses hands next Wednesday for a brevet of precedency at the bar. He has acted, as most lawyers do out of their business, with as much absurdity, and as little knowledge of the world, as a fellow of a college. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton are separated, though the articles are not yet agreed upon between them. General Conway is to treat in favour of the duke, and old Ellison for the duchess: it is thought she will retire upon her jointure. Coventry comes in about a fortnight. He says concisely, the children are well; but as he corresponds with you, and you are satisfied, I suppose he has been more particular. The dowager's birthday was full and well-dressed.[1] People say Lord Holland looks well; but I think he breaks very fast, and has more of the old man in his speech, which you remember was remarkably quick and lively. God bless you, my dear George! When you have noth-

abouts at the time I have named. The servants have all been examined over and over to no purpose. Fielding is all day in the house, and a guard of his at night." One Bradley, an accomplice, was subsequently admitted a witness for the prosecution; and on his evidence the porter, John Wisket, was hanged, in January, 1765.

[1] Augusta, Princess of Wales, the mother of George the Third; born 19th of November, 1709.

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ing else to do, let me hear from you — see you, I suppose, I never shall. Etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, Dec. 4 [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I wrote to you on Saturday last, and told you all the news in that scrap of paper. Sir John Fielding's[1] is crowded every morning with the choice spirits of both sexes. Both the thieves are now taken, and have confessed the whole of Harrington's robbery. The porter let them in, and concealed them under his own bed, and then assisted them in breaking open the bureau. He is certainly the most proper turnkey for the door he waited at, since a more impudent, abandoned dog never existed.

Have you not great expectations on your return, from the account Ravensworth will give of the separation of his son and daughter?[2] I confess I am sorry for her, since, from the first step of the ladder, she falls to the bottom. I want to propose

[1] Sir John Fielding, the chief police magistrate, half-brother of the celebrated Henry Fielding, the novelist. Though blind from his youth, he was distinguished by the activity and sagacity with which he discharged the functions of his office. He was the author of several tracts on the Penal Code, and was conspicuous for the benevolent zeal with which he promoted the interests of several public charitable institutions. He was knighted in 1761, and died in 1780.

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

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George Selwyn. — *The Hon. Richard Edgcumbe.* — *Gilly Williams.*

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir J. Reynolds.

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to my lady [1] to have a club of them; she herself in the chair, supported by Lady Talbot [2] and Lady Mary Coke.[3] I think they might grow as formidable as the macaronis at least, and put all domestic felicity out of countenance. Now I have mentioned the macaronis, I can tell you that it flourishes much. Drogheda [4] plays immensely deep, and with as little skill as you do. Bully was chose last night; Lord Gower went from White's to his election.

Yorke kisses hands to-morrow for his patent of precedency.[5] The language which passed between

[1] Probably Lady Townshend.

[2] Mary, daughter of Adam de Cardounel, Esq., of Bedhampton Park, in the county of Southampton, and wife of William, first Earl of Talbot. She died in 1787.

[3] Lady Mary Coke was the fifth daughter of John, second Duke of Argyll, and, in 1747, became the wife of Edward, Viscount Coke, who died in 1753, in the lifetime of his father, Thomas, Earl of Leicester. She subsequently, as there is every reason to believe, was married to Edward, Duke of York, brother of George the Third. Lady Mary was possessed of extraordinary personal beauty, and preserved to a very advanced age the cheerfulness and vivacity for which she had been distinguished in her youth. She died 30th of October, 1811.

[4] Charles, first Marquis of Drogheda, died December 22, 1821.

[5] Charles Yorke, second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He had previously held the appointment of attorney-general, not being at the time a king's counsel; and consequently on his resignation, in 1763, he was compelled to return to his former position at the outer bar. It was in order to remedy this anomaly that Mr. Yorke was granted a patent of precedency next after the king's counsel.

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him and his Grace at Claremont [1] was rather more acrimonious than courtlike, and properer for Billingsgate than a drawing-room. Whenever old Tilbury resigns the seals, he will most undoubtedly succeed to them.[2] Charles Townshend says he shall hold out one more campaign, but I believe that will depend on the offers which administration shall make him.

That Monsieur de Beaumont, whom I mentioned dining with Horry, was the advocate that has made so much noise in that family which was executed for the murder of their son at Toulouse; Caylus I think their name was. Now, prithee, my dear George, in your next, name some time when it is likely we may see you. You may eat boiled chickens and kiss Raton as well on this side of the water as on the other; and if March does, as he has the credit of doing, you must be more alone there than here. Etc., etc.

[1] The first Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister. The high words which seem to have arisen between his Grace and Mr. Yorke may have originated in the latter having been refused the appointment of master of the rolls, which had recently become vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Clarke.

[2] The prophecy of the elevation of Charles Yorke was subsequently fulfilled. On the 17th of January, 1770, he was appointed keeper of the Great Seal and lord high chancellor; and at the same time a patent was ordered to be prepared, creating him a peer, by the title of Lord Morden. He died suddenly, however, three days afterward, before the patent could be completed.

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Right Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

LONDON, Dec. 11, 1764.

DEAR SIR: — The *embarras* of removing, and the business which always presents itself on first coming to town, has prevented my acknowledging as soon as I ought to have done the receipt of your last. My grandmother caught no cold with her journey, and has been in perfect health since she came to town. I am sorry that it has not been in my power to go to see your pictures, and am afraid I shall not be able to send you any account of them before you return, as I am going to nurse my sister, who has miscarried, in the country, and my stay there depends on her health.

If you can bring over any regulations for the police, which are not contraband, they will be extremely acceptable, as the good people of London have taken much of late to house-breaking. An ample confession has been made concerning the robbery committed last year at Lord Harrington's; the porter and another man will be hanged. Lady Harrington is in great spirits with the discovery. She has received some odd compliments upon the occasion, which you will easily guess.

The town is as yet very empty, but the few of the *bon ton* who are here are entertained with balls once a week at the sensible Mrs. Pitt's,[1] who has

[1] Miss Anne Pitt, sister of the great Lord Chatham. This was her third pension.

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had an additional pension given her of five hundred a year. Mrs. Poyntz has mortified me by going out of town just as I came to it. I hear from those who have seen her that she much improved by her travels. The Archbishop of Paris is particularly in her good graces. My grandmother and my father desire me to send their love to you. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

À Monsieur, Monsieur Selwyn, chez Monsieur Foley, Banquier, à Paris.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Wednesday, December 12, 1674.

I find, my dear George, if neither macaronis nor French are on the road, our correspondence stops; so unwilling are you to put me to sixpence charge, when I assure you I would expend a much larger sum to hear you was well. To hear you are happy I hardly expect, till you are got among your old friends, who have known you longer, and therefore like you better, than any exotic you have met with.

Lord Northumberland [1] wants to hear from you: on a tapestry commission, I think it was. He

[1] Sir Hugh Smithson, who married the heiress of the Percys, and who (on the death of his father-in-law, Algernon, Duke of Somerset) succeeded, by letters patent, to the earldom of Northumberland. He was created a duke in 1766, and died June 6, 1786. According to Horace Walpole, Sir Hugh Smithson had "the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches — such was Sir Hugh's grandfather!"

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talked so much to me about something, that before he had finished his discourse I had forgot the subject. Downe's [1] child is to be christened this evening. The sponsors I know not, but his three names made me laugh not a little, John Christopher Burton. I wish to God when he arrives at the years of puberty he may marry Mary Josephina Antonietta Bentley.

I have heard of a book of Wilkes's published at Paris. It seems, he abuses king, Lords, and Commons, *venalis populus, venalis curia*, etc. I am glad he is of your side of the water; and further I care not. We have got such an opera, that the king and queen have been two Saturdays following. Manzoli [2] is ravishing; people, with and without ears, are dying for him. The Dutchman [3]

[1] John, fourth Viscount Downe. The child in question was christened "John Christopher," and succeeded as fifth Viscount Downe, in 1780.

[2] Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford on the 3d: "Manzoli is come a little late, or I think he would have had as many diamond watches and snuff-boxes as Farinelli had." Manzoli, however, as it subsequently proved, had no reason to complain that his talents were not appreciated by the British public. According to one of the public journals of the period, "Signior Manzoli, the Italian singer at the Haymarket, got no less, after paying all charges of every kind, by his benefit last week (March, 1765), than one thousand guineas. This (added to a sum of fifteen hundred pounds which he has already saved), and the remaining profits of the season, is surely an undoubted proof of British generosity. One particular lady complimented the singer with a two hundred pound bill for a single ticket on that occasion."

[3] The Hon. Hans Sloane Cadogan.

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is at the Almack house every night. You have no loss, as Quinze is everything, no Hazard. Drogheda is the game bear. We talk of filling up twelve vacancies in the old club by lists; I shall keep a place for Lord March, and will engage as many as I can, if that proposal should take place. Lord Tavistock supped there last night; he is by much the most amiable being I ever saw, young or old. He asked me if you was not supposed to be much emaciated from your bunch of grapes dinner; but my dear George, do begin to use yourself to eat before you come to us, or you will die of a surfeit in a fortnight.

Lord Exeter, the first week after he landed from Italy, had an epileptic fit.[1] Horry Walpole whispers now and then with a Cavendish, but I think he seems rather to be ashamed of his company. He is going to make an addition to Strawberry, consisting of a Gothic Museum. I think, as Bays says, "that will be a stroke," and the contents of it beyond any repository in the world. Etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

[December, 1764.]

Indeed, my dear George, you will infallibly lose the fans, if Lord March does not speak to some of the ministers on your side of the water, to order their couriers to take them. Lord Sandwich told

[1] Brownlow, ninth Earl of Exeter. He survived till December 26, 1793.

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me last night he had used his utmost endeavours, but at this time the reciprocal search is so very exact, that he sees no probability of sending them. Spain has made a regular and formal complaint, on their embassadress, Madame Masserano, losing twenty.

The Earl of Coventry and his countess came last night. He says the children are well; that is, I suppose, for anything he knows to the contrary.

You will love the Duchess of Bedford[1] as well as I do, for begging the old privy seal, which, on the delivery of the new one, is the Duke of Marlborough's perquisite.[2] She intends to frame it, and Horry Walpole is to write the inscription for it. It is singularly circumstanced, that the same seal should have been her father's, her husband's, her brother's, and her son's![3]

Harrington's porter was condemned yesterday. Cadogan and I have already bespoken places at the Brazier's, and I hope Parson Digby[4] will come time enough to be of the party. I presume we

[1] Gertrude, daughter of John, Earl Gower, and wife of John, fourth Duke of Bedford.

[2] George, third Duke of Marlborough. He married, 1762, Lady Caroline Russell, only daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, and was appointed lord privy seal April 22, 1763.

[3] The persons here alluded to were John and Granville, first and second Earls Gower; John, Duke of Bedford; and George, Duke of Marlborough; who were successively appointed to the office of privy seal, in 1744, 1755, 1761, and 1763.

[4] The Rev. William Digby, grandson of William, fifth Lord Digby.

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shall have your Honour's company, if your stomach is not too squeamish for a single swing.

I called yesterday on my lady,[1] and she is going to have an execution of her own. Draper, the butler, that bloodhound after a corpse, has turned out the d——dest thief in the world. She says she finds several hundred pounds unpaid, which he ought to have discharged. He has fled for the same, but Mr. Fielding and his myrmidons are after him, and her ladyship not being very compassionate, he must go to the gallows. Our Princess of Brunswick[2] is brought to bed of a daughter. I believe, if it had been a son, the opposition would have lighted up their windows.

Since I begun this, I have seen the countess and the children. They are all well, and her ladyship is in a fair way to increase her nursery. The Duke of Gloucester has professed a passion for the Dowager Waldegrave.[3] He is never from her elbow. This flatters Horry Walpole not a little, though he pretends to dislike it. I believe we shall lose our Strawberry Christmas, for he talks of going to Woburn and Goodwood. Pray remember, George, this is the fourth letter I have wrote to you since I received one from you. I wish the Monsieurs at h—l for keeping you. Adieu.

For George Selwyn, Esq., at Mr. Foley's, Banker, à Paris.

[1] Lady Townshend.

[2] Sister of George the Third.

[3] They were afterward married, but not till September, 1766.

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Gilly Williams to the Earl of March.

Tuesday, December 18 [1764].

I had despaired, my dear lord, of ever being able to send the fans which I had bought for you, when I received a very civil note last night from Lord Sandwich, that with great difficulty he had prevailed on Guerchy to undertake the conveyance of them, and you will most certainly receive them by the first French courier that goes from hence; indeed, our English secretary deserves your thanks for the very active part he has taken to oblige the ladies.[1]

As it is now the common question in all assemblies, when you and your fellow traveller will return, I believe they may be answered, that next month will infallibly bring you, though nothing is less expected than a turbulent and busy season. How the lords may attend their parliamentary duty I know not, but the bedchamber was so ill supplied, that Bob Bertie[2] was left in pawn for a month.

There is no stranger arrived lately but Andrew Mitchell[3] from Berlin, who is to tell the story of the King of Prussia at all the next dinners which will be given for these next six months. People did not like our new Countess of Coventry, at Sat-

[1] Lord Sandwich was at this period secretary of state.

[2] Lord Robert Bertie.

[3] Sir Andrew Mitchell, the well-known diplomatist.

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urday's opera, near so well as the old. She did not make noise enough, and sat as private and pale-faced as Miss Holman; I am not sure our friend George would not have compared her to Scrimpshire. It appeared, on the conviction of Lord Harrington's porter, that he had offered to shoot her ladyship, as a troublesome useless b——, that would leave no stone unturned to find out the culprit: there might be a good Grub composed for his dying speech. You have sent Greville[1] home a better dressed author than he went. He talks of Voltaire, and gives some hints as if we were soon to taste of that fund of knowledge he has imbibed.

Nothing can be more complaisant and well-bred than the parting of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton. No lovers ever met with greater decorum; a correspondence is established, and they are to live in friendship till their death: the opposition are afraid of losing either, and therefore commend both. Horry Walpole told me he sat an hour with her yesterday, and nothing could be more sensible or unaffected than her conduct. I believe she is rather fatigued with her constant messmate, the old General Ellison,[2] as it is the only thing in

[1] Fulke Greville, Esq., eldest son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Baron Brooke. He was the author of a work entitled "Maxims and Characters," in the style of Rochefoucauld, and husband of Mrs. Greville, the authoress of the "Ode to Indifference."

[2] He had been selected by the duchess to adjust the terms of

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breeches she has as yet been familiar with. My paper will admit of no more than bidding you, my dear lord, adieu!

THE EARL OF TYRONE.[1]

GEORGE, second Earl of Tyrone, was created an English peer by the title of Baron Tyrone, of Haverford West, in 1786, and on the 19th of August, 1789, was advanced to be Marquis of Waterford. He married, in 1769, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry Monk, of Charleville, Esq., by a daughter of the first Duke of Portland, and died 3d December, 1800. The present marquis is the grandson of this lord.

The Earl of Tyrone to George Selwyn.

LONDON, Dec. 20.

I did not recover my seasickness enough to enable me to obey your commands from Dover, where we were very well treated by the officers, who, after having searched our trunks very strictly, made every allowance which could be reasonably expected, and did not insist on confining us to a single suit, on seeing we had nothing which had not been worn. I mention this particularly, be-

her separation from the duke. General Conway acted as agent on the part of his Grace.

[1] Afterward Marquis of Waterford.

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cause the captain of the ship will either lose or spoil anything you commit to his care. They neither attempted to search us nor our servants, which I was much pleased at, as I could not help blushing at the ridiculous figure we made in our fine clothes. You must wear your gold, for not even a button will be admitted. We were not stopped on the road, though we were told we should, and had nothing searched in London but what we sent by the stage.

I have not yet been at Almack's, and am sorry I am not sufficiently acquainted here to inform you of any occurrences which might give you pleasure. I shall be very glad when you come, and am, with great regard,

Your most obedient servant,

TYRONE.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Christmas day [1764].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I thank you for your last, though I do not like some part of it, and, indeed, do not understand it. How the devil can a lord of the bedchamber,[1] and also one in your worship's situation, stay *ex regno* in defiance of the meeting of Parliament and the queen's birthday? You must certainly have mistaken the month, and I am determined to read it the first week in January, instead of the month that follows it. How you

[1] Lord March.

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fare upon the Continent, I know not, but with us it is one of the coldest Christmases I ever passed. I hope the Earl of March takes care to keep himself warm with the largest —— of the Most Christian King's subjects; but you, who lie whole nights alone, what you can do to amuse yourself is, and will be, a mystery to me.

You will be glad to hear, for the children's sake, that Lord Coventry has bought Sir H. Hunlock's house in Piccadilly. He gives ten thousand guineas for it, and takes possession at Lady day. The little ones will have much better air in those attics than in those d——d lodgings they at present inhabit. I have told you Nelly O'Brien has a son. It was christened yesterday. Bunny and his trull were sponsors. Now for his name; guess it if you can; it is of no less consequence in this country than Alfred; but Magill was so drunk he had like to have named it Hiccup!

The Duchess of Grafton has bought Sir Charles Bunbury's house in Upper Grosvenor Street. She is at present in St. James's Square, and is chiefly visited by Wildman and his friends. Willis has left a card, and I believe intends to pluck a pigeon with her. George Monson is come, and looks tolerably well. A piece of his nose is gone, and he limps a little, but that is not much. He receives his visitors at his brother's in Albemarle Street, but he lies every night with his wife at Little Holland House. Do you think P. passes

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his Christmas as well at Besançon as he did in Bedfordshire? Sir Charles Coote, an Irishman, is to entertain this year, but I believe the gambols are not as yet begun, for Secretary Sandwich is still in town. Let me know, in your next, whether you have received the fans, and whether the ladies like them. Jersey is returned, and not near so crabbed as he went; I think he sees more ability in Mr. Grenville than formerly. Pray tell Lord March, that I wish you both the merriest Christmas that Englishmen can enjoy, though for your lives you cannot be as merry as Frenchmen till you are as mad as they.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Friday, January 4, 1765.

My dear George: — Possibly you may care so little about it as not to know the Parliament meets the 10th, and that making a good arrangement of troops on that day will be half the battle. Not one of the opposition but what is already arrived, from the Marquis of Rockingham to Midleton[1] and George Onslow.[2] The marquis supped last night at White's, and blushed at Willis's request to be helped to some sturgeon; the other's good

[1] George, third Viscount Midleton, nephew to George Selwyn.

George, afterward fourth Baron and first Earl of Onslow, lord lieutenant of Surrey, treasurer of the household, and a lord of the bedchamber. He married, in 1753, Henrietta, daughter of Sir John Shelley, Bart., and died 17th May, 1814.

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stomach got the better of his breeding, and he totally forgot the name of the varlet that run off with his sister.[1]

I am glad you have wrote to the stout earl.[2] He seemed to think you had forgot him, and the countess might have ordered one of the nine footmen that precede her chair,[3] to have thrown you into the dirt for it. Pray tell Lord March, if he abuses us for want of society, it is from not knowing us. Have we not every house open every night, from Cornely's[4] to Mrs. Holman's? every one of which, by the bye, will fully satisfy your Russian bear. Mrs. Anne Pitt gives regularly a weekly ball, and she is about the pitch of Madame Geoffrin. As for the Lady Hervey,[5] she is reserved entirely for wits, of which the only symptom

[1] Alluding, of course, to the unfortunate marriage of the marquis's sister with her footman, William Sturgeon.

[2] Of Northumberland.

[3] Walpole mentions, in a letter dated December preceding, that Lady Northumberland had recently made an addition of an eighth footman. The heiress of the Percys was, apparently, a person of little learning and less delicacy. "The story I am going to tell you," writes Walpole, "will divert you much. There was a vast assembly at Marlborough House, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, 'Bless me, I think this is like the Straits of Thermopylæ!' My Lady Northumberland replied, 'I don't know what street that is, but I wish I could get my —— through.' I hope you admire the contrast."

[4] Mrs. Cornely's, or Corneille's, was a fashionable place of public amusement in Soho Square: Mrs. Holman's also seems to have been a place of amusement, but of a less reputable kind.

[5] The celebrated Mary Lepel, widow of John, Lord Hervey.

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they give the world is, excluding you from their circle! Poor Lady Coventry makes an excellent mother, but, God help her! a most unworthy successor to the bustle and uproar which followed that name formerly. If he had married Miss Mazey, she could not have appeared in a more private and undistinguished character. I dined last week with her at the duchess's,[1] who affected a tear even at the sound of her name. She has already begun to cough, and I reckon by next autumn Brookes will be on his palfrey, recommending her to the bosom of Abraham. Coventry has given us one dinner in Margaret Street, and has been most excellent in his old way of disputation. My lord chamberlain was of the party, at whose house we have our next rebound. Once more, do not say we want society.

We dine to-morrow at Charles Townshend's. What he is now I know not, but the last time we saw him he had no acrimony in him, but seemed rather looking toward the pay office, which, I suppose, Lord Holland will soon quit, either by a natural or political death.

I give a breakfast on Wednesday next, the morning the porter makes his exit. If Parson Digby is in town I shall send him a card; he is our ordinary on all these great occasions.

I have not seen my lady for this week past. She is totally taken up with the investigation of

[1] Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, sister of the former and beautiful Lady Coventry.

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Draper, who, I believe, has parts enough to keep himself out of her clutches. Old Betty Germaine is dying,[1] and her door is surrounded with Lysters. Etc., etc.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

LONDON, Jan. 8, 1765.

DEAR SIR: — I have been confined with a cough ever since I returned, therefore have not been able to venture *ma poitrine délicate* at the painter's, to look at your pictures. I saw Mrs. Anne Pitt[2] the other day in a circle, and my *mauvaise honte Angloise* would not permit me to give the intelligence you sent. She informed us of a match which was just declared; Lord Shelburne[3] to Lady Sophia Carteret. We expect that the *Richelieu Anglois* will bring us over a Countess of March, but we are in doubt whether it will be Madame de Gisors or Lady Anne Conway.

My sister desires me to thank you for the kind permission you have given her to employ you to get anything she wants at Paris; but her patriot principles will not allow her to encourage the manufactures of "so formidable friends." I played

[1] Lady Betty Germaine. She survived till December 16, 1769.

[2] Sister of the great Lord Chatham.

[3] William, Earl of Shelburne, afterward the celebrated minister, created Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784. He married, shortly after the date of this letter, Lady Sophia Carteret, daughter of John, Earl Granville, and died May 7, 1805.

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with her boys at the French games you were so good as to give them, which were of much use and amusement to them.

Lord Coventry has bought Sir H. Hunlock's house in Piccadilly for ten thousand pounds, and is to pay seventy-five pounds per annum ground-rent. The beauty of the new countess was for some days set above that of your old friend, and at present, with equal injustice, she is scarcely allowed to be pretty. It is reported that our youngest princess is betrothed to the Prince Royal of Denmark.[1] She promises to be tall, and is a good likeness of the Princess of Brunswick. Doctor Robinson, Bishop of Kildare, is expected to be declared Primate of Ireland. Accounts came yesterday of Lord Shannon's death:[2] it was occasioned by the gout in his head. My father and my grandmother send their love to you, and join with me in wishing you many happy new years. Believe me to be, dear sir,

Most affectionately yours, etc., etc.

P. S. The king has declared his sister's intended marriage. Lord Townshend[3] moved, and

[1] Caroline Matilda, youngest sister of George the Third. Her misfortunes, after she became Queen of Denmark, have rendered her history familiar with every one. She closed her short, but troubled career, at Zell, March 10, 1775, at the age of twenty-four.

[2] Henry, first Earl of Shannon, died 27th September, 1764.

[3] George, the celebrated Marquis Townshend.

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Lord Bottetourt[1] seconded it, in the House of Lords.

The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.

SACKVILLE STREET, Jan. 11, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR:—I should not have intruded on the gay moments you now pass your time in, had not my brother intimated to me your obliging request of hearing from me; and what served to encourage my writing, was the curiosity which you expressed to hear of Waistcott's execution,[2] which my brother and I went to see, at the risk of breaking our necks by climbing up an old rotten scaffolding, which I feared would tumble before the cart drove off with the six malefactors. However, we escaped, and had a full view of Mr. Waistcott, who went to the gallows with a white cockade in his hat, as an emblem of his innocence, and died with the same hardness as appeared through his whole trial.

I hope you have had good sport at the Place de Grève,[3] to make up for losing the sight of the

[1] Norborne Berkeley, Lord Bottetourt, in whose person was revived the Barony of Bottetourt, which had been considered extinct since the reign of Edward the Third. He died, unmarried, in 1770.

[2] John Wisket, executed for the burglary committed at Lord Harrington's in December, 1763. He is the porter who has so often been alluded to.

[3] The Place de Grève, so celebrated from having been drenched with the blood of the victims of the French Revolution, was the spot where criminals were executed in Paris till within the last

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execution of so notorious a villain as Lady Harrington's porter. *Mais laissons là ce discours triste!* and let us talk of the living and lively world, that you now and have so long inhabited. You are now in the midst of the carnival at the gayest town in the world, and I doubt not but you enjoy *tout ce que la galanterie la plus raffinée peut inspirer de tendre et d'agréable.* I should be exceedingly happy to partake of the amusements you are engaged in; but as that cannot be, I cannot help having the selfish wish that you will soon leave those giddy, enchanting scenes, for the more grave, splenetic ones of London, as it is so long since I had the pleasure of your company.

I was yesterday at the opening of Parliament, where Mr. Conway worked himself into a rage at his last year's dismission,[1] which produced some repartees from Mr. [George] Grenville, not quite so warm, however, as the former.[2] I suppose

few years, when the scene was changed to the Barrière d'Arcueil, or de St. Jacques, at the extremity of the Rue St. Jacques; a much more retired quarter of the French capital.

[1] In April, 1764, General Conway had been removed from his post of groom of the bedchamber, as well as from the command of his regiment, for voting against the administration, on the celebrated question of general warrants. In a letter to his brother, the Earl of Hertford, he styles his dismissal "the harshest and most unjust ever offered to any man on the like occasion." "I never," he says, "gave a single vote against the ministry, except in the questions of the great constitutional points of the warrants."

[2] The ostensible subjects of the debate was the delay, on the part of the court of Spain, to pay the Manilla ransoms.

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your friends dispense with your attendance, as the war is not likely to be so warm, or the success of it so doubtful, as last year. Our friend Monson [1] looks very well, and the same as ever. His nose and legs have suffered by the war, but have not disfigured him so much as it would have done another man.

My brother desires you would be so good as to send him some very good Provence oil, if you can find such a thing at Paris. He makes you a thousand apologies for giving you the trouble, and begs your pardon. If you are not already loaded with commissions, which I am sensible are not in general very agreeable, I own I should be exceedingly glad if you would order for me one dozen pair of silk stockings; eight pair of them to be of the finest white silk that can possibly be made, and four pair of a lightish gray; the feet to be exceedingly long, and the legs to be of the same size as your own. There is no difficulty in passing them, if already washed and marked; but I will not give you that trouble also, but will endeavour to find some opportunity of getting them safe here.

I beg my compliments to Lord Ossory, [2] if he

[1] George, third son of John, first Baron Monson. He was at this period colonel of the 96th Regiment of foot, and had recently highly distinguished himself at the capture of Manilla, and on other occasions. He died in Bengal, a brigadier-general, in 1777.

[2] John, Earl of Upper Ossory. He subsequently married the divorced Duchess of Grafton, and died 1st February, 1818.

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is at Paris; and should you ever meet with my former fair correspondent, Madame Coislin, *je vous prie de lui faire mille amitiés.* It is time, my dear sir, to close this tedious letter, and hope for your forgiveness in troubling you so much, and beg leave now to assure you I am, my dear sir,

Your most obedient and most faithful servant,

H. St. John.

[The question referred to in this letter, of the legality of issuing general warrants (that is to say, warrants of arrest in which no particular individual is named, but by which the officers of the Crown are empowered to seize any number of suspected persons), occupied for a considerable time the attention of Parliament and of the country; and had its origin, as is well known, in the sweeping warrant issued on the 26th of April, 1763, for the arrest of the authors, printers, and publishers of the forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*, in which the character of George the Third was personally attacked. Accordingly, three days afterward, Kearsley, the avowed publisher of the paper, Balfe, the printer, and the celebrated John Wilkes, the author of it, were arrested; and the latter, after undergoing an examination before the secretary of state, was hurried off, in a coach, to the Tower, where he was committed to close imprisonment, and his friends, and even his counsel and

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solicitor, were refused admittance to him. At the same time, his house was searched, and his papers seized and taken possession of by the government. The detention, however, of Wilkes in the Tower was of brief duration; for, on the 3d of May, he obtained a writ of habeas corpus, and was brought before the Court of Common Pleas, in Westminster Hall. Here he defended himself with great coolness and confidence; and, on a second hearing, the Lord Chief Justice Pratt delivered the joint opinion of the judges, that "though the commitment of Mr. Wilkes, and the general warrant, were not in themselves illegal, being justified by numerous precedents, yet, that Mr. Wilkes was entitled to his discharge by virtue of his privilege as a member of Parliament: inasmuch as the privilege of Parliament could be forfeited only by treason, felony, or breach of the peace; while Mr. Wilkes stood accused only of writing a libel, which did not come under the head of any of the crimes defined, but which, at most, had but a tendency to disturb the peace." Wilkes was immediately discharged from custody, to the enthusiastic delight of a great mass of the people, but a prosecution for libel was forthwith instituted against him by the attorney-general. The perfect confidence and self-possession displayed by Wilkes throughout the whole of these proceedings is exemplified by more than one anecdote. On his discharge from confinement,

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discovering that, in addition to his private papers, a silver candlestick had been abstracted from his bedchamber, he addressed the following laconic epistle to the secretaries of state, Lords Egremont and Halifax: "My lords, on my return from Westminster Hall, where I have been discharged from my commitment to the Tower under your lordships' warrant, I find that my house has been robbed, and am informed that the stolen goods are in the possession of one or both of your lordships; I therefore insist that you do forthwith return them to your humble servant, John Wilkes." To this impudent epistle Lords Halifax and Egremont replied, that his expressions were scurrilous and indecent, and that, as far as regarded the abstraction of his private papers, they had been seized on account of his being the author of an infamous and seditious libel. Further proof of Wilkes's self-confidence is afforded by the following anecdote. After his arrest, having been compelled by the messengers to accompany them to his own house, he there found Churchill, the poet, whose connection with the *North Briton* rendered him liable, under the general warrant, to arrest and imprisonment. Wilkes, however, perceiving his friend's danger, and that the messengers were not aware of Churchill's person, addressed him with great presence of mind as Mr. Thompson, and by this means saved him from sharing his own fate.]

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Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Friday, Jan. 11, 1765.

It is not I alone, but all your friends, nay, the king himself, who have expressed themselves with some concern that you still continue to run after gewgaws and hunt butterflies, when your presence is absolutely wanted at Westminster. I have authority for mentioning the surprise of the royal personage, and Lord Gower desires me to acquaint you with it.

The session opened yesterday. Lord Townshend and Bottetourt moved in the Lords; Lord Wentworth and Tom Pitt[1] in the Commons. Their lordships separated without the least demur. Lord Temple was ill and absent; (Alderman) Beckford was tedious, and Conway violently passionate, but chiefly in his own cause, and called the removal of himself the most profligate measure that ever was attempted. Sir W. Meredith gave notice that he had a motion to make on Tuesday se'night, so the old story of the warrants will be told over again; the only grievance that ill-humour can suggest, and which they will spin out with as much real regard for the constitution of this country as Madame Geoffrin. I should have

[1] Thomas Pitt, Esq., nephew of the first Earl of Chatham, created Baron Camelford, December 30, 1783. He was the father of Thomas, second and last Lord Camelford, who was killed in a duel with Captain Best, in 1804.

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told you that the mover in the Lords, and the seconder in the Commons, distinguished themselves very much. You would not have liked your old friend George, he dusted the French so much. Guerchy [1] was there, but had not enough of the language to be thoroughly apprised of the distress of his country till it was explained to him in the evening. Norborne [2] was all thanks and emptiness for having been admitted into the House; that the speech was incomparable, the king incomparable, and the peace incomparable. At the rehearsal, on Wednesday night, of the speech at Lord Halifax's, Lord Lichfield came extremely drunk, and proposed amendments and alterations, to the no small amusement of the company. Pomfret's [3] head was naturally as hot as the other's accidentally, and he seconded him; so, between them both, the evening ended much more sprightly than those meetings usually do.

Lord Shelburne will soon be married to Lady Sophia Carteret; every preliminary is settled, and it will take place long before that of the Prince Royal of Denmark and our Caroline Matilda. You will see the speech at Lord Hertford's, and that alliance mentioned in it. You may tell him, his brother [4] sets out in the month of March, like

[1] The French ambassador.

[2] Norborne Berkeley, Lord Bottetourt.

[3] George, second Earl of Pomfret, died June 9, 1785.

[4] General Conway, only surviving brother of Francis, first Earl of Hertford, at this period ambassador at Paris.

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a lion, and I believe will end as like it in the lamb way. Mrs. Boone died at Bath on Wednesday morning; Charles is of course inconsolable. I called on Lord Holland this morning, and when I told him that I should write to you by this post, he desired me to enclose his commission for a snuff-box. I read him your paragraph on good breeding, which I am sure was true, and pleased him.

I beg your pardon for having got as far as two sides of my letter without mentioning Nanny. She looks well and healthy, though one eye appears to be considerably less than the other. Their stepmother behaves so well to them, that I wish her indulgence may not, in the end, prove worse than a little wholesome reserve and moderate restraint. She knows our peer too well not to be partial to the boy; who, indeed, deserves at present all they can do for him. I met mother Gunning [1] last week at Soho. She told me, though she could not go to the woman, she should be glad to see the children, and desired I would tell my lord so. It is feared old Gunning will die, and defeat all the smuggled finery of the earl and countess for the ensuing birthday. I am confident one White's evening between him and Lord Gower beats all the stuff and nonsense of your

[1] Bridget, daughter of John Bourk, Viscount Mayo in Ireland, and mother of the first and beautiful Lady Coventry. She was housekeeper of Somerset House, and died 7 June, 1770.

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exotic suppers; and as for your whist, there is Mostyn and Reynolds shall play as execrably ill as any two you shall produce, yourself one. I have a great mind, in return for your parties, to tell you I go to-night to Northumberland House. By the bye, why did not you write when you said you would? I told him of it, and he seemed chagrined at the disappointment.

There is a rot among the Irish governors. Old Shannon is dead,[1] and your friend Bowes is appointed one of the justices in his room. The Duke of Bedford[2] is tied by both legs to his couch by the gout. The Marchioness of Tavistock advances happily in her pregnancy. The Duke of Cumberland has been at death's door, in a lethargy, but by every kind of dram, and many blisters, he is at present better, though it is supposed such an amendment can be but of short continuance.[3] Harrington's man was hanged last Wednesday. The dog died game, went in the cart in a blue and gold frock, and, as an emblem of innocence, had a white cockade in his hat. He ate several oranges in his passage, inquired if his hearse was ready, and then, as old Rowe used to say, was launched into eternity.

[1] Lord Shannon had been fifteen times one of the Lord Justices of Ireland.

[2] John, fourth Duke of Bedford, the celebrated minister. He died 15 January, 1771.

[3] William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, died on the 31st of October following.

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Your mother looks well from her window. Ducie[1] tells me they want you at Gloucester about the succession to Bell's place, who is *in extremis*. Make my best compliments to your fellow traveller, and believe me to be, my dear George, ever yours.

WILLIAM, LORD BYRON.

[THE principal topic referred to in the next letter is the celebrated duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, which took place at the Star and Garter tavern in Pall Mall, January 26, 1765. Horace Walpole writes, the day following, to the Earl of Hertford: "The following is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night. A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron, stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent

[1] Mathew Morton, second Baron Ducie, lord lieutenant of the county of Gloucester. He died December 25, 1770.

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fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley Street; made his will with the greatest composure; and dictated a paper, which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning. Lord Byron has not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall. George Selwyn is much missed on this occasion, but we conclude it will bring him over." William, fifth Lord Byron, the great-uncle of the illustrious poet, was born in 1722, and married, in 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq., of Besthorpe Hall, in Norfolk. By this lady he had one son, William; who had also an only son, who was killed in Corsica in 1794; thus opening the succession to the great poet. The latter years of Lord Byron's strange life were passed, in the language of Mr. Thomas Moore, "in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion." His death took place at Newstead Abbey, 19 May, 1798, in his seventy-seventh year.]

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

LONDON, February 8 [1765].

DEAR SIR: — I have this moment had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, and, as you

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desire to hear from me before you set out, I would not omit answering it this post, lest my letter should be left to the mercy of *Les Messieurs Todds de Paris.*

You have escaped sitting in the House of Commons till near six in the morning, on the legality of general warrants, by staying so long at Paris. I believe there has been no other business of importance, yet, when you hear that Lady Townshend [1] has been arrested, and has complained of a breach of privilege to the House of Lords, you will lament your absence from London at this time. She wished to employ either the Duke of Newcastle or Lord Cornwallis to make her complaint, but she says one was too old and the other too young; therefore she desired Lord Winchelsea to undertake it.

Mr. Chaworth was a much more popular man than his adversary, which I believe has inclined people to give hints which they had not much foundation for. The coroner has brought his verdict in manslaughter, and there is no reason

[1] Audrey, daughter of Edward Harrison, Esq., and widow of Charles, third Viscount Townshend. She was arrested in the streets at the suit of a house painter, whose bill she refused to pay in consequence of its being double the amount of the estimate he had sent in to her. The attorney, who had given the order for her arrest, was afterward arraigned at the bar of the House of Lords, for seizing the person of a peeress in her own right, but, after a severe reprimand, was dismissed on making a humble submission and paying the customary fees.

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to doubt the duel having been a fair one. Lord Byron is to be tried in the House of Lords.

Lord Shelburne was married on Sunday. Lady G. Lennox asked me the other day, if I could persuade you to bring her half a dozen small tambour-needles. As I then did not imagine I had time to write to you, I refused the commission, but as you are so good as to make me a general offer, I take the liberty of desiring these for my friend. In return, I will choose chip hats, or any other English *bagatelles*, for any marquise that you please.

Marsh Dickinson died of the general warrants, and the Duke of Bridgewater chooses Lord Hinchinbrooke in his room. Mr. Eyre is chosen at Salisbury in opposition to Mr. P. Bathurst, who lost it by two votes. The Macaronis have demolished Young White's by admitting almost the whole club, and are themselves in danger of being deserted in their turn by their members being chosen into the old club. Mr. Beauclerk has had that honour, and Mr. R. Vernon is chosen at last. Your friends in Burlington Street desire to be most kindly remembered to you; my grandmother in particular. She is very well.

Yours most affectionately.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

Friday, Feb. 22 [1765].

Though I am out of your sight, I hope I am not out of your mind. For God's sake, when you had

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altered your intentions, and did not think of coming any more to England, why did you not tell me so, and I would have been as regular in my correspondence as ever? Many are the events which have happened since I wrote last, but they are stale, and have been already digested, so I will not repeat them. I suppose Byron has told you himself that he intends to surrender as soon as Westminster Hall is ready for him. It will be a show for a day to the queen and the foreign ministers, but cannot possibly be attended with any ill consequences to the culprit. Lord Holland has been very near death for these three days, with his old suffocation. I have sent this morning, and he is something better, though most people imagine it will be a hard run thing between him and the Duke of Cumberland, who is most certainly in as bad a way as anything alive can be.

If ever you condescend to look again upon this poor unhappy and divided country, you will see we are a little improved as to gaiety. There is now opened at Almack's, in three very elegant new-built rooms, a ten-guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks. You may imagine, by the sum, the company is chosen; though, refined as it is, it will be scarce able to put old Soho [1] out of counte-

[1] Alluding evidently to Mrs. Cornely's fashionable assemblies in Soho Square, the origin, apparently, of Ranelagh and the Pantheon.

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nance.[1] The men's tickets are not transferable, so, if the ladies do not like us, they have no opportunity of changing us, but must see the same persons for ever. The House of Commons was called over last Wednesday, and Rigby made your excuse by saying you was in France on particular business. Pray write to him, and thank him, and when you write next to me, give me some sense, as the boys say, that I may answer for you as often as you are attacked; for I love you, and hate most d——bly to hear you abused, without having a word to answer in your defence. Court, city, country, all cry out on him[2] that keeps you abroad, and it requires more tongues than ever the Rena was in possession of, to succeed as his advocate.

The children in Margaret Street are complain-

[1] "The new assembly-room at Almack's was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water: think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw anybody thither. They tell me the ceilings were dripping with wet; but can you believe me, when I assure you the Duke of Cumberland was there? nay, had a levee in the morning, and went to the opera before the assembly. There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times." As Williams's letter, eight days afterward, speaks of the Duke of Cumberland, as "certainly in as bad a way as anything alive can be," it is not improbable that his illness was caused by the indiscretion alluded to by Walpole. The duke died on the 31st of October in this year.

[2] Lord March.

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ing again. Maria will have her glands opened at last, and so be marked for life; but they talk of no operation yet for Lady Anne. The countess looks broad about the hips, and will, about the end of the nine months, do credit to our friend,[1] who goes on just as usual, opposing and disputing with every person, every night at the old club, to the no small surprise of some new members, who have had perseverance enough to be duly elected, viz., Topham Beauclerk, James Walters, Sir Geo. Pigot, and Dick Vernon. On finding them in such good humour, I started Lord March, but they swore he was now a foreigner, and rejected him. I wish you may be able to read this scrawl, but I am this moment going to dine with Boone, the widower, and shall lose my dinner, if, without the further ceremony, I do not bid you adieu!

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

March 12, 1765.

DEAR SELWYN:— Are you not a very extraordinary gentleman? You say that you will come away in ten days, and in the same letter desire me to write you news. Just so you served me last September, and because my letter could not reach you at Paris, I sent a letter to Dover, where I suppose it still is. This time I will take a different way, and suppose you have no thoughts of leaving

[1] Lady Coventry was brought to bed, on the 20th of June following, of the Hon. John Coventry, who died in 1829.

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Paris; and, therefore, I am to desire you, in Lady Holland's, Lady Louisa Conolly's,[1] and Lady Sarah Bunbury's[2] names, to take them a box above stairs at the French comedy, for two months from Easter. Lady Sarah is here, and M. de Guerchy, who has just gone, has told us that the comedy continues this year after Easter.

The ladies leave this town on Easter Monday. I, with Charles,[3] shall sail to Calais, sup there, and return alone to Kingsgate. I hope Madame de Couslin will make Charles more welcome than formerly: I am not in the least afraid that you should stand in his way, as she must be sated with you by this time. Dupré, a French master that the late Lord Downe and you used to talk much of, has joined with De Verger in swearing to an accusation of Guerchy for offering them money to assassinate D'Eon.[4] The grand jury of London found the bill. Nobody believes it, and I

[1] Lady Louisa Augusta Lenox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. She was born November 24, 1743, and married, December 30, 1758, Thomas Conolly, Esq., of Castletown, in Ireland.

[2] Lady Sarah Bunbury was the youngest sister of Lady Holland and Lady Louisa Conolly.

[3] Charles James Fox, Lord Holland's youngest son, now in his seventeenth year.

[4] Early in this month the Chevalier d'Eon had obtained fresh notoriety, by preferring a charge against the Count de Guerchy, for conspiring with others to murder him. D'Eon actually contrived to suborn three witnesses, who swore to the fact, and the consequence was that a bill of indictment was found against M. de Guerchy at the sessions at Hicks's Hall.

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am afraid they will not go on: if they do, it must end in their confusion. What your friend Dupré's motive is, I do not hear guessed.

Lord Abergavenny's [1] story was told so ill for him, as hardly to be credible. Yesterday and to-day I hear it said that it is made up, and that she is with him, at his house in Sussex. When you come here you will know the truth. Guerchy does not allow such an expression as *lèche-frite* in the sense you use it: he says it is a sop in the pan. Adieu!

Yours,

HOLLAND.

À Monsieur, Monsieur George Selwyn, chez Monsieur Foley, Banquier, Rue St. Sauveur, à Paris.

Right Hon. Richard Rigby to George Selwyn.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, 12th March, 1765.

DEAR GEORGE: — Last Saturday I received your letter, and though I feel very much disposed to answer it, yet I should be more so if Williams did not tell me that you are to leave Paris before my letter can reach you. I will, however, trust to a few more of March's delays, and begin by telling you that I wish you to buy the *chiffonière* you mention, and draw upon me for the money, as I

[1] George, fifteenth Baron and first Earl of Abergavenny. He married, February 5, 1753, Henrietta, sister of Thomas Pelham, first Earl of Chichester, and widow of the Hon. Richard Temple.

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intend to make a present of it to the Duchess of Bedford. Her Grace would be glad to have her *jésuite* sent to the custom-house, and pay the duty for it. So much for my Paris commissions, if you receive this in time; which I should not doubt, indeed, from your expressions to me, but Williams says he has much better intelligence of your motions, for the Rena's maid has wrote to Couhi to say she is to be in London the 16th of this month. I suppose neither March nor you will be surprised to hear that your staying at Paris all the winter has procured you abuse in plenty, which you do not care one farthing for, if you are as wise as I take you to be; but I hope seriously that March has not neglected to make some apology at St. James's for his waitings. We have wanted neither of you ministerially, for the opposition is reduced as low as I wish it to be in the House of Commons, and, literally speaking, quite out-of-doors at the House of Lords, for Lord Temple never goes there. But I should be seriously sorry that March should suffer for want of attention to his master.[1] He is, blessed be God, quite recovered, and gone out to-day in his post-chaise to take the air.

Abergavenny's story is as much a mystery here as at Paris. He has been making love to my lady's maid, I believe, and her ladyship is gone

[1] Lord March was a lord of the bedchamber to George the Third.

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out of town sulky, but I do not find they are parted.[1] Both he and your friend Lord Downe continue to countenance and support that little rascal Dupré, though he is one of the three Frenchmen who swore to M. de Guerchy's conspiracy before the grand jury. A *noli prosequi* is issued from the attorney-general upon that business, which is the only method, and the only remedy too, which the wise laws of this country admit as a satisfaction for an affront of this atrocious nature.

The old club flourishes very much, and the young one has been better attended than of late years, but the deep play is removed to Almack's, where you will certainly follow it. I hope one story about you both is false, which is, that you have lost immense sums at play. Lord Byron's trial is fixed for the 16th of April, in Westminster Hall. Though you have but little chance of an execution, yet, if that event does not bring you, I shall despair of ever seeing you again. Pray give my best wishes to March, and believe me very truly and sincerely

Yours,

RICHARD RIGBY.

[1] "The town says that Lord and Lady Abergavenny are parted, and that he has not been much milder than Monsieur de Seillern on the chapter of a mistress he has taken. I do not know the truth of this; but his lordship's heart, I believe, is more inflammable than tender."

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DOCTOR GEM.

DOCTOR GEM was an English physician, who settled, and, for many years, was resident at Paris. He was a correspondent of Horace Walpole, who says of him, that he was "no less esteemed for his professional knowledge than for his kind attention to the poor who applied to him for medical assistance."

Dr. R. Gem to George Selwyn.

Thursday evening [1765].

DEAR SIR: — The Baron d'Olbach and I intend ourselves the pleasure of waiting on you to dinner to-morrow. The baron[1] has not the least objection to M^e^ della Rena's being of the party, for nothing prudish enters into his character. I shall be very proud of the honour of meeting Lord March, as I may not perhaps have any other opportunity of seeing him during my stay here. I am, dear sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

R. GEM.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

FRIDAY, March [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If you have not absolutely forgot there is such a place as England, I should

[1] Gibbon, who was introduced to the Baron d'Olbach at the house of Madame Geoffrin at Paris in 1763, merely speaks of him, in a letter to his father, as a man of parts and fortune who gave regular dinners twice in every week.

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put you in mind that there is a very interesting period drawing near, which I hope your friend March will not treat with that neglect which he has done everything that has been transacted in this island for these last six months. As Byron is now in the Tower, his trial will be in Westminster Hall in about six weeks, and, for God's sake, take care that he answers his name on that occasion, or he will be thought to be of no consequence, either in this or any other country. It makes me quite peevish to hear the things that are said of you both, and to be without power of reply.

Our king has been out of order for these three or four last days with his old complaint in his head, but has found benefit by bleeding, and is at present well.[1] Lord Holland (as old Lord Carlisle says in the Strafford Letters) does not yield yet to goodman Mors. He has certainly parried this stroke, though I do not take his dissolution to be far off. I believe Charles Townshend to be of the same opinion, and in all probability will be his successor. What say you to your friend Abergavenny? Did you think those turtles, that were always on the same perch, would have ever fought? I think he might have made love to his nursery-

[1] In April, 1765, his Majesty had a serious illness: its peculiar character was then unknown, but we have the best authority for believing that it was of the same nature as those which thrice after afflicted his Majesty, and finally incapacitated him for the duties of government.

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maid anywhere else, and his wife need not have run away from him to have told the whole town of it. In short, they have both acted like a couple of fools, and Jemmy Plum, by affecting the part of a mediator, has made the breach wider.

Little Huski reports Lord March to have won two thousand louis of a German at billiards. I did not know he was more an adept at that game than you are at any other, but I think you are both said to be losers on the whole, at least Betty says that her letters mention you as pillaged. Our female Almack's flourishes beyond description. If you had such a thing at Paris, you would fill half a quire of flourished paper with the description of it. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady in a sack, making tea and curtseying to the duchesses. If you should want to continue your travels for some time longer, you had better join the Chudleigh,[1] who is setting out for some famous waters in Bohemia. They are thought to be the greatest contractors, and she the properest subject for its contracting powers.

Report says Lord Bristol is dying at Bath;[2] if so, between the new earl and the Countess of Bristol,[3] the town will not want diversion for

[1] Afterward the famous Duchess of Kingston.

[2] George William, second Earl of Bristol. He survived till March 20, 1775.

[3] Had Lord Bristol been actually dead, it would have elevated to the earldom his brother Augustus John Hervey, who was

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some time. The Duke of Cumberland has submitted to have more drains opened, and while the discharge from them continues, will find relief, but nothing can keep that very diseased body long above ground. I shall regularly write to you once a week, till you once more tell me you are coming; but, in fact, shall not expect you till I see you.

Yours ever, etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Tuesday, March 19 [1765].

I do most seriously assure you, my dear George, that I have not felt a more satisfactory pleasure for some time, than when I learned this was likely to find you at Calais on your way home.[1] I found two of yours when I came home last night, one of the 7th, and the other of the 13th, and as these equinoctial gales may possibly keep you a few days longer away among the ——, I shall follow your Irish directions, and send this to the house which has been burned down these three months.

I think our friend George Monson is the only topic I have talked to you about lately; nor would

privately married to Miss Chudleigh, the "new countess" here alluded to. The fact of her marriage was strongly suspected at the time, and was afterward clearly proved at her trial for bigamy in Westminster Hall, after she had profligately remarried the Duke of Kingston.

[1] It appears by one of Walpole's letters, that George Selwyn and Lord March arrived in England at the beginning of April, after being wind-bound at Calais for nine days.

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you easily imagine his friends see as little of him as they do of the nabobs, his former companions. He lives shut up with Lady Anne,[1] and is going to settle for life in some remote county. I have spoke to him but once; he has never been at White's, and not twice at the House of Commons. As we cannot have the best of the brothers, I wish she had married them all three, and removed, what we think nuisances, into some snug incestuous colony by themselves.

There is not the least chance of either hempen or silken halter in Byron's process, though it will last three days, and probably be as well attended as if the fate of the country depended upon it. He is in Wilkins's apartment; walks about the garrison with a warder, and makes public dinners for Lady Falmouth and Miss Sennisheri, three days in a week. How different from the recluse life we have known passed within those walls.

I suppose you have heard the grand jury of Middlesex have found a bill of indictment against Guerchy for an attempt on D'Eon's life. Two of the three witnesses were Vergy and Dupré. It is stopped by a *noli prosequi*, but I think the witnesses should not be let off so easily. If poor Downe had been alive, I believe he would have

[1] Lady Anne Vane, daughter of Henry, Earl of Darlington, and widow of the Hon. Charles Hope Weir, son of the Earl of Hopetoun, remarried, about this period, the Hon. George Monson, the early friend of George Selwyn.

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talked to one of them pretty roundly on the subject.

Horry Walpole has now postponed his journey till May. He procrastinates on this side of the water as much as March on the other. To tell you the truth, as I believe he has no great cordiality for his Excellency,[1] he is not very impatient to see him. How do you think he has employed that leisure which his political frenzy has allowed of? In writing a novel, entitled the "Castle of Otranto," and such a novel, that no boarding-school miss of thirteen could get half through without yawning. It consists of ghosts and enchantments; pictures walk out of their frames, and are good company for half an hour together; helmets drop from the moon, and cover half a family. He says it was a dream, and I fancy one when he had some feverish disposition in him.

I called on Lord Holland yesterday morning. He is extremely weak and feeble in his limbs, but looks better, and breathes easier, than before his last plunge. Lady Holland, Lady Sarah, and Louisa Conolly set out in a fortnight for Paris, and he, for the sake of the voyage, goes with them as far as Calais.

His Majesty has not been well enough yet to

[1] The Earl of Hertford, at this period ambassador at Paris. Horace Walpole was not very distantly related to him, and it is to this nobleman, during his embassy at Paris, that many of Walpole's charming letters are addressed.

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come out to his levee. You see our queen has turned poetess; at least the newspapers have made her the author of no bad copy of verses, which Horry Walpole swears he know to be authentic. I have seen but little of the children, though I hear they are very happy and comfortable. The countess is extremely good to them; rather too much so, for they are ungovernable for want of contradiction. You will laugh at her plan of life when you know it, as it seems a studied and affected contrast to her predecessor. You may tell Lord March his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton, is by much the handsomest woman in London, and his cousin, the Marquis of Lorne, keeps open house. That one should happen again,[1] and the other should happen at all, is rather surprising.

Charles Townshend was a candidate for the pay office if death had taken your friend [Lord Holland], so I suppose there died his opposition. As to my lady,[2] she has been employed between being seized by bailiffs, and seizing upon the bailiffs, all this winter. Old Winchelsea moved her breach of privilege in the House of Lords, and did it with great good humour. Your nephews are at present the only support of Wildman's. The "Post

[1] The Duchess of Hamilton (the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning) had been recently ill, and it had been thought unlikely that she would recover either her beauty or her health.

[2] Lady Townshend.

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Office" speaks like a Cicero, and begins with *O mores, O tempora!* He gave White's such a duster in his last exordium, for their profligacy, their gaming, and every species of debauchery, that I expected the next grand jury would have presented them. Pray do not leave the shoes behind you. Unpack the box, and let John put them in his pocket; if he bribes the custom-house officers, I will reimburse him. The Duchess of Grafton goes nowhere but to church. May every good wind blow you and March safe to all your friends; and among them, believe me, no one is more sincerely so than

Yours ever.

P. S. Your house is papered and painted, and looks very neat, and very English.

I. Shafto, Esq., to George Selwyn.

1 July, 1765.

DEAR SIR: — I have this moment received the favour of your letter. I intended to have gone out of town on Thursday, but as you shall not receive your money before the end of this week, I must postpone my journey till Sunday. A month would have made no difference to me, had I not had others to pay before I leave town, and must pay, therefore must beg that you will leave the whole before the week is out, at White's, as it is to be paid away to others to whom I have lost,

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and do not choose to leave town till that is done. Be sure you could not wish an indulgence I should not be happy to grant, if in my power. Newmarket is next week, and I must be prepared; you know how necessary it is, and part of the money I owe is to those who will want it against that time. I should be glad to get out of town on Friday, if you could contrive it, as I want much to get to Newmarket this week. To-day I dine out of town; shall return to-morrow against dinner, and beg to know from you, if I can get away on Friday. I am, most truly yours,

I. SHAFTO.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

Sunday morning [1765].

When I came home last night I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your lifetime, and won it again as often, and why should not the same thing happen again? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money; it is unpleasant. In the meantime, what the devil signify the *le fable de Paris* or the nonsense of White's! You may be sure they will be glad you have lost your money; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh. They shall certainly not have that pleasure from me, for I will even deny that I know anything of it.

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As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow; make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time. You may be very sure all this will soon be known here, since everybody knows it at Paris; but if you come as soon as you intend, perhaps you may be here first. All that signifies nothing; the disagreeable part is having lost your money; Almack's or White's will bring all back again.

How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a *tracasserie* between you and me? I take it ill that you even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth — after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had — if any one alive can make any impression upon me, when you are concerned. I told you, in a letter I wrote some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.

Tuesday, after the Opera.

By your letter, which I had this morning, I find you were to set out last Sunday. I fear the roads are so very bad, that you will not be here so soon

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as you imagine. A rebound of our dinners with Charles Townshend is to be at my house on Saturday; we shall be all happy if you come in time to make one. Farewell, my dear George, — I am afraid of being too late for the post. Etc., etc.

I. Shafto, Esq., to George Selwyn.

July 4th, 1765.

DEAR SIR: — I intended to have spoke to you last night, but had not an opportunity, in regard to the one thousand pounds you owe me. Your money I relied on, which has made me lose more than I otherwise should have done, and which I must pay before I leave town. On Monday early I must at all events go to Newmarket, and hope it will not be inconvenient to you to leave the money for me at White's either to-morrow or next day. If you cannot so soon, I must beg the favour that you will give me your note, payable to me on order in a fortnight or three weeks, and I can get it discounted at my banker's. I should not have mentioned this affair to you, could I with convenience to myself do without it; therefore I flatter myself you will excuse this application.

I am, yours sincerely,

I. SHAFTO.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have received from Bob, as I imagine, for I had no letter, but a cover

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in which there was nine hundred and fifty guineas in notes, payable to my order. As there wanted another fifty pounds to make up the thousand, I was afraid there might have been some mistake, but as I shall pay none of them without endorsing, it will be of no consequence whether it is so or not. I continue to lose everything I play for. I dine at Guerchy's on Sunday.

Yours,

M. AND R.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have lost my match and am quite broke. I cannot tell you how much. I am obliged to you for thinking of my difficulties, and providing for them in the midst of all your own. Let me hear soon.

Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

NEWMARKET, Monday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Lord Edward brought me your letter yesterday. I was always afraid of having some bad accounts of you, though Bunbury told me you was higher than ever; but your bill of play lately has been so very desperate, that half an hour's bad luck was more than sufficient to lose a greater sum than you have lost.

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I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought anything I could have done would have saved you. If you imagine it would, I believe you are mistaken, and then it only would have been an additional mortification.

The weather has been so very fine that I have continued here in hopes it would do me good. My intention is to be in town on Wednesday; to leave Newmarket after the race on Tuesday, and sleep at Hockerel. Think of the *cento pensieri!* The having no debts to pay does not make the proverb worse, and in the midst of your misfortunes, if you compare yourself to those you meet at Almack's, you are perhaps the luckiest man there in point of play. Adieu.

Yours very sincerely,

M. AND R.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

July 9, 1765.

DEAR SELWYN: — I landed at Calais here at 8 last night, safe, with your suit of clothes. In the next place, you will be glad to hear Lady Holland, though not after so quiet or good a passage, arrived safe at Dover last night: I expect her here in an hour. Le Prince de Chimée would come to London for a week or ten days, so Stephen [1] was

[1] Stephen Fox, Lord Holland's eldest son, and his successor in the title.

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forced to go with him, and they are half-way to London by this time.

Your letter, I think, speaks a change certain; and stability they may well promise themselves. There is no mystery in the thing. Make whom they will ministers, the Parliament will follow; and what has happened these last six weeks is (if I mistake not) a very strong security against more unnecessary changes at court. I hope nothing is likely to happen that will vex or affect you. I only hope Sir Charles Bunbury has not lost his Paris place, and dropped, as I fear he has, between two stools. I hear he was supposed, by some at Paris, to have been in the wrong to me. I beg you would do him the justice to say that there is nobody I have less reason to complain of than him; I except no man whatever; not even him I am writing to.

I beg my love to Hor. Walpole; I cannot wish him joy of the gout; I am very sorry he is afflicted with it. Politics seem to be taking the turn he would choose.[1] Do not let the task be thought too arduous by his friends; *possunt quia posse videntur* is truer nowhere than when applied to ministers; I will find him an opportunity to write to me

[1] At the time when Lord Holland was writing this letter the celebrated Rockingham administration was forming; and the following day it was known that Marshal Conway, the bosom friend of Horace Walpole, was appointed one of the secretaries of state. The circumstance of his friend's advancement is dwelt upon by Walpole with great elation in his letters.

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soon by a safe hand. May I beg of you to write to me by the post; though by the post not too warily? I have another thing to ask of you, and very earnestly, but I believe in vain. Leave off play! you are a fool at it. 'Tis not quite so bad as Affligio; nor are you so certain to lose with him, but you are as certain not to win of Price; and Lord March I cannot think advises that.

Ever yours, dear Selwyn, most affectionately,

HOLLAND.

P. S. What will Lord G. Sackville be? — paymaster? If Lord Temple or Pitt, or the old Witch of Blomesbury had died some time ago, it had been something; but there is no use in the D. of Bolton's shooting himself;[1] it brings Perry to one's mind.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, July 10 [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — The event of the day is that the king declared to his ministers that he had no further occasion for their services, but had sent for Mr. Pitt, who was to have full powers to form

[1] Charles, fifth Duke of Bolton. He committed suicide on the 5th of this month, by shooting himself through the head. The ball entered the right ear, came out at the upper part of the left side of the head, and was found in his nightcap. An inquest was held on his body at the King's Arms Tavern in Bond Street, and, on the evidence of his physician, the jury returned a verdict of lunacy.

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that which he thought capable of carrying on the government. This, Lord Rockingham promulgated at his levee. This has set every chair and chariot in town in motion, and has stopped Jack Shelley and Lord Coventry from their Paris expedition.

I was never more angry with this great man's [1] gout than at present. He will be so long on the road, that we shall be weary of asking questions, and hearing for answer from Willis that nothing has transpired. He is to have full powers, and, as dictator, may take his administration either from White's, Almack's, or Betty's.

The next article of my journal is, that Lady Townshend was robbed yesterday of five hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes. She kept them in the drawer of a little table, and in a room to which nobody had access but Molly, the niece of Dorcas, and her upper footman, who used to pay her bills, and by that means knew where she kept her money. It seems these two have kept up a constant correspondence with Draper, her old thief, who lives now in Ireland, and to whom, without the least doubt, they have remitted the money. You would like the house at this instant better than ever; Methodists, constables, Fieldings, turnkeys, etc. She sleeps with one of Fielding's men in the next room. Horace Walpole has been called to the council, to

[1] Mr. Pitt. He declined becoming a member of the new administration.

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apply to Lord Hertford for a *melius inquirendum* in Ireland after this Draper, who lives with a Mr. Burke. He says he is glad of this *éclaircissement*, as it will deliver all those he wished well to out of a very disagreeable state of servitude; and, indeed, he has all along been in that respect very consistent.

I am afraid Lady Holland's old friend continues in his tergiversations, for no longer ago than last night, *vide avunculum nostrum intrantem istum locum, vulgo dictum* St. James's Park, *horâ instante decimâ: proh pudor, inversique mores!* I write this to perplex Lord Grantham,[1] who may probably open the letter. I found him with my lady at Whitehall to-day. He was desired to do nothing less than to open every letter that was left at Lombard Street, to detect Draper and all his correspondents. We have not your foresight, for we know neither the date nor number of the notes they have stolen.

Lady Anne Coventry to George Selwyn.

[The writer of this letter had only recently completed her eighth year.]

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, 13 Juillet, 1765.

MONSIEUR: — Nous vous sommes infiniment obligée, ma sœur et moi, du present que vous avez

[1] Thomas, first Baron Grantham, who is better known in history as Sir Thomas Robinson, had recently been appointed

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eu la bonté de nous envoyer. Nous esperons que vous tiendrez la promesse que vous nous avez faite de nous venir voir ici. Nous avons une chambre à vôtre service. Nous nous portons fort bien, en attendant le plaisir de vous voir. J'ai celui de me dire,

Monsieur, votre très humble,

ANNE COVENTRY.

[The deep interest conceived by Selwyn in the offspring of his deceased friend, the beautiful countess, induces the editor to transcribe another brief epistle from the pen of his young favourite, which seems to have been preserved by him as affording evidence of her amiable disposition.]

March 4, 1770.

MY DEAR NURSE:—This is the only opportunity I have of writing you a line to let you know we are all well. I am sorry that I have not time to write a line to your poor Polly. My love to her, and tell her I will not forget her when I grow up: I will remember you likewise, you may depend upon it. I long to see you, but longing will not do. I had not time to write to you that time you went to Mr. Burgess. He told me you were very

one of the postmasters-general. He died September 30, 1770, after a long life, the greater part of which was employed in the public service.

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well. If I can know how you are in two or three days' time I shall be contented; so adieu!

I am your ever loving friend,

ANNE COVENTRY.

To Mrs. Shelton, at the Earl of March's in Piccadilly, London.

[It has already been mentioned that Lady Anne Coventry married, on the 20th of October, 1778, Edward, second son of Thomas, Lord Foley, which marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament, in 1787. She subsequently remarried, on the 15th of July, 1788, Capt. Samuel Wright.]

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

KINGSGATE, July 19, 1765.

DEAR SELWYN:—Yours of the 12th was a charming letter, and might well excuse you from writing again in haste. If being very thankful for it, is being worthy of it, I am. Charles brought your cloths; you say, if it was the green? Had you any other at Calais? It is unlucky I did not know it, if you had, for I could have brought anything, and I shall certainly never go again. I was sick, for the first time, going. It was necessary to come back; I was not sick; but when I go again unnecessarily I wish I may.

Stephen brought his prince[1] to dinner here on Wednesday; carried him to Dover, and a lucky wind wafted him away next morning. I hope

[1] Evidently the Prince de Chimée, mentioned in a former letter.

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Stephen's news is true, that Williams has a compensation. I am heartily glad of it if he has; and I hope it will comfort you under your concern for the piteous sight you saw at St. James's.

You think the king ill advised to quarrel with those who really love him. My dear Selwyn, how can you think that at this time of day? Pray do not forget the stories told of the former ministers. Notwithstanding they deny them, I may, perhaps, take the liberty to believe some of them.

I have not the least suspicion of Charles Price's honesty. He may be as innocent and foolish at play as you are; and you may win, but then I am told he cannot pay you if you do.

As to Lord March, I believe him to be a man of as much honour as any man; but every one who was at Paris lays the playing with Affligio to his door, and I hear his lordship still defends him. God forbid I should suspect any ill design: upon my honour I do not; but I have no patience with such a *travers* as there must be in his way of thinking, who can doubt of Affligio's being a sharper; and I heartily wish Stephen had never heard it doubted.

Now, dear Selwyn, I had better not have said this, and if I had a little of that insincerity, which the Duchess of Bedford told Lord Ophaly[1] she

[1] George, Earl of Offaly, eldest son of James, first Duke of Leinster. He died, in the lifetime of his father, on the 26th of October following.

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feared it was impossible to acquit me of, I should not. What, Selwyn, do you think she could mean? But you are not of a make to be a confidant there. Adieu! when you have a minute to write, you can write to nobody who will be more pleased with, or who deserves more any mark of your favour.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

The Earl of Coventry to George Selwyn.

CROME, 3d August, 1765.

DEAR GEORGE: — I have refused so many applications to let the little boy[1] leave Marybone, that I must beg of you not to ask it. There is no one but Duchess Hamilton [his aunt] has liberty to send for him, and it would be very inconvenient to extend that privilege any farther.

This place is burnt up to a degree which I never remember before. I am particularly sorry for it, as I expect Lord Lyttelton[2] here every minute, who you know is an *elegans locorum spectator.* Except the usual country visits draw me from hence (and they are absences only of a day), I think I shall reside here till the second week in

[1] Lord Deerhurst, afterward seventh Earl of Coventry, now in his eighth year. Many years afterward he had the misfortune to lose his sight by the bursting of a fowling-piece. He died March 26, 1831.

[2] George, first Lord Lyttelton, the author of the "Monody," and of the "History of Henry the Second." He died August 22, 1773.

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September, and if you should grow weary of town in the course of that time, you will be sure to find

Your faithful and obedient,

COVENTRY.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

Sunday Morning, August 4 [1765].

A scruple in office suspends Lord Digby's kissing hands till Wednesday.[1] I am sorry for it. When it is done I shall be very happy indeed, and beg you will let those who will be sorry for it know how much I am so.

The confidence Pitt has in himself has done more for him than his parts and eloquence. The excessive self-conceit of Grenville, that could make his writers call him (if he did not write it himself) the greatest minister this country ever saw, as well as his pride and obstinacy, established him. It did not hurt him that he had a better opinion of himself than he, or perhaps anybody else, ever deserved; on the contrary, it helped him; but when the fool said upon that, "the king cannot do without me," *hoc nocuit*. Adieu, dear Selwyn.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

[The celebrated George Grenville, whose character Lord Holland attacks with so much bitter-

[1] Henry, seventh Baron Digby, in Ireland, was advanced to be a peer of Great Britain on the 13th of this month. In 1790 he was created Earl Digby, and died December 25, 1793.

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ness, had been driven from his post as first minister on the 10th of the preceding month. How different from the language in which he is here spoken of, is the fine encomium in which Burke has enshrined his name. "With a masculine understanding, a stout and resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He took public business not as a duty he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy; and he seemed to have no delight out of the House, except in such things as some way related to the business that was to be done within it. If he was ambitious, I will say this for him, his ambition was of a noble and generous strain: it was to raise himself, not by the low, pimping politics of a court, but to win his way to power, through the laborious gradations of public service; and to secure himself a well-earned rank in Parliament, by a thorough knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all its business." Mr. Grenville, who rose by successive gradations from being a junior lord of the admiralty to the post of prime minister, died November 13, 1770, at the age of fifty-eight. He was second son of Richard Grenville, Esq., and younger brother of Richard, first Earl Temple.]

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, August 8 [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received both your letters this morning, for which I thank you, and

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hope I shall never be beast enough to forget what I owe you for the zeal and activity which you express to serve me. Some card must, I think, turn up in one's favour, and as for the people who hold the bank, I remember it is your maxim to win from your enemies, and that makes you never set March at hazard.

The next time you see me will be in weepers; but do not be in a hurry. I have had the misfortune to lose my poor brother Greathead. This place is dull and deserted beyond description; not one woman of fashion or an Irish dean to keep up its reputation. Her Grace of Grafton does not appear. Old Pulteney[1] is the only gallant, and seems to play the part of Volpone, and will starve at his death those whom he has fed with expectation in his lifetime.

The rains, which autumn generally supplies us with most plentifully, are setting in, and will make the cross-road from this place to Brighthelmstone impassable for a carriage. I propose, therefore, to be in London on Sunday evening, and after I have supplied myself with black apparel, I will set out with you for Brighthelmstone, or any other place that you shall prefer to it; only remember that Tuesday sev'night is the day fixed for the children

[1] General Henry Pulteney, the only brother of the celebrated Lord Bath, and the inheritor of his large fortune. He died at Bath House, Piccadilly, October 26, 1767, in his eighty-second year.

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to leave it. Poor Mrs. F. continues much as she was. If there is any alteration I think it is for the worse; and what with this sick house, the alteration of the weather, the times, this place, etc., etc., I could sit in an evening and cry "heigh ho!" between Tom Hervey and Bully; but I flatter myself that *Si malè nunc, et olim non sic erit.* I feel myself as pedantic as Draper[1] in a pamphlet. Let us sup together, my dear George, on Sunday night, till when, adieu.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

KINGSGATE, August 16, 1765.

DEAR SELWYN: — Lord Digby is a peer, and I am perfectly content. Stephen Digby[2] I place as you do, and Lord Hillsborough[3] cannot be

[1] Sir William Draper, chiefly celebrated for his unlucky controversy with Junius in defence of the Marquis of Granby. He died at Bath, January 8, 1787.

[2] A younger brother of Lord Digby, and a colonel in the army. He afterward married, on the 1st October, 1771, Lady Lucy Strangways Fox, youngest daughter of Stephen, Earl of Ilchester, elder brother of Lord Holland.

[3] Wills Hill, second Viscount Hillsborough, in Ireland, had been raised to the peerage of England by the title of Baron Harwich, in Essex, on the 20th of November, 1756. Lord Holland alludes to his having been appointed first commissioner of trade and plantations in September, 1763. On the 20th of January, 1768, he was appointed secretary of state for the colonies, which post he retained till August, 1772, when, on his retirement, the king advanced him to the earldom of Hillsborough.

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placed to my account: Lord Halifax brought him in, in 1763. He was very well with the last ministry; too wise to be of their opinion, and they had been wiser had they consulted him; but in a political inquisition he could not be found under my name, though he loves me, and I love him very well. I am under sincere concern for his dear countess,[1] whom I give over, and I fear with great reason. She will be as great a loss to him as any man ever met with; and I am sorry he has not his place, if that might, by employing him, have at all diverted his thoughts from a melancholy that will sit heavy on him, and is no small weight on my spirits. If you could say anything certain concerning the Duchess of Queensberry, it were more than anybody could. I did not tell you what Sir James Lowther said as certain; but, to be sure, Lord March knows what is in his way, if there is anything, and how to remove it.

Charles was come away before he received my letter. In one of yours you say stories were told of the late ministry's behaviour to the king, which exceeded all belief, and were as strongly denied as they were asserted. Now, my dear Selwyn, furnish me with some of those stories that exceed belief, to

[1] Margaretta, only surviving daughter of Robert, Earl of Kildare, and sister of James, first Duke of Leinster. She survived the date of Lord Holland's letter about five months, expiring at Naples on the 15th of January, 1776, in her thirty-eighth year.

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entertain Sandwich, who still says he will come here. I don't know Lord Rockingham,[1] but if he says he intends something for Williams, has he learnt so much of the D. of N. that it can be doubtful?[2] I wish the Duke of Grafton may be in the right, for whatever regard is paid to me and my friends I shall be glad to receive and return. What looks best like it, is Ellis; unless, perhaps, that was the Duke of Cumberland's doing. Was it so, and will he have a vice-treasuryship of Ireland?

We are very glad Grenville is taken some care of. Do you know Gordon, who by this means is, I suppose, upon the *pavé*? Madame de Masseran is to breakfast at Holland House when Lady Hol-

[1] Charles, second Marquis of Rockingham, distinguished by his upright conduct as a statesman and his amiable qualities in private life, was born on the 13th of May, 1730. On the 10th of this month he had been appointed to the post of first lord of the treasury, in the room of George Grenville. This post, however, he found it impracticable to retain without the support of Mr. Pitt, and accordingly he resigned the premiership on the 1st of August, 1766. On the resignation of Lord North, in March, 1782, he was again advanced to the chief direction of affairs, and died in office on the 1st of July following.

[2] Alluding to the celebrated minister, the Duke of Newcastle, whose promises were little to be relied upon. Sir Robert Walpole said of him, "his name is Perfidy;" and his colleague, Lord Chatham, designated him in still plainer terms, "a very great liar." The duke died on the 17th of November, 1768, at the age of seventy-five, having filled successive situations, either in the court or state, for a period amounting to forty-six years.

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land returns. She desires to know if she must necessarily ask Monsieur de Seillern. I think of Pitt as you do: it is well for him there are so many Hume-Campbells.[1] When you say you could not come with Madame Bentheim, but will take some other opportunity, have you really any such design? Indeed, you will be more than welcome. I have not yet, from what has been done, been able to judge who are ministers. If I knew, I would wish they would show their regard to me by doing something clever for you. You can't get anything for me, I believe; else I give you leave to sell me for a small favour to yourself.

Tell Lord Bolingbroke to take Jupiter's advice:

> "Follow, and you'll see her soon appeased;
> For I, who made her, know her inmost state;
> No woman, once well pleased, can truly hate."

She has been well pleased, I hope: let him follow, court, and prevail with her to be so again.[2]

I need not leave it them, dear Selwyn, — I have given my children a great love for you in my life-

[1] Hugh Hume-Campbell, third Earl of Marchmont (one of the representative peers of Scotland, and lord keeper of the Great Seal in that country), and his twin brother, Hume Campbell. They were possessed of no mean talents, resembled each other closely in their characters and disposition, and were so alike in their persons that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other.

[2] This was written in the early stages of the matrimonial differences between Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, which led to their separation and subsequent divorce.

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time; and yet I assure you I have enough left to last me abundantly as long as I live.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

ASHBURNHAM, 19 August [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I will venture to return you thanks for your two letters, though it is possible my directing them to Matson may make you not receive them so soon as I could wish.

You seem to me, in the first page of one of your letters, to be talking in your sleep; but, after all, you must take me with all my faults, since I promise to love you with all yours. Varey and I shall leave this place on Monday next, and indeed with regret; for I do not recollect I ever passed an August month more to my satisfaction. It is literally living on the fat, and with the fat of the land; and the deep ruts in the park, made by frequent airings, prove that we, the inhabitants, thrive by our delicious viands. Why do not you speak out as to Lord Gower? Is he to come in or not?[1] I'll never believe it till I read it in the *Gazette*, and look upon it as thrown out only to amuse. If you had said the E. of Northumber-

[1] Granville, second Earl Gower, had resigned his post of lord chamberlain on the removal of the Grenville administration in July, and remained without office till December, 1767, when he was appointed president of the Council.

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land, I should have attended to you. Pray send me word to Brighthelmstone how Bell and Harris [1] do, not forgetting the old woman and Renaud.[2]

By all accounts, Lord Holland will not live to reach his destination; and so far from going to Naples, you will not even go to Lyons. No, you will be lingering about till the Newmarket week in October, and then say it is the pleasantest season to go there. From thence you will proceed to Naylor's, after supping in three or four of the common rooms in Cambridge. I shall expect to see your autumnal face when I return from the sea, and nobody will be more glad to do so than

Yours ever, etc., etc.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 22.

Nothing, my dear George, could surprise me more than the letter you enclosed, and I am certainly at a loss to know what step should be taken about it. If Charles [3] should think we are joking with his patronage and protection, he will give us his Grace of Bolton's opposition in the shape of cold water. The worst of all is, that people who are very apt to laugh, are never imagined to be

[1] Alderman Harris of Gloucester, a great favourite with Selwyn and his friends.

[2] Selwyn's housekeeper at Matson.

[3] The celebrated Charles Townshend. He had recently been appointed paymaster-general and chancellor of the exchequer.

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serious; and I am afraid the ridiculous part of the request will be laid altogether to our door. Would an explanatory letter to him be proper? God send that this accident, which at another time would have infinitely diverted us, may not be attended with some untoward circumstances. I am determined, for the future, that not only my conversation, but my correspondence, shall be yea, yea, or nay, nay.

I found your stick this morning, which shall be conveyed to you by the first safe hand that goes from hence. Lascelles, the Yorkshire member, landed yesterday in the packet from Dieppe, and has brought the prettiest watch for Lady Coventry I ever saw. It has all the taste and elegance which Dulac and others say our friend the earl is so remarkable for. I think, about autumn, we must be toad-eaters enough to swear to this, or to anything else that his chaplains advance.

Lascelles made me laugh by telling me he had brought over some manuscripts which treat of the longitude; they are to be delivered to you, and you are desired to explain them properly to the commissioners appointed by Parliament for issuing the reward. I don't think they can make you a mathematician, but by the same degrees the mock doctor was made.

Fanshawe set out this morning. He will arrive in London the very quintessence of wheat-ears; for he has eat nothing else for this week past, and it

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is feared he has destroyed the species. You may tell March that Fanny P[elham][1] was much disappointed that her old friend did not come with us. She has not been in humour since; but by the breadth of her hat, and the depth of her cap, she contrives to show no more of her face than of ——. Pray send me word what you intend to do as to our fat friend. I wish heartily we had both what we want; but I am so much like Charles Vernon, and the rest of the world, that I would willingly be served first.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Friday morning,
Seven o'clock.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You deserve my best thanks for thinking of me so much, and being such an excellent correspondent.

I have sent your stick by Mr. Lascelles this morning, and could not let him go without joining a letter of mine with those manuscripts of the French mathematician, which I hope will deserve your patronage. As to Lord Fortescue, I thought he had neither parts nor spirits to go out of the suicide door.[2] Bully's being so curious an in-

[1] Sister of the celebrated minister, Henry Pelham, and niece of the Duke of Newcastle.

[2] This passage requires some elucidation, which the editor is unable to afford. The Lord Fortescue, who must be here alluded to, was Matthew, second Baron Fortescue, who succeeded to the title on the 2d of May, 1751, and died on the 10th of July, 1785.

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quirer looks remarkable. I remember a man seeing a military execution in Hyde Park,[1] and when it was over, he turned about and said: "By G—, I thought there was more in it!" He shot himself the next morning!

Now as to Charles [Townshend], if he comes, which I a little suspect; and if, after you have told him the state of his recommendation, you think my appearance necessary, I will be up in twelve hours. For God's sake, take pains in the explanation of our Welch friend's request, and do not let him imagine we have even a smile upon our faces. Could not my lady [Townshend] be of use? She has made me the most friendly offers. Could not we make Harcourt write to her? If Lord Rockingham should be at York races during Charles's coming, we should be much out of luck.

The bearer of this is at this instant giving such a description of his life at Paris, and his tour after it, that would divert you beyond imagination. However, he is this instant getting into his chaise, so, my dear friend, adieu.

The Duke of Richmond to George Selwyn.

[Charles, third Duke of Richmond, had recently been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France. In May, 1766, he was appointed

[1] The scene of military executions was within the railings of Hyde Park, close to Cumberland gate.

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one of the secretaries of state; in 1783 master of the ordnance, and in 1796 was advanced to be a field-marshal. The duke, who was distinguished by his noble encouragement of the fine arts, died December 29, 1806, in his seventy-second year.]

WHITEHALL, Saturday morning,
Aug. 24, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR: — As I presume your friend the Baron d'Olbach only wants me to carry to France for him his libels, b—y, and irreligious books, I take it for granted they will not take up much room. If, therefore, the box is not too large, I shall with pleasure obey your commands.

I am, my dear sir, ever yours most sincerely,
RICHMOND AND L.

P. S. Let him send the box to my house at Whitehall.

The Earl of Coventry to George Selwyn.

CROME, Aug. 26, 1765.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I suppose I am obliged to you for the letter I had from Lord March this morning, offering to take my waiting the first of next month, in exchange of his own, which is not till the 29th. I have accepted it with thanks, and have signified as much to the earl by this night's post, yet as letters sometimes miscarry, and the occasion is important, I wish you would repeat to

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him that his proposal is most agreeable to me, and that I shall depend upon him, as he may upon yours, very sincerely,

COVENTRY.

P. S. I shall not trust you in a post-chaise with Nanny a year or two hence.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, Friday night.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I hope this finds you safely returned from Woburn, where I doubt March's perseverance to stay longer than a day or two at farthest. You have said and done everything so much as I wished, that I do not think a London journey necessary. I have wrote to Charles to thank him, and mentioned in my letter all that a week's conversation could have informed him of. I am not apt to be very sanguine in these matters, but I think, in this instance, my patron seems so much in earnest, that nothing is surer than the success of his negotiation. I am entirely of your way of thinking, that was I so unlike a beggar as to have my choice, I should wish not to be continued in my old office, lest I should be giving my friends so much trouble, in the future ministerial vicissitudes, that in the end they should be heartily tired of me. No lover was ever more impatient to hear of his mistress, than I am of Lord Rockingham's return. The rapidity of one

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conversation of Charles's would do me more good than an epistle twice as long as old Bell's.

Let me know in your next whether you hold your resolution of setting out for Matson on Sunday, the 8th. I shall have completed my watering by the Sunday following, and in three days after that I will eat a carp with you cheek by jowl with Alderman Harris. I do not go to Ashburnham. I had a letter from him yesterday, in which he desires me to take him a house in this place, where he is to come next week, in order, I believe, to bathe his countess. They succeed Pembroke[1] in his lodgings, and will add much to my amusement. I shall prefer his cook to Shergold's, in which decision I am sure of Willis's vote.

Jack Shelley is gone to entertain his Sussex friends. Pembroke gave him such a tumble the other night, by telling him Mr. Pitt would no more trust him than his postilion, that for the time it quite disconcerted him. Poor Lady Bully [Bolingbroke] would envy the extreme conjugal felicity her sister[2] lives in, if she had been witness of their life here; but fond as he was, in the evening he seemed to have his partiality in the grasshopper bagnio.

[1] Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, afterward a general in the army, was born in 1734. In 1756 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, and died 26th January, 1794.

[2] Lady Bolingbroke and Lady Pembroke were both daughters of Charles, Duke of Marlborough.

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When you see my lady, pray make the finest speeches you can think of for me. I owe her and the rest of my friends more than I can live to repay them; but indeed, George, you are the first creditor, and, unlike Weymouth,[1] I will always acknowledge the debt, and endeavour to pay it. When I reflect on the Countess of Dalkeith[2] at dinner in your parlour, I learn to trust old Time with everything, and he will conduct and reconcile the greatest contradictions just as he pleases.

Lord Holland to George Selwyn.

KINGSGATE, Aug. 27, 1765.

DEAR SELWYN: — You are very good to me indeed. I did not quote you when I told the false news of Lord Fortescue's death to Sir G. Oxenden[3] *cum suis*, who dined here the day I received it, and spread it next day all over Kent I doubt not; so you will not be hated or suspected; but there is no sure way of preventing that, but — what

[1] Thomas, third Viscount Weymouth, created in 1789 first Marquis of Bath. He died 19th Nov., 1793.

[2] Caroline, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, and widow of Francis Earl of Dalkeith, who died in the lifetime of his father (Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch), in 1750. Lady Dalkeith married secondly the Right Hon. Charles Townshend. She was created Baroness Greenwich in 1766, and died in 1794.

[3] Sir George Oxenden, Bart., M. P. for Sandwich, and at different times a lord of the admiralty and of the treasury. He died February 20, 1775.

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you will not take yet awhile, I hope — by being as dull as a post.

I was in hopes to have heard of its success with the duke, whenever I first heard of my letter to Lord A. I am afraid now I must suppose it had none. It will be a trial; but that sad sort of wisdom, the philosophy of old age, grows upon me every day. I scarce think I shall see Sandwich; but he comes, if he does come, not only to be laughed at, but to save his ten guineas. I am not so desirous of knowing the reports I inquired after, as to have liked to be by when G. G.[1] enumerated them. I am persuaded, Selwyn, that the king, who we see can swallow anything almost,[2] could not, however, bear his conversation. A dose, so large and so nauseous, often repeated, was too much for anybody's stomach. Sir Charles Williams imputes Hampden's loss of Sir Richard Ellis's good-will and estate to a like cause:

"Still the same round of dull discourse he run,
Till by himself the blockhead was undone."[3]

[1] George Grenville.

[2] If Lord Holland was often in the habit of speaking thus openly and disrespectfully of his royal master, we cannot wonder that George the Third should have conceived that prejudice against him, of which Lord Holland bitterly complains, and expresses his wonder at, in a subsequent letter.

[3] Sir Richard Ellys was a wealthy baronet without children, and was descended from the celebrated Hampden, for whose character he affected the greatest reverence. The chief expectants of his wealth were Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Wal-

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Every *éclaircissement* must in this case be a fresh and, I dare swear, very heavy offence.

I am not sorry, though I wondered how it happened, that my letter to Lord A. was known. Why should it be a secret? Thus far was right.

All that I collect, from what you say on the subject of money, is, that fortune has been a little favourable lately; or, may be, the last night only. Till you leave off play entirely, you must be, in earnest and without irony, *en vérité le serviteur très humble des evénements.* I wish you had asked my comical old friend, the Duke of Bedford, what he

pole, and Mr. Richard Hampden; the latter of whom was collaterally descended from the great patriot. Sir C. H. Williams thus amusingly ridicules the sedulous court which they paid to the old baronet:

". . . Far beyond the rest, to gain his love,
Horace and Hampden diligently strove;
But Horace' flattery was too thick and coarse,
And Hampden's conversation ten times worse;
Thither did Horace every day repair,
While politics were but his second care:
In strict attendance Hampden did the same,
Arm'd with the strong pretensions of his name.
By ties of blood he claimed the foremost place,
As the last branch of patriot Hampden's race.
His daily visits punctually he paid:
From morn till noon, from noon till night, he stayed.
Still the same race of dull discourse was run,
Till by himself the blockhead was undone."

Sir Richard Ellys disappointed both one and the other, by bequeathing his wealth, after his wife's death, to the second son of John Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire.

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would recommend Stephen for. He was capable of holding a discourse upon it that might have entertained you. Charles sticks to it, and since you walk by the side of the water with your hat off, he is not sure you will not fling yourself in; but with your hat on, he swears you never will, unless to spite him.

Poor Horri![1] Give my love to him. The two things he wished most have happened, for C. against R.;[2] and yet I fear his own feeling must have not only deadened, but quite overcome, both the sensations those events would have inspired.[3]

It is excessive hot. You do not venture within Tom Hervey's reach, I hope, this weather. Adieu.

Yours ever,

HOLLAND.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Sat. evening [1765].

You desired me, my dear George, to write to you, though I have nothing to say, nor has any event happened, in the course of these two days, worth communicating. You will hear in a few

[1] Horace Walpole.

[2] The appointment of General Conway, whom Walpole almost idolised, as secretary of state; and, probably, the removal of Rigby from the administration.

[3] Lord Holland apparently alludes to Walpole's sufferings from the gout, under a severe attack of which he was at this period labouring.

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days of a vacancy for Westminster, Sandys being *in extremis*.[1] It is an inflammatory fever, which has settled in his brain, and baffles all the faculty. Poor man! he has had so small a share of the good things of this world, that I could wish there was a better chance for his being rewarded in the next.

The Duke of York set out this morning for Rigby's. Cadogan has Beauclerk for his companion in the chaise. Gimcrack's match was, Lady Caroline Stanhope's is declared.[2] I think in that family the young man will meet with as good a rough rider to instruct him, as all Covent Garden could furnish.

Coventry mends slowly. His old mother-in-law is come to town, and would much divert you.[3] She is as good-natured, mellow an old hostess, as ever kept any black or white lion in any town in Europe. Your friend Chas. Price had such a

[1] Edwin, Lord Sandys, succeeded his father, as second baron, in 1770. He had been a lord of the admiralty, and at this period represented the city of Westminster in Parliament. He survived till March 11, 1797.

[2] Lady Caroline Stanhope, eldest daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, born March 11, 1747. She married, October 7, 1765, Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose, and died of consumption February 9, 1797. She was the daughter of the notorious Lady Harrington.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ambrose Crowley, Knt., of Greenwich, an alderman of the city of London. She married, in 1725, John, tenth Lord St. John of Bletsoe, by whom she was the mother of the second Lady Coventry, and of a numerous family. Lady St. John died October 24, 1769.

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tumble last night, that the whole Macaroni rings with it. Old Harrington has just now told me that he rode alone in joining the jovial chase. I hope you found Lord Holland perfectly well. Pray make my best respects to him. However unfashionable it may be in the present age to remember obligations to him, I hope I shall not live long enough to forget mine. Adieu, my dear George, and do not fail to let us see you on Wednesday next.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

SEYMOUR PLACE, September 28, 1765.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I enclose you a letter from the Tondino, who is very sensible of your attention. There would have been no scruple of remaining in your house, for we both know you too well for that, but she wanted to get back to all her *chifons*, contrary to my inclination.

Lord Folkestone has kissed hands as Earl of Malmesbury;[1] Lord Spencer as Earl Spencer.[2] Lord De Spencer[3] is to be an earl, but by what

[1] This is a mistake. William, second Viscount Folkestone, was created Earl of Radnor on the 29th of October following. He died 28 January, 1776.

[2] John, Earl Spencer, was advanced to the earldom 1 November, 1765. Lord Spencer was the father of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. He died 31 October, 1783.

[3] Francis, twenty-first Baron Le Despencer, died 9 December, 1781. The report of his intended elevation to an earldom proved incorrect.

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title I do not know, as he has not kissed hands. There is a great entertainment to-day at Clermont. The Duke of Newcastle is very angry that neither the Duke of York nor Gloucester be of it. They are, I hear, much displeased at his free manner of inviting them to meet the prince, instead of his meeting them. So much for *Panto!* But I think our princes much in the right.

The great B.[1] was yesterday at the dressing, *comme un homme de qualité qui a les entrés.* Neither he nor any of his family were at the balls; they were only invited to the Duke of York's. Lady Hertford arrived last night with the *beau Richard.* Fortescue and his wife came with them.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Thursday, October 17 [1765].

I thank you, my dear George, for your letter, which I received this morning. It was accompanied by one from Cadogan, who tells me you dined with him, and was covered with Raton's[1] hairs. I hope the countess owns you have done justice to him, for, in fact, you have thought of nothing but that little son of a b—— since you saw her last.

[1] Apparently the Duke of Bedford, the celebrated minister, who had recently retired from office with the Grenville administration.

[2] George Selwyn's dog; apparently a gift from Lady Coventry.

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I told Nanny what you have brought for her, though, by the bye, she does not deserve it, for, from the want of all restraint and contradiction, she grows so intolerably passionate, that I wish one time or other she does not hurt her sister. She constantly throws the cards in her face, if she is not perfectly satisfied with her hand, as if she was the daughter of the Bishop of London.

We escaped the Dukes of York and Gloucester by one week. We are told they passed by Mother Holman's in their way to Lord Plymouth's. If they come here, which is in the chapter of accidents, the party will be as entertaining as anything of that sort can be. Your d——d Dumpy lost us Bunny's company last Sunday. He ran away from the public day, though black Brookes was the only person who graced it. I am heartily glad you met with my friend Lord Thomond. A laugh now and then does infinite good, and takes away any humour that is apt to breed with phlegm and disappointment.

The success of my *Padrone* Charles [Townshend] pleases me. The old cat will leave him so immensely rich, that I hope it will give his requests the weight of commands. What says my lady to this accession of wealth? I suppose she has swelled it to a royal appanage. I am much obliged to you for the cloak; it comes most opportunely, as the weather seems to call for it. If fortune should bring you again into this part of the world, we

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might return to town through Bath, and make our bows to the Duchess of Bedford. Has Horry wrote? You do not know how popular he is. Will they not be surprised in France to find all ours wits without ——s?[1] My best compliments to Lord March. Adieu.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

Wednesday Morning, 6 o'clock.

My dear George:—I am just preparing to conduct the poor little Tondino to Dover, and as I shall hardly be able to write to you there, I shall endeavour to say two or three words to you while she is getting ready. I am sure you will be good to her, for I know you love me; and I can desire nothing of you that I shall feel so sensibly as your notice of her.

She will tell you all my intentions, and I shall write to you when I am more composed. My heart is so full that I can neither think, speak, nor write. How I shall be able to part with her, or bear to come back to this house, I do not know. The sound of her voice fills my eyes with fresh tears. My dear George, *j'ai le cœur si serré que je ne suis bon à present qu'à pleurer.* Farewell! I hear her coming, and this is perhaps the last time I shall see her here.

[1] Horace Walpole set out for Paris at the beginning of September.

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Take all the care you can of her. *Je la recommende à vous*, my best and only real friend. Farewell! farewell! What she will tell you is really what I intend.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Friday night, post-time.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I have this moment received your letter from Newark. I wrote to you last night, but I quite forget Raton. I had not had him to see me to-day, having been the whole morning in the city with Lady H., but I have sent to your maid, and she says that her little king is perfectly well, and in great spirits.

Lord H. dined to-day at Petersham; and H. St. John, Colonel Craigs, and myself, dined with her ladyship,[1] to try a cook Lord Barrymore has sent from Paris, and he is an excellent one. Le Chevalier and his nurse are still at your house. I am in haste to return to the coterie, having left them to write to Newmarket, and to send you this scrawl; so farewell, my dear George.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Monday, October 21 [1765].

Your box of cards and counters arrived this morning, and made the children as happy as any

[1] Lord and Lady Harrington are evidently the persons alluded to.

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of your present companions possibly could be by taking in the knowing ones for the rest of their lives.

Pray, my dear George, send some serious admonitions to your daughter Nanny. Her spirit is much beyond that of her late mamma's. There is seldom a night she does not fight us all around. The very last night of all, she hit me with a box of the ear, and told her good-natured stepmother not to be so impertinent as to trouble her head about her. The father talks to her out of Lord Halifax's "Advice to his Daughters,"[1] which, God knows, comes much too early in the day for our comprehension, so that I fear she will be outdone before she knows she is to blame. My only dependence is on La Comte, though she loves her too well to correct her.

I suppose you will stay all next week, but let us know what becomes of you the week after. The papers say Charles Townshend and Conway are to change places. I am so much concerned in all his changes and chances at present, that I cannot help being inquisitive about them.

This house is full of tobacco; the yard is full of tenants, and the peer, with an important face, is telling us how much he pays to the land-tax. Once more, my dear friend, adieu.

[1] A treatise entitled "Advice to a Daughter," by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the distinguished statesman of the reign of Charles the Second.

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Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Monday, 28th October [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Nothing pleased me better than your prudence in retiring from that warm scene of action to your old friend, Sir William Maynard. Poor Bully! Though I cannot pity him, yet I think he should in all his practice know so much of the human heart as to despair of retrieving it when once it is alienated and otherwise engaged. With what he offers, she will have less than the Rena,[1] and you may propose an apartment next to the widow Harris at Matson.

We have returned our visits these last moonlight nights. The dinner at Sir R. Wrottesley's[2] was not a bad one. That jumble between leather and prunella would have entertained you. The maid of honour[3] is at Blenheim, and I suppose *è secretis* in this paper controversy; and as she is retained for the house of Trentham,[4] she breathes not peace. You would have pitied Lady Mary. Sick, and as like Taaffe as it is possible, though at the same time well-bred, and in every action

[1] This refers, apparently, to the allowance given to the Rena by Lord March, on her ceasing to be under his protection.

[2] The Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart., Dean of Worcester, was born in 1711. He married Lady Mary Gower, daughter of John, first Earl Gower, and died 1769.

[3] Miss Wrottesley.

[4] The seat of Lord Gower in Staffordshire.

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discovering a superiority to the savages she was encompassed with. The bishop was as usual all sketch and outline in his discourse; said you lost a great opportunity of not appearing with your sword-bearer before H. R. H.; and Mrs. Johnson, with a wriggle and grimace, looked as —— at your name as Mrs. Villiers or Brenton would have done.

What do you mean by saying you will come back to Crome, and go to town through Bath? If you really mean it, I will be of that party with all my heart, and will not fix upon any plan till I hear further from you. I like our hostess [1] better and better every hour I am with her; indeed, she is the very best thing in petticoats I ever saw in my life. If you can leave March, etc., etc., we shall still have a tolerable fortnight together before we meet in that d——d scene of confusion, which everybody declares London will be for the next six months. Adieu.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

CROME, Nov. 2 [1765].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — You are certainly the very worst correspondent that ever wrote from London to his friend in the country. If I had not received other advices, we should have heard nothing of that very material event that happened in

[1] Lady Coventry.

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Grosvenor Street on Thursday evening.[1] I hope, in your next, that you will be explicit as to the consequences that are likely to ensue from it; how it will affect administration in general, and how particular parts of it. You know we are miserable politicians in this house. Sir J. Peachley himself, or Harris, of Gloucester, never heard of things later, or deduced worse reasonings from state premises.

I do not like to hear that you set out for Bath with Bully. I fear I shall have scarce spirits enough to cross the country with these winter blasts in one's teeth by myself; but I shall wait for Monday's post before I come to any determination on that subject. The family will stay till the last week in this month. The little Wrottesley, as I told you, comes either Monday or Tuesday. You may be safely trusted in the next room to her, for I do not believe you would quit Raton's bells for any other avocation whatever. Mother Holcombe is sitting by me, and inquiring what you did at Newmarket. I have told her that you have acquired immense sums at play, but have squandered them upon women. She replies it is well it is no worse. I hope your conference with Lord Rockingham will fully answer your purpose. Adieu.

[1] The death of the Duke of Cumberland. He expired at his house in Upper Grosvenor Street on the 31st of October.

END OF VOLUME I.

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